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LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.

Yours with affection & fellowship

J. J. Zeigler

LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.,

PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY AND BIBLICAL THEOLOGY,
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24296

EDITED BY

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

In Two Volumes: with Portrait.

VOL. I.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON;
AND 20, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.
1872.

LONDON:
G. NORMAN AND SON, PRINTERS, MAIDEN LANE,
COVENT GARDEN.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the appeal of his only surviving child, and the instance of his oldest and most honoured friend,* made me aware that of those who had been in closest intercourse with him I was the one who, probably from the supposed opportunity of leisure, was expected to do something to preserve the memory of John James Tayler, I had to consider whether there was any way that could not be injurious to him in which I might undertake the office.—A Biography, of the ordinary kind, was clearly unsuitable to a life so uneventful. Analysis of character, a spiritual and intellectual estimate on an exhaustive scale, implied a critical attitude from which reverent affection must have turned away. His unity of being, an organic consistency and harmony in which there were no struggling contrasts, rendered effective portraiture an impossibility to any powers at my command: and a Sketch, of whatever

* The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A.

dimensions, could add nothing essential to several, of admirable execution, which the pulpit and the press had already given to the world.—Two feelings regarding him remained with a determining power:—that he was one whom it would be good if every one could know;—and that none but himself could make him known.—If on investigation it should be found that for each period of life he had left an image of himself drawn by his own hand, the way of presentation would be clear without risk of a wrong done to him.

LETTERS,—extending over all his years, accidentally preserved, if the love that cherished them is compatible with accident,—without purpose of connection or continuity,—with only the common quality of being all written to those in whom he had some genuine personal interest,—were collected from every available quarter, chiefly by the pious hands of his daughter,* and on selection and arrangement,—unless I have pored over these papers until I have lost the power of distinguishing what I see in them and what they will convey to others,—appeared to exhibit the remarkable result that they were sufficient of themselves, with little or no additions or explanations,—to show both the outward course and order of his life, and the inner

* Now Mrs. T. Smith Osler.

spirit of his being in his various characteristic aspects, as Scholar, as Minister of Religion, as Academical Instructor, above all as a Man. At the least, they have the undesigned effect of being large contributions towards a not inadequate Autobiography.

It would have been easy to have given in express words the external history of his life, and to have set these Letters within little frames of narrative, but I believe that no interested reader will have the least difficulty in seeing the mind that is here disclosing itself in the exact circumstances of his living position. Through the successions of his existence,—as a boy educated at home in his father's school with some beloved associates, his dear friends to the last; as a student at York and Glasgow, in contemplation of a sacred Profession but with no confined tastes or narrow preparations; as from the first exhibiting his characteristic combination of unworldliness with cautious prudence in his thought of uniting Medicine with Divinity as a provision for adequate and honourable independence; as a youthful Minister and Pastor in a large manufacturing city which, though ungenial to him at first, knit itself to his heart for ever through his own sympathies with all human interests and the appreciating welcome its people gave to his efforts in every direction to supplement its local culture; as a

teacher of the young, even whilst himself young, in History, in General Literature, and in Religion; as a husband, and a father, resolved on whatever slender means to have his outward, as well as his inward being, graced and ideal; as a laborious student, of the widest range, endowed by nature with the grasp and tact of a Scholar; as a man of the most sensitive temperament driven by wounded self-respect, because for a moment he vacillated before the public on a great question of mingled religious principle and practical expediency, to right his mind on a foreign land in the light of pure knowledge and an unsectarian atmosphere,—and so, providentially furnished, in great recompense for transient distress, with the instruments of acquirement which led to the distinctions and offices of his after life; as Professor of Theology and Ecclesiastical History, holding copious learning, scientific method, exact detail, linguistic minuteness, in subserviency and contribution to the impulses of a living soul; as passing, in the decline of his years, from a provincial to a wider life, without letting one thread that bound him to the old scenes and the old affections slip out of his hands, yet with the readiest appreciation and enjoyment of the new opportunities that opened upon him at home and abroad; as visited by bereavements which, to use his

own words, took the colour out of his earthly existence, yet never in his saddest or most desolate moments sitting in darkness; as the most generous of friends, imputing merits out of his own loving largeness, and ever preferring others to himself; in simplicity and singleness as one of the little Children of Christ, yet towards every social claim, and in every relation to the world, a whole and human-hearted Man,—these Letters show him as he was, in the common circumstances and in the critical vicissitudes of his history, as no narrative, and no description, could.

What interest they may have for the general public I am unable to judge: but I believe that there are numbers who knew and loved him; numbers too who, without knowing him, regarded him from afar tenderly and reverently for the services and the graces he conferred on interests they hold most dear; numbers of young men, and of those who are young no longer, on whose minds and souls he exerted the most precious power of God,—all of whom would be sorry to lose any word that made him better known, or brought him nearer to them, and I could not sacrifice their interest, or spoil the value of the work to them, by considering only what might seem important to the general public. My feeling towards him is, that what he said of Sterling another might have written of himself: "Surely a

moral nature so pure, fervent, tender and truthful as his, is one of the most beautiful phenomena that God ever vouchsafes to this world of ours, and better deserves a faithful biography than a majority of the heroes whom Carlyle has commended to our worship in his former works."*

A few Letters of his early years I have given, not for their own value, but for the sake of showing that what he was at the last, he was in germ from the first. He changed only by growth. Wordsworth's lines as to an ideal development, one that '*might be*,' may be used in simple affirmation of him: The Child was father of the Man; and his days *were* bound each to each by natural piety. Indeed nothing more characterized him than his ever tender reverence for the roots from which he grew. He had the genius and the archaic temperament of an historian. Free as he was in love of Truth, fearlessly eager in its pursuit, religious in trusting himself to it, loyally and piously open to its most unexpected testimony or indication, believing as thoroughly as ever man believed that the Comforter is the Spirit of Truth—he never seemed perfectly settled and happy in his latest beliefs until he could find their lineage in the seeds of time, and accept them as legitimate growths of long honoured principles, or of

* Letter to F. W. Newman, vol. i. p. 325.

original instincts implanted and inspired by God. So far he was Conservative in his leanings: whilst living the freshest life of his own day, giving a hopeful welcome to the most recent movement of modern thought, he was ever antique and historical in his cast of mind, for to him continuity and development of being was evidence and assurance of the continued work of God. The Present when he most delighted in it, as sure promise of the Future, was when it was seen to be fulfilment and interpretation of the Past.

In a matter so delicate as the publication of private correspondence I cannot hope to have committed no mistakes, in what I have admitted, or in what I have withheld, though no Letter appears without the permission of its proper custodian. I have endeavoured, as far as was possible without betraying him, not to revive old controversies, nor to record differences and misunderstandings which had either passed away, or ceased to wound. In the most delicate matter of all, the expression of private affections in the tenderest relations of life, the responsibility of final judgment must rest with me, but not without a sanction whose lightest apprehension would have restrained my hand.—I am very conscious that there are some things in Letters to myself which perhaps ought to have been withheld, but the rule which invariably I followed in every other

case, of letting all his love and generous estimates appear, I could not find it in my heart *invariably* to break in my own case, and expunge every expression of the affection with which he honoured me.

J. H. T.

LETTERS OF JOHN JAMES TAYLER.*

FIRST PERIOD.

TO THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE:

1797—1825.

Age 14.

To Robert Hyde Greg.

Quarry Bank,‖ *Aug.* 20, 1811.

I have not time to give a long recital of all that has happened since I last wrote to you; but, in as few words as possible, I will give you the leading

* John James Tayler, son of James Tayler and Elizabeth Venning, was born at 12, Church Row, Newington Butts, August 15, 1797. His father, then the Minister of St. Thomas's Chapel in the Borough, removed to Nottingham in 1802, as one of the Ministers of the High Pavement Chapel, and there for many years kept a school of a very high character. John James Tayler's grandfather, Richard Tayler, had been left an orphan, and at seven years old was adopted by his uncle, Sir Charles Wager, then First Lord of the Admiralty. The boy declined the offer of an opening in the navy, and was placed by his uncle with a Mr. England, whom he succeeded, a hatter and hosier at Charing Cross, then the first place for business at the West End of London. A story is preserved in the family that one of his customers, an elderly gentleman, said to him one day, "I wonder you do not marry; a lady in a hosier's shop would be so desirable." On replying that he was quite willing, but knew of no suitable lady: "Come with me," said the old gentleman, "next Sunday afternoon, to Greenwich, and I will introduce you." Accordingly Richard Tayler was taken to the house of a French Huguenot lady and her daughter, and with the

events. I wrote to Agnes and Sally* on Sunday afternoon; and last week, on my birthday, I penned a few rhymes, hoping to please rather than charm, and to afford a scope for their criticism rather than present objects to their admiration.'

Mr. Smyth† slept here on Saturday night, with Mr. Bright.‡ That evening we took them to the Island. Mr. Bright produced two pages and a half, much in his old strain, obscure to the highest degree, though I think it displays in many lines great powers of writing. Mr. Smyth read it, and spoke highly of it in many parts. Mr. Smyth has not written any, but will read some soon. As he has made us wait so long, I hope he will pay us with something to make up for our longing. He seems to be a poet that will not sit down in a hurry and write anything, however mean, but takes time, and deliberately produces something of sterling value. He complimented Bessy§

words, "Mrs. Hugon, this is the young man I spoke to you about," was left to make his own way into the good graces of the ladies. Mary Hugon, the grandmother of John James Tayler, married in her eighteenth year, about 1743, is said to have delighted in the busy scene of the shop, and to have charmed the customers by her beauty, delicacy and French liveliness.

‖ Near Wilmslow, Cheshire, then the residence of Samuel Greg, Esq. On a visit to the parents of his life-long friend, the present Mr. Greg, of Norcliffe, to aid his recovery from a fever in which his life had been despaired of, J. J. T. writes to his schoolfellow at Nottingham.

* Sisters of Robert Hyde Greg, then at School.

† The late William Smyth, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

‡ The late Benjamin Heywood Bright.

§ Sister of Robert Hyde Greg, now widow of William Rathbone, Greenbank, Liverpool, 1872.

very highly on her lines, and said she had very good talents to spin out so great a number of lines from the simple motto, "Ein doe and spair not." However, the two first lines met with his disapprobation, as being too prosaic and devoid of harmony:—

> "You who at these words may contemptuously smile,
> Suspend judgment," &c.

Marianne* cannot shut the Book of Fate, having once got it open; its iron covers are too ponderous to be closed by mortal hand. Your lines were read in the boat the other day, and the benevolent invitation of the King of the Lonely Isle to people of all ranks, ages, and countries, met with general approbation.—I had a ride to Sandle Bridge last night.

Yours most sincerely, and in haste,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

To SAMUEL ROBINSON,† *Woodlands, Manchester.*

Nottingham, 1811.

DEAR SAM,

The more I pursue the knowledge of the Greek language, the more I like it; I think it as much superior to Latin, as a natural simplicity and open warmth of manner is to the studied blandishments of politeness. I have read a good deal of the Testament, and some Æsop, and hope these holidays to

* Sister of Robert Hyde Greg, deceased.

† Happily still living, near Alderley Edge, Cheshire, J. J. T.'s close friend through life, 1872.

begin Cebes, for which I am very impatient, as I have read a good deal about the beauty and simplicity of his picture of human life. I intend to read over the pastorals which I have read with my father, with the imitations from Theocritus which are at the bottom of the page in a copy which Attenburrow* has lent me for the purpose, and which, if I had not been foolish, might have been mine. I do not know whether I shall attempt any more Latin except Horace, whom I admire very much, and who, if he had been a Christian and not so addicted to Venus and Bacchus, would have been one of the finest moral poets I ever read; and I have seen a plan of Dr. Watts' which in my opinion is highly laudable and merits imitation, that is an application of some of the Odes of Horace to Christian sentiments and morals. I know not how your opinion will coincide with mine. What in Horace I so peculiarly admire, is his happy use of every appellative, his delicacy of words, that elegant character which he gives to all his compositions, and very often his fine and dignified moral, which unfolds itself even in some of his looser effusions.

And now I am going to utter a sentiment in which I am nearly sure you will differ from me; and for which I may, perhaps, be accused of peculiarity and want of taste; yet I cannot help writing what I think, and on that head I shall not meet with your disapprobation. However dignified, however noble, and indeed, however magnificent the Epic poem may be rendered

* A Nottingham Schoolfellow.

by such a genius as Homer's, Virgil's, or Milton's, yet, for my own part, I cannot help being better pleased with the more concise productions of the lyre. The fire and fury of one of Homer's battles strikes one with amazement, and places one, as it were, on the scene of action, so minute and so exact is the description; and the wanderings of Ulysses, and the anxiety of Penelope and Telemachus, are, I think, more interesting than these; yet I am more pleased, and I may say more improved, by an ode teeming with lofty images and pathetic sentiments; but I should like to hear what you say on this head in an answer to this which I hope to receive soon.

Talking with my father the other day on various subjects, he, understanding you had been reading Hesiod, wished to know which you thought the more ancient writer—Homer or Hesiod? To him, he says, there appears internal proof of the latter being the older, and mentioned two circumstances which he wished you to notice; the one, Hesiod's mentioning a ploughshare made of wood, when in Homer's time they are spoken of as made of iron; the other, in giving directions to his brother, he talks of pounding corn in a mortar, which would never have been the case had mill-stones been in use, which were in Homer's time, as is somewhere mentioned.

I am extremely well, and internally was never so happy and contented in my life. I have been increasing in happiness, and I flatter myself in good-

ness, ever since my illness; for which I am sincerely thankful.

Believe me, dear Sam, yours sincerely,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO ROBERT HYDE GREG, *Manchester.*

Nottingham, March 14th, 1813.

DEAR ROBERT,

My mother received your letter last night, and proposed answering it very soon; but by an unexpected train of circumstances, she has been suddenly called to London, for which place she left us this morning. I do not myself know at present the cause of her going; but it is upon business of some consequence; and that must now satisfy you. With respect to the grafts about which you wrote, my mother says you shall have them, if possible, some time next week. From a letter, which you wrote some time ago to my mother, I suppose you are endeavouring to make up your mind, whether such a place as Troy ever existed on the coast of Asia Minor, where Homer situates it; it is an interesting subject, and in the prosecution of it, much knowledge of history, and of men and manners may be obtained. My father says the plan you have adopted of comparing the accounts of Greece given by Thucydides and Herodotus with that given by Homer, is a good one; and he has promised, moreover, to give you, when my mother next writes, all the information in his power. Mr. Hart has lent him a copy, Greek and

English, of the Greek author Tryphiodorus who has continued the History of Troy from the time where Homer leaves it. If my father should find anything to the purpose in this poem, as you cannot have the book itself, he will make such extracts from it, as may appear to him to be useful to you.

Of this author there is a short account in the Classical Dictionary: he flourished in the 6th century, and boasted to have written the first book of his poem* without once using the letter Alpha, the second without using Beta, and the third without using Gamma; a piece of ingenuity, worthy of the age in which it was produced, curious only on account of the difficulty of the undertaking, and not because it was of any utility or conferred any beauty on the work in which it was found. I have begun to read Xenophon's account of the war between Cyrus and Artaxerxes, which is very elegant Greek and a most interesting subject. It is now growing late, or I would give you more time. I hope you will write to me very soon, and give me an account of what you are reading. We are all tolerably well. I hope all my kind and dear friends at Quarry Bank and Manchester are the same. I have nothing further to add, except that we all desire our affectionate remembrance to you and our other friends, and

Believe me to be your's sincerely,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

* A poem not extant, called from the above peculiarity, Ὀδύσσεια λειπογράμματος.

To Samuel Robinson.

Manchester New College, York, Feb. 10th,* 1816.

Dear Robinson,

In truth I am something of an idle fellow; but really from the time of Cicero and Atticus down to the modern correspondence of your humble servant and Samuel Robinson, I find that negligences of this kind have so often occurred, and been excused on the plea of business, that I feel less compunction in acknowledging the force of a charge, to which equally great men with ourselves have before been obnoxious. And now I am set down, what topics for discussion shall the unvaried though agreeable routine of college duties supply? Shall I give you the pithy observations which I collect in the course of the week, on the force and propriety of Greek particles, or the derivation of some Hebrew word from the Arabic and the other cognate languages? Shall I demonstrate to you the character and properties of the Hyperbola, and those marvellous lines, which *we Mathematicians* call asymptotes? or explain to you the manner in which the mind argues by means of general terms? Ah! no. You would turn up your nose at these dull speculations, and rail at the

* Founded in 1786, for the higher education of English Presbyterians, lay and clerical; "open to young men of every religious denomination, from whom no test or confession of faith should be required;" removed to York in 1803; re-established in Manchester in 1840, as one of the affiliated Colleges of the University of London; and since 1853 seated in London at University Hall, as a School of learned and scientific Theology.

stupidity of an Academic, who can be content, for the sake of a page of Tacitus or Sophocles, to seclude himself wholly from the charms of "love-darting *eyes*, and *tresses* like the Morn." But perhaps, my good sir, you may be a little premature in your decisions, and ascribe to choice what is, to a certain etent, the necessity of circumstances. In short, to be serious, I was always really of opinion, whatever a little affectation in my conduct might indicate to the contrary, that in the society of amiable, accomplished, and well-informed women, not only the most rational and delightful relaxation from sterner duties was to be met with, but also if considered in its full extent and proper light, the best safeguard of virtue and propriety. We want the assistance, and feel the value, of the friendship of men, in our intercourse with the world at large; yet when retired from business, how engaging soever the "Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Lælî" united in the intercourse of affection may appear, there is something, so soft and tender, in the nature of the female sex that seems peculiarly qualified to diffuse a charm over the scenes and occupations of private life. However, I must admit, that my own circumstances are such, secluded nine months in a converse principally with the dead and the sage, that when I step again into the world my manners do not seem to correspond quite to what are and ever have been, and I believe on virtuous grounds, my real sentiments. I am like a man emerging at once out of darkness into light, and though pleased with the change, yet unable to adapt himself

immediately to his new situation, and dazzled by too much brilliance, he cannot see his way nor govern his motions with propriety.

But you see, my dear Robinson, Nature has not sent me into the world under the patronage of Plutus; and therefore, though my prospects into futurity are as bright and unclouded as I could wish, yet all my hopes of respectability and even of a wife, at least upon the terms, and with the qualifications, I should like to have one, must, in a great measure, depend on my present exertions and success as a student. The next five or six years of my life must be consecrated to laborious study; and if, in the course of them, my manners, from the force of circumstances, should become a little rusty, I only hope that a sincere *wish* to please may tend in somewise to produce a contrary effect. "Quamobrem, Judex, dicta me causa atque perorata est," and you see I have not minced the matter at all, but have told you, in the openness of friendship, my real opinions. I have nothing further to say, except that I am rather idle, in the way of letter writing, but that I hope you will not be so too; and that I was not at all in the humour for it when I sat down to write this letter, forgive me for saying so, which may serve as a sort of apology for the carelessness which several parts of this epistle exhibit.

Your truly affectionate and grateful friend,

J. J. T.

To S. Robinson.

Short Hill, Nottingham, August 5th, 1816.

Dear Robinson,

I have at last burst the trammels of indolence, and actually sat down to write to you. I must, however, inform you, in extenuation of my apparent deficiencies, that I really began a letter to you while I was in town; but I was so perpetually engaged, that I could not find time to finish it; and I at last tore it, thinking it better perhaps to begin my epistle anew, when I had more leisure and quiet to collect and express my thoughts. Thus occupied, my reading, you will perceive, can have been neither profound nor extensive; my father's labours, however, commenced to-day again, and in correspondence with them I have marked out a small course of study to employ, amuse, and improve me, for a couple of months. If I live and am well I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you some time in October; but, if it remain convenient to you to receive me then, I will write to you again, and give you a more specific account of my intentions, when the period approaches. Meanwhile take what I can offer, a few crude and hasty remarks, made in the course of my travels through the flowery fields of poetry and literature; and as a mutual friend of ours* prettily enough says,

"Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt."

* Catullus.

Have you read the Antiquary? It amused my leisure moments in London. Though I think it inferior in general interest, and the development of the story both to Waverley and Guy Mannering, yet it certainly bears the marks, *meo quidem judicio*, of very superior genius. The author's *forte* seems to lie in picturesque and forcible description, in accurate delineation of character, and the delicacy and purity of his feeling. Edie Ochiltree seems to me to be evidently designed by the author as a counterpart to Meg Merrilies; and though doubtless less striking, less sublime, yet there is a beautiful simplicity in this character, a mild and amiable colouring given to it, which makes the old man to my taste as agreeable and interesting a companion as I ever met with in the limited extent of my novel-reading. Some people think it unnatural; but I think only because such a vocation as his is unknown in England; of the fundamental character and disposition there is no one, I should think, of common sensibility and common acquaintance with the world, but must *feel* the truth and propriety. For myself, whether it be from the present point of my age, or a quality in my native temper, I don't hesitate to prefer the soft, amiable, sweet, and pensive, in poetry, music, or romance, to the bold, majestic, and sublime; though I think Lord Byron's genius to be of the first kind, and meriting to be ranked with Shakspeare and Milton, yet I have more exquisite enjoyment in reading some of Moore's Irish Melodies, of Burns's elegant and feeling effusions, and some of Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful

things, than in any of the most energetic and striking, and awful passages in the former writer. Collins's beautiful ode, written in the year 1745, "How sleep &c.," and his Dirge in Cymbeline, are far more grateful and inspiring to me than his wonderful and terrible appeal to the Spirit of Fear. I love a rich and luxuriant fancy, awakened by elegant and exquisite sensibility, and unfolding itself in the splendour of a chaste but varied and copious imagery. From what I can learn of his character from the Quarterly Review of his works and life, Alfieri, the modern Italian dramatist and contemporary* of Metastasio, would of all others be a writer least suited to my taste. I presume your sister† is on the point of her marriage. Pray remember me most kindly to her, and assure her again and again of my sincere and heartfelt good wishes.

To Samuel Robinson.

Glasgow, November 29th, 1816.

Amicule Noster,

At first I intended this as the prolusion to a Latin epistle; but I am this week so much engaged in preparing for the Blackstone‡ Examination (not that it is, in itself, very formidable, but I never dreamed of such a thing till I came here) that I really have not time to do it properly. You do not think much, I

* Metastasio died in 1782; Alfieri in 1803.

† Afterwards the wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., Manchester.

‡ Entrance or Matriculation examination at Glasgow College.

know, of Latin composition. You and I differ a little on that head, and perhaps shall continue to do so till the end of our days, though we were to debate the subject with as much warmth and eagerness, as we did the other night at Woodlands. Let me here say in my defence that language is the medium of thought, that I have always found it a very advantageous exercise to be obliged to think in a medium different from what I am used to, as I must have my thoughts perfectly distinct and well arranged before I can do anything; that Latin is a brief, clear, vigorous, and elegant language; and that in which scholars, or those who pretend or aim to be scholars, have ever delighted to converse. What all these arguments amount to, when added together, I leave you to judge. Their weight may to you seem more apparent than real; but I do not think so. I was pleased to find you had written to me in French. You say you know your letter must be full of faults; and that there are some slight ones I think I can myself perceive; but you have gained what, in a thing of this kind, is of essential consequence; the turns of thought and of expression, the spirit and colouring of the whole, seem to me to be quite French. This is perhaps of more consequence at first than strict idiomatic propriety; because it indicates a sensibility to the nerve and genius of a Language, which cannot be acquired exactly by application like the grammatical minutiæ. I hope you will continue to write to me in French; and perhaps I may sometimes answer you in Latin. I have made some little progress

in Herodotus, who is the first Greek prose writer I mean to read through. He is a most charming writer, and will form a most agreeable companion to my evenings this winter. I have not begun to read the Odyssey yet; but shall, as soon as ever this infernal profession* is over. Professor Young is now lecturing on the 2nd Book of the Iliad; which will be of great assistance to me in comprehending the force and meaning of Homeric diction; for he analyzes it with unrelenting minuteness to the very bone. I think you will have great reason to admire the ingenious nihility of this epistle; but I have some notion you were not far from the mark, when you said a short letter often was better than a long one now and then. I like Glasgow very much; the inhabitants, that I am acquainted with, are hospitable, friendly, and sensible; and the College is very fair. I cannot, however, feel somehow as if I was treading on Classic ground; I wish I could.

To S. Robinson.

College of Glasgow, January 28th, 1817.

Dear Robinson,

Lest you should set me down for a very idle, careless, fellow, I have taken up my pen; though, upon my word, I have nothing in the world to say for myself. I could give you an account of my studies, which would indeed be stupid; or enumerate, what would certainly be to you a more agreeable recital, a list of

* The Student *professed* the number of Books on which he was ready to be examined.

belles, who blaze along the public parade every sunshining day, but most of whom I have the misfortune to know only by sight and by name. However, be that as it may, I can at least tell you what sort of a judgment my present means of observation has enabled me to form upon the Scotch. I do not know a great many families here; but such as I am acquainted with certainly set their nation in a very favourable light. The principal difference that strikes me between them and the English is, that there is a greater frankness, and if you can understand what I mean by the term, *decision* in their manners than in those of the English, which have been so softened down and refined, that the direct and open expression of the temper or character is often nearly lost. I fancy there is some analogy between their manners and their faces. This may be whim; but there is certainly a difference between the expression of a Scotch countenance, particularly a female countenance, and an English one; and I cannot tell wherein it consists, unless it be in a more explicit and defined enunciation of the mind in the features. The eyes are less soft but more sparkling; the nose is not pointed nor turned up; but has an appearance, which I know not how to describe, unless by saying that it has a more determinate form than we usually observe in an English countenance. You will perhaps think this most consummate nonsense; perhaps it is; but this is the impression, which the generality of Scotch faces, as I have observed them, not only in company, but also in walking along the streets,

and amongst the lower orders, has left on my mind. You will remember that I have not seen anything like such a variety of company as you saw at Edinburgh. I shall, therefore, be glad to know whether, if you can understand me, your opinion coincides with mine. I can conceive, however, in a very polished society that tolerates nothing which is obtrusive by its singularity, that these national characteristics might be considerably obliterated both in the manners and in the countenance. If what I have remarked on the Scottish features in general have any truth, their predominant expression will be simplicity, an airy gaiety, a careless joyousness, which divulges without hesitation the feelings nearest the heart. It is natural for us to admire that form and arrangement of features, which is a sort of type to the sentiments that are most congenial to the national character. There are certainly some apparently contradictory features in that of the Scotch, as Dr. Currie has well observed and accounted for; but what I have here remarked relates principally to the women; and I think it is a concentration or rather a perfection of this expression, which I have above alluded to, that is denoted by the words *bonnie* and *sonsie*, epithets which are lavished with such rapturous admiration on the idols of the tender and elegant Burns.—I am acquainted with a very amiable and extremely well educated family here of the name of Bannatyne, who are related to Professor Dugald Stewart, to whom, if I should have an opportunity of leaving Glasgow for any time, I could procure an

introduction, which would indeed be very agreeable. Be so kind as to remember me kindly to all my friends, for I must defer a further account of my concerns, till I have more time.

To S. Robinson.

Glasgow, March 4, 1817.

Dear Sam,

I cannot for the life of me conceive what you are about. How many weeks have I not waited in expectation of a letter; and yet morning succeeds morning without any tidings of you—

> "Truditur dies die,
> Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ."

Surely you are on the point of being married; or, perhaps the ceremony has been already completed, for I cannot think of anything else sufficiently important to cause so pertinacious a silence. If my supposition be correct, I hope you will not fail to substantiate it, that I may have the felicity of wishing you every happiness that throws life and enchantment around the vernal hour of youth and beauty—"At boni conjuges bené vivite."

Far different have been my occupations of late. This last week I have been spending a few days in the island of Calypso, a most heavenly spot, where

> "Spring in her tints perpetual verdure wears,
> And bloom eternal braves the lapse of years."

I thence crossed the deep, after a very rough voyage,

and left my friend Ulysses, a very good sort of man, I assure you, fast asleep in a close covert on the shores of Phæacia. Really, what a delightful poet Homer is! People are perpetually talking of him; it is quite the fashion. But it is not till one gets out of the clamour of these vulgar plaudits, and sits quietly down to read this Sire of Poetry in his own native and simple language, and one can do this with tolerable ease and fluency, that all his beauties beam forth with resistless effect, and prove themselves infinitely above the ridiculously quaint and pedantic conceits, which some of his commentators and *would-be* admirers have thrust upon him by way of eulogy. He seems to be in a peculiar manner the Poet of Nature, and presents an artless recital of the plain, yet not inelegant, manners of ancient simplicity. I have little doubt that when I shall have read carefully through the whole of the Odyssey and the Iliad, so as to be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of both, that I shall prefer greatly the former. I like splendour and sublimity occasionally; it is, no doubt, a criterion of greater talent; but for my own part, and I am willing to take up my quarters with the humbler portion of my species, I love the poet that appeals warmly to those dear, domestic, associations, which are, after all, the most solid and permanent cause of happiness; I love the poet who is the historian, if I may say so, of our fire-side, who awakens with new force the emotions that we perpetually experience, but which we never before beheld in such a light, who invests all the little incidents of this

humbler sphere with a magic softness, a placid lustre of his own. Do not mistake me; I do not regard this as the higher function of genius; I should not, probably, be so much affected, so much carried out of myself, by any passage from poetry of this latter kind, as I should be on occasion by the bolder flashes of a sublime genius; but it is only at times that we can enjoy this spiritualized sort of rapture. I had rather, therefore, for my constant companion have a poet of an humbler kind, upon whose lovely dreams I could dwell with a more constant and equable delight, whose apothegms and illustrations might dwell in the memory, and, revived by the temper of our circumstances, might shed a sweet and consolatory influence on the varied changes of life. This is why I think Thomas Moore, Rogers, and Campbell so delightful; though I am willing to admit their genius might not be first-rate. To return to Homer; I think he has one characteristic in common with Shakespeare, and I suppose with all geniuses of the highest order, that whilst he occasionally breathes a strain of the most exquisite sweetness and even delicacy, he can at once assume a higher tone, and be terrible, energetic, and sublime. Dr. Currie observes the traces of this comprehension and versatility of talents in Burns, and thence argues powerfully in favour of the native vigour of his genius. Your memory, I am sure, will furnish you with many instances from all these poets; I will just refer to one or two that strike me now. What can possibly be more exquisite than the plaintive recital of Menelaus to Tele-

machus in the fourth Odyssey, and the beautiful catastrophe it effects? What more terrible than the tempest towards the end of the fifth Odyssey? more sublime than the battle of the Gods, or Jupiter's ratification of his oath, in the Iliad? Shakespeare is pregnant with illustrations; Lear is full of sublimity, and to my own taste nothing can be more luscious, more voluptuously picturesque, than the moonlight scene in the Merchant of Venice, "Sit Jessica, &c. &c." Burns's ode, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and his address to Mary in Heaven would, I should conceive, of themselves establish the praise which Dr. Currie thinks is his due. To conclude this hasty, rattling, letter, which I write principally to procure an answer, I think, after all, it is almost ridiculous in me to say I prefer one species of poetry to another; for, to tell you the truth, I feel generally most disposed to fix my highest approbation on that species which is present to my mind, and which has enthralled my attention; the descriptive, the splendid, the sprightly, the pensive, and sublime, I have in turns thought the most delightful, and have been inclined to honour with pre-eminent adoration. I am sure you have felt the same. If you do not write soon I shall never forgive you. Remember me most affectionately to all my friends; and believe me, that, though very much vexed with you, I shall still continue to be

Your truly affectionate Friend,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

To Samuel Robinson.

Glasgow, Jannary 25, 1818.

Dear Sam,

* * * * * *

Nothing to me seems so deplorable as that chaos of loose, unconnected ideas, with which some men's heads appear filled, when the learning of many a huge volume, and the vigils of many a laborious hour seem entirely thrown away, and when every new acquisition serves only to deepen the darkness, and augment the perplexity of the unfortunate *erudit.* Constant, uninterrupted accumulation, therefore, does not appear to me to be the way to acquire either solid or extensive information. And after all our true happiness and wisdom consists in the proper application of our knowledge either to the business and conduct of life, or to subjects of useful speculation. Do not misunderstand me; we may think as well as read too much. True greatness of mind seems to me to lie in that happy medium, which unites to an extensive range of information, literary and philosophical, that independent vigour of understanding which minutely examines its ideas, and by this act appropriates them, though originally another's, to itself. But alas! how different is speculation from practice! I can often see and approve what is excellent; with the poet "*video meliora proboque,*" but too often with the poet "*deteriora sequor.*" I hope I have too much religion to believe in the doctrine of fatality; else I could con-

ceive some malignant star controlled my destiny. From my earliest years, as far back as I can recollect, I have been too much governed by the impulses of feeling. Naturally timid and reserved, I seldom mingled so much as I ought to have done in the sports suitable to my age. I was often, of course, deserted by those who should have been my companions, and left to pursue in silence and solitude those reveries to which I have ever had too great a propensity. Thus left to myself I cherished within, though others perhaps were little aware of it, a useless but painful, sensibility to everything that was said and done to me; in short, I have never possessed sufficient of that inestimable quality which the world calls *common sense;* from a child I have been too much the victim of fear, anxiety, and distrust; and if you can understand me on the most unintelligible of all subjects, *myself,* every thing I have experienced has made too deep and lasting impression; events of comparative insignificance have furnished matter for anxious and painful reflection; whatever, in fine, was the object either of hope or fear, I have been accustomed, as experience has invariably taught me, to view in distorted forms, under false lights, and in exaggerated dimensions. As designed for a literary profession I undoubtedly ought to have reflected less and read more. But this is now so deeply impressed upon my conviction, and so thorough is my persuasion that none but a man of sound, regulated habits and considerable learning has any business in the sacred profession, that my daily endeavour now is

to throw my mind out more, and form in it a power of more rapid and accurate accumulation. My early *habits*, I perhaps have no right to say my early *dispositions*, have been against this; but so much do I know that all my future usefulness and happiness are in a good measure dependent on this habit, that time and perseverance will no doubt effect its formation.

This is terrible egotism—is it not? But believe me, my dear Sam, there are few, if any, besides you to whom I would make so full a disclosure of my weakness. When the heart is swelling with some predominant emotion, it must unburden itself. And who so proper to learn its contents as the friend with whose name the memory of early pleasures and boyish hopes is entwined; and in whose virtuous principle and manly sense, consolation and advice have invariably been found? I hate that narrow, half-tried friendship, which holds no communion but on the little trifling topics of every day; I would find in every relation of society something useful, something practical, in a moral and religious view. And if the early perceptions of worth, and the early experience of assistance, made you valued and beloved by me formerly, I should be sorry to forego the same pleasures and advantages now, which were so estimable then.

To Samuel Robinson.

Manchester New College, November 20, 1818.

My dear Friend,

You see I am again at York; but, perhaps, you may have heard through some of our common friends, that I am not here exactly in the same capacity I was two years ago. You shall hear all. Last Session the friends of the Institution were greatly alarmed by a communication from Mr. Kenrick,* expressing his wish to resign his situation here, as soon as a person could be found to fill it. Immediately the matter was taken warmly into consideration; and finding that two circumstances chiefly contributed to form this determination, the want of domestic comfort in the College, and the wish to spend a complete year abroad at some German University, an attempt was made on the part of Mr. George William Wood, and other friends of York, to compound the difference with him, which I hope for the sake of the Institution will prove in the end successful. Mr. Kenrick is to have a house, and to be allowed to take private pupils; and a substitute is to be found for him during the year he is abroad. The application was made to me most unexpectedly. I was then about to enter as a Divinity student on my fourth year, and not having looked forward to anything of the kind, felt myself in many respects inadequate to the task. However, as the request was made under

* The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A., happily still living, 1872.

certain limitations, and I felt myself bound to serve to the best of my power, however imperfectly, an Institution to which I owed so much, I consented to the proposal, under the condition of passing the two first years of my residence at York as an assistant-tutor; thus having time to attend to my theological studies, and to prepare myself by reading in classics and history for the arduous duties which devolve upon me in the third year, which Mr. Kenrick, I presume, will spend on the Continent; and what arrangements may take place at the expiration of that third year, God knows; it is a long time to look forward to.

Such are my circumstances; in some respects agreeable and advantageous; but in others attended with a degree of anxiety which is painful. If, however, by making me truly serious, and fixing my attention upon my errors and deficiencies, they contribute to increase my knowledge and strengthen my intellect, and above all, what every day teaches us more and more is the only thing of any real importance, to confirm, to fix my moral and religious principles, I shall be grateful to Providence for ever having placed me where I now am.

My dear Sam, I often think of you; your friendship never seemed more valuable to me than at present. I often look back with pleasure to those earlier years of my acquaintance with you, when it would have been a good thing for me if I had taken your fraternal advice and instructions more seriously to heart. In truth, though during the last four years of my life I

have acquired some praise from my friends, and have gone through my academical course with respectability, not to say occasional success—though my principles have been uniformly pure and uncorrupted, yet the effects of old, bad habits still cling about me, and there has been, when I look back on my conduct, a degree of weakness, irresolution and indecision, that gives me some uneasiness. Happy shall I be, most happy, if this serious conviction, deeply impressed, give a permanent strength and firmness to my character, and inspire me with the noblest of feelings, self-esteem. That you and I, however different our circumstances and pursuits, may through life found upon virtuous habits, well-governed affections, and pious principles, a warm and generous friendship, suspended but not terminated by death, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate Friend.

To S. Robinson.

Manchester New College, February 16th, 1819.

My dear Sam,

Many thanks for your letter, and your friendly admonition of my neglect; though you have kindly anticipated its real cause. My time is agreeably enough divided between teaching, of which I have not much, and the prosecution of my own private studies, which are, at this present time, theology, history, and classics. I have not so much time to give to the first

as I could wish; because, as it is probable, in the course of a year or so, I may become Mr. Kenrick's *vicar* for nine months, I feel myself necessitated to give my principal attention to Greek and Latin, and the fulfilment of as extensive a course of ancient and modern history as I can find time for.

Yet I find it very possible to make these subserve my professional study; for, after all, perhaps the best accomplishment for a theologian is an accurate knowledge of the learned languages, with the addition of Hebrew, for which I deeply regret that I have not some time; and that serious conviction of the necessity of a religion like Christianity, and in earlier times like Judaism its precursor, which a knowledge of heathen writers and of heathen history cannot fail to give.

As I have not much time for excursive reading amongst theological writers, I make it a point to attend to the subject matter of the Scriptures themselves; this, perhaps, if I was sufficiently master of the Hebrew and I had time, it would be better to do in the original; but I believe a clear perception of the progress of the history may be well enough procured from the Common Version, with an occasional reference in doubtful passages to the Hebrew and Septuagint; and with this I content myself. And yet I can hardly regret it; there is such a noble and majestic simplicity in our ancient dialect, that it cannot but be improving to any one to study it, especially in the formation of a pure and English style, a style suited to religious instruction; and it so admirably harmonizes with the sublimity and

grandeur of the Old Testament, that it would grieve me to the very soul to see it exchanged, in our received translation, for the flippant and *would be philosophical* precision of our modern language.

"I do not mean by this to insinuate that new versions ought not to be made; but I think they ought to be viewed in a different light from the established vehicle of religious instruction; in which I do not scruple to confess I think it right to indulge the honest prejudice by which we attach a peculiar sanctity to whatever is old and venerable, and hear, with peculiar reverence, those holy words which seem not to belong to this wicked and worldly generation, and to which our forefathers have listened before us. There are some prejudices so deeply rooted in the human heart, so entwined with our best and noblest feelings, that he must be indeed a cold-hearted philosopher who can regret their existence, and who, in an untimely and ruthless zeal to extirpate speculative error, would convulse all the moral feelings, perhaps almost destroy the happiness of a thousand simple-hearted and well-meaning Christians. Wherever real error is inculcated, let it of course be corrected; but corrected with a cautious and lenient hand, agreeably to the spirit, and as much as possible in the character of what we have long been accustomed to revere, and what is, in its sum and substance, unexceptionally good. There never was, I think, a wiser observation than what M. Constant, in his *Eloge*, has recorded of that great and good man, Sir S. Romilly, the best answer to all violent *innovators*

both in religion and politics,—that reform must never *precede* the march of public opinion, or the most fatal convulsions may be the consequence; but that all institutions, practices, and establishments should be gradually amended and changed, as the voice of public opinion successively calls for their reformation, and their adaptation to the altered views and feelings of the age.

To Robert Hyde Greg.

Manchester New College, York, Oct. 14th, 1819.

My dear Friend,

Accept my warmest thanks for the very noble and generous offer of your letter; nor less for the very plain and open-hearted simplicity of the manner in which it was conveyed. Were my views quite decided on the subject, I should at once close with your proposal; and that I am not able at present, so to do, arises, I assure you, only from a doubt how far I am equal to discharge with credit the duties arising from such a union as that to which I allude.

Could I subsist on the salary of a Dissenting Minister in a quiet way, as a man of retirement and study ought to live, I should be quite content: but that, if I ever wished to marry, and no man of amiable feelings can abandon that wish, in the present state of things is out of the question. Upon principle, I have long thought that the only mode of maintaining a body of learned and enlightened clergy is a moderate Establishment;

and I would rather consider myself as one excluded from the bosom of the Church by her illiberal restrictions on men's consciences and the shameful corruption which disposes of her gifts, than as one decidedly hostile to an Establishment of any kind or degree.

Still, however, if men would not make some sacrifices to spread just and enlightened notions of religion in the world, or waited till the Church opened her arms to receive them, it is very clear that religion would decay in the world, and even the Establishment would grow more corrupt from its encountering no opposition or attack.

In choosing therefore an auxiliary employment and support to the business of a religious teacher, we must be guided by a consideration of what is most suitable in its character to the sacred profession, what least interferes with its duties, and best harmonizes with the studies, and feelings, and dispositions it requires. Now nothing can be so harassing and fagging as the daily work of a school; nothing that more indisposes and unfits the mind for fresh literary toil when the business of the day is over.

Medicine, not only in many of its avocations absolutely identifies itself with the duties of the Christian pastor, but is also, if well understood and tolerably supported, a liberal, agreeable, and interesting profession.

The only question, in my case, is how far I am really adequate to combine the two.

The wide field which Theological research opens to

the view, I confess quite startled me when I first sat down to my books at the opening of the Session, and overwhelmed me with a sense of my own weakness and ignorance. I must try therefore, in the course of the ensuing nine months, how I manage with the composition of sermons and the pursuit of my Theological studies; and whether I feel a sufficient degree of strength and confidence in myself to admit of my acceding to your very kind and benevolent proposal, if you will allow it to stand on this conditional footing.

The very idea of being emancipated from the daily drudgery of school and of pasing an active and useful life amongst my friends and in the bosom of domestic quiet is truly delightful, and gives a repose to my imagination that it never rested in before. But I must not indulge even this, delightful as it is, if I cannot discharge the duties of both professions respectably; eminence in both I do not look for. Accept then, my dear friend, my best thanks for your great kindness; and believe me, that if I feel myself ultimately unable to use it, it will arise solely from the circumstances I have alluded to, and not from any diminution in the gratitude with which I shall ever remain,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

P.S.—I have received a letter from my father to-day which greatly encourages me in my design; his truly benevolent mind, I believe, rejoices in the prospect of my being ultimately emancipated from toils, which are so unpleasant to himself. You have not much time, I

am aware, and I have no claim upon your pen; but any views which should occur to you on the subject I should be happy to receive. You must consider this: if I were finally to unite medicine with the ministry, I should give up the wish and design of being a very learned Divine, and should endeavour to fit myself more particularly for being a useful preacher and a man of society; nor in medicine should I aspire to the higher walks of the profession. My views are not ambitious; domestic peace and quiet, independence and competence, are all I wish.—Farewell.

To his Father.

Manchester New College, York, Oct. 15th, 1819.

I send you the enclosed letter * because I feel myself unable to do justice to its contents: of the frank and simple generosity which it discovers in the writer you must yourself judge. Though the tone of my last letter was very decided, yet, though at the expense of some appearance of inconsistency, I think I should be wrong, and might perhaps at some future time greatly blame myself, if I allowed such an opportunity to pass away without at least farther consideration. I am certain you and my mother will be much gratified by this letter, since it not only proves the perfect sincerity of those friends who have always expressed so kind an interest in my welfare, but also their

* From Robert Hyde Greg: see the preceding letter.

readiness by the most substantial means to promote it. I, who know myself, know too well that I do not deserve the half of all this; but I do hope that the obligation under which it places me to realise, as far as my weakness will permit, the kind anticipations of my friends, will be highly serviceable to the future development of my character.

The only grounds of hesitation which I at all feel in attempting this union arise, *first*, from a doubt of my own competency efficiently to discharge the duties of the two; and *secondly*, from a fear of the worldly, secular views which the practice of medicine might perhaps bring into my mind. I am aware, my dear father, that the varying tone of my letters must give you an idea of great weakness and indecision of character: in truth, I know too well it is a great failing with me; but you are to consider the deep and lively interest the mind must necessarily take in a question that is to decide the future lot, and those fluctuations of the fancy which depend so much upon the state of the animal spirits, and to which I acknowledge myself to be more than ordinarily alive. My letters therefore appear very inconsistent because I express generally, without reserve, the feelings then uppermost in my mind, and often with more decision and peremptoriness than a cooler judgment would admit of. The noble offer which the enclosed letter contains, and which indeed powerfully affected me when I first opened it, would set me completely at rest on the subject which had before no little weight in the unfavourable scale;

and I should be laid by it under an obligation to exert myself, and fulfil the wishes of my friends, which would be rather useful to me than otherwise. What I wish to do, therefore, is to leave the matter undecided till the end of the Session; meanwhile to look at the question in all its bearings in the clear and quiet light of reason and religion, to talk over the matter with my friends, and find, in the course of the Session, how far the composition of sermons and the prosecution of theological studies is likely to suit with the pursuit of objects remotely connected with them.

I see one thing which I did not sufficiently consider when I last wrote, and that is, that unless I choose to live single through life, which is a very dismal prospect, I cannot hope under any circumstances to give myself wholly up to the studies of the learned divine. What therefore I have to do, is to adopt, as some auxiliary means of improving my income, a profession whose avocations are least at variance with those of a minister of religion, which are most liberal and agreeable to the mind. If I were finally to think of being a physician as well as a dissenting minister, I must make a sort of composition between the two professions. I must give up the idea of ever being a very learned divine, and aim rather at being a useful and pleasing preacher and being agreeable in society. I must forego the prospect of ever fathoming the depths of Hebrew learning and ecclesiastical antiquity; I must confine my reading in Classics to a few standard authors, and read them rather as the general scholar

than as the critic or grammarian. In medicine, I must not look to the more distinguished spheres of action; I must fix myself in some of our smaller towns, where the competition would not be so great, and where I may diligently employ myself in the labours of two professions, happy if I can raise sufficient from the profits of both to employ my leisure hours in the quiet search of truth and knowledge, and live in humble competence and tranquillity in the bosom of my family.

We must always, as Mrs. Barbauld observes,* pay the price of the article we purchase: with my talents, if I mean permanently to unite two professions, I must be satisfied with respectability, and not look for eminence in both. However, I have nine months nearly to consider the question; till they are expired I can hardly decide.

P.S. The former part of this was written before the receipt of your last very kind letter. I am very sorry that my letter should have pained you. It was, I admit, too much the sudden expression of a fit of melancholy and dejection; permit me, however, to say in palliation of my weakness, that if my sudden change of view arose partly from distrust of myself, it arose also in great measure from considerations relative to you and my mother. When I looked at the stretch of mind which the exercise of both professions would require, and felt how necessary it would be to have a mind free from all anxieties and cares about home or

* Essay on The Inconsistency of Human Expectations.

anything else, I sunk under a sense of weakness to encounter so many obstacles. The knowledge that you not only approve of my attempting this union, but even stimulate me to it, the favourable opinion you express of my talents when properly exerted, and the generous offer of my friend R. Greg, throw a new light on my future hopes, and again awaken my ardour and enthusiasm. I have anticipated, you will perceive, some of the observations you have made on the duty of a Christian minister; I shall direct my attention very much towards making the useful preacher. I have procured Atterbury's and White's sermons, and intend, indeed I do now as often as I have leisure, to exercise myself in reading them aloud. Atterbury's style is indeed elegant; he seems to have been a most accomplished preacher; White's is very manly and vigorous, quite the style for the pulpit, perhaps a little too inflated if anything.

I cannot altogether see the force of your objections to any kind of Establishment; I have not, perhaps, sufficiently weighed the subject; but I am open to conviction; if you could recommend to me any good treatise on the subject, I should like to consider it more at leisure. If my mother's hand would allow her to send me a line or two to let me know how she is pleased with the new light that has thus broken upon me, it would give me an unfeigned pleasure. With my dearest love to you and her,

I remain, my dear Father,

Your most affectionate Son,

J. J. T.

To his Father.

Platt, near Manchester, Aug. 31st, 1820.

My dear Father,

I have long been waiting for a little leisure time to write to you; as many important things are pressing on my mind, I cannot squeeze them into a small compass. Last week I went over to Bootle and saw my mother; upon the whole I think she is very comfortable, and though the weather has been very cold and ungenial, and consequently she has not been able to take the air as much as might be wished, yet she certainly is, and nurse considers her to be, stronger and better. I had just been paid, as part of my salary, £20, which, as I had no immediate use for it, I put into my mother's hands; this she desired me to tell you, that you might not be making provision for sending her a fresh supply of money: and I have also to request that should you have any occasion for it, either for my mother or any one else, you will not scruple to make use of the twenty pounds odd, which I left in your hands. I have no want of it, certainly no present want myself.

But to proceed to further matters: you doubtless know that Mr. Hawkes* died a day or two before I came here, and I found that among some of my more particular friends there was a sort of wish to retain me as his successor, a wish which they did not immediately

* The much respected Minister of what was then Moseley Street Chapel, Manchester.

express, from the knowledge of my determination to study medicine. Mr. Wood* has, however, of late talked over the matter with me openly, and with the most friendly intentions to promote my future happiness and comfort in life. Do not suppose that I have changed my determination as yet, but since I came here circumstances which I could not possibly foresee have occurred, and of such weight and importance as fairly to become matter of new and serious consideration. The congregation have, of course, come to no resolution as yet on the subject, and no invitation may eventually be presented, but Mr. Wood tells me there seemed to be a pretty general feeling in favour of sending one, and also of raising the pew rents so as to make the salary worth £300 a-year. Manchester, he tells me, opens a wide field for private instruction, like what Mr. Reid in Liverpool and Mr. Jones in town have done, both for classics and general literature; and this employment, while it would neither be so irksome nor laborious as the drudgery of a school, might make an addition of some hundreds a year to my income, and would not interfere with the peace of my leisure hours, nor with any of my domestic arrangements. I might too, he adds, in the event of forming any domestic connection, take as his father did one or two females into my family between the ages of girls and young women, without abandoning private tuition. Manchester is the seat of my earliest and best friends, all of whom are

* The late George William Wood of Manchester, M.P. for Kendal, then residing at Platt.

disposed to do something to promote my welfare and comfort; it is a wealthy and populous neighbourhood, where the Dissenters enjoy a degree of weight and respectability above any other part of the kingdom, and where some of them are men most distinguished for science and literature, and who consequently would form most valuable associates for a young man eager for intellectual improvement. Such are the arguments by which my friend, Mr. Wood, most kindly endeavours to influence my choice. Let us consider his view of the medical profession, weigh the *pros* and *cons*, and endeavour to arrive at a judicious conclusion. In the first place it must now be a decision between the two, which I will finally adopt, medicine or divinity; in this opinion all my friends unite, and of this I am myself fully convinced. Well, Dr. Roget, who is a nephew to the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and was formerly travelling tutor to the brothers of young R. Philips, has been staying at Platt, and he does not give a very encouraging account of the present prospects of the medical profession; he says it is overstocked. I do not, however, give so much weight to the opinion of Dr. Roget as I otherwise should, as I believe he is pretty generally considered to be rather a disappointed man in his profession. Unquestionably the most serious objections to this profession are the length of time during which you must be waiting for practice, the length of time before you can prudently form a domestic connection, and the caprice to which, after all, you must be subject, since people so much consider rather the *manner* than

the *man*. Some of these objections, however, I think I could obviate. There would be no hindrance that I can see to a young physician in a provincial town taking one or two young men to read with, and prepare by a course of medical study for Edinburgh or London, especially if the objects of general education were not overlooked.—Did the continuance in my present profession at all involve the necessity of engaging in the painful task of school keeping, so invincible is the repugnance I feel to the occupation, I should be willing to run almost any risk in the final attainment of my wishes in a new profession. But there are two considerations which I wish most seriously to submit to you, and which induce me to pause before I take the final step which must irrevocably fix the fate of my future life. My mind is not a little anxious and solicitous on the present occasion, and you may naturally suppose I wish to have the benefit of a father's longer experience and matured observation. I shall write to you my own sentiments freely and frankly, and I do entreat you to give me yours in return. * * *

Mr. Wood came in and interrupted me, and I wish to state, before I say anything more, the intelligence he has brought me in from Manchester. He has taken the trouble to ride over to Dr. Henry's (the Chemist, who is one of the Congregation, and with whom I have the pleasure to be a little acquainted), and to ask him about the prospects of the medical profession. He seems but too much to confirm the remarks of Dr. Roget, and says that in the present state of things he

would not recommend any one to enter into the profession who has not two or three hundreds a year independent property to set him up in the world, and support him till he gets into practice; nay more, that, *cæteris paribus*, he who has notoriously nothing but his practice to look to is much less likely to be patronised than he who is known to be comparatively independent. All these circumstances give, as you may suppose, additional weight to the kind proposals of my friends, connected as they are with so many and such unforeseen advantages; and the two questions I wish to put to you are whether, considering the present state of our family prospects, you would not yourself feel a satisfaction in my relinquishing my former views, and availing myself of circumstances so singularly fortunate, which have combined in my favour, and thus placing myself in a situation where I shall not only enjoy independence, but have the means of assisting you and my dear brothers and sisters in your future plans, whatever they may be; and, secondly, whether you think this scheme of private tuition is not one in which I shall be likely to employ what talents and information I have usefully to others and agreeably to myself, without relinquishing, as you have been compelled to do, all my leisure time and invading the domestic peace and tranquillity of my family.

Here at Manchester, you must be aware that there is a combination of favourable circumstances to induce me to remain in my original profession, which I could not possibly have contemplated, and which I may fairly,

I think, allow to produce a considerable change in my views and feelings, without incurring the charge of caprice and inconsistency.* Pray do write, the first bit of leisure time you have; I am very anxious to hear from you.

I remain, my dear Father,
Your most affectionate Son,
JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO THE REV. JOHN KENRICK, M.A.

Manchester, October 11, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,

My object in now writing to you is to request a little advice and information for the prosecution of a design which I have been induced, by the suggestions of some friends to think of taking in hand; and which, till I explain my own views in undertaking it, I am afraid you will think a little daring and presumptuous. You know perhaps that I wish to lay myself out for private tuition in Manchester; and some of my friends, amongst whom are Dr. Henry, G. W. Wood, and S.

* On Good Friday, April 20, 1821, John James Tayler was ordained by his fathers and brethren of the English Presbyterians, to whom Christianity is an open and ever unclosed revelation, without Creed, without Priest, without Ritual, to the pastorate of the congregation then worshipping in Moseley Street, at present in Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester. The Revs. James Tayler of Nottingham, William Shepherd of Gateacre, Charles Wellbeloved, Principal and Theological Tutor of Manchester New College, York, John Gooch Robberds of Manchester, J. J. Tayler, and George William Wood, Esq., as representing the Congregation, took part in the service.

Robinson, have thought that a course of lectures on some popular subject, delivered at the Philosophical Society's Rooms, might greatly promote my object, as well as prove of some use, if done pretty well, in the circle of my friends and acquaintance: and in consequence of this I have actually entered upon a course of reading on the rise and progress of our national poetry, and have given a few of my friends a sort of promise, though I am not publicly pledged, to prepare, if I feel myself equal to the undertaking, a series of lectures on this subject early in the spring. When you consider that what hearers I shall have will probably be merchants and manufacturers, or young men who have not much time for literary pursuits, and that I do not pretend to anything more than just to give general views on the subject, and to awaken, if possible, a taste for such enquiries,—this plan, though apparently arduous and magnificent at its first proposition, sinks down into something more within the reach of any one who has literary habits, some leisure, and a high relish for the subjects which he proposes to investigate. Theology and Classics have till within this last ten days occupied the principal part of my time; but I propose now devoting myself almost wholly to the subject of my lectures, and I should apprehend, from the works published on the subject, I may, by application, acquire in three or four months materials sufficient for at least a part of the course. I do not pretend to original research, and yet I confess, so far as I go, I should wish to have good authority for all the statements I make.

I always feel sorry to trouble you and Mr. Wellby in the middle of the session, because you have, I know, as much as you can well attend to; but, at the same time, I have experienced so many instances of your kindness, that I do not feel any great difficulty in requesting you to favour me, as soon as you can conveniently find time, with a few remarks on the best division of my subject, and the best works to refer to. Warton, with Ellis and Percy, I know, and mean to use as a kind of text-books—the former for matters of fact, and the two latter for extracts and illustrations. But it seems to me, after having read Mr. Turner's interesting dissertations on the poetry and literature of the Anglo-Saxons, that Warton has passed over this branch of the subject with undeserved indifference and contempt; for though our situation and final character as a people, was wonderfully changed by the Norman Conquest, yet the basis of our language is so decidedly Saxon, and our first native poems after the Conquest partook so much of the Saxon character, at least in the language employed, that any one who wishes to view poetry in connexion with the progress of our tongue, and the gradual development of our national feeling and manners, would hardly be justified in taking no notice of the Anglo-Saxon times. In the next place I should wish, as much as possible, to view our poetry as influenced in its successive stages by the tone of national feeling, and taking a peculiar cast from the political and religious controversies of the times. I have no doubt that it was powerfully affected by these influ-

ences; but, perhaps, I am not aware of all the sources from which the best illustrations may be drawn.

Dr. Henry seemed to think that hardly less than twelve lectures would suffice. Is the following a good distribution of the subject? I have only begun to consider it, and my ideas are yet as very crude and imperfect. Lecture I. Anglo-Saxon poetry. II. Anglo-Norman poetry. III. Origin of Romantic fiction. IV. Chaucer's age. V. Origin of Letters in Europe; Poets of Henry VIII.'s times; More, Surrey, Wyatt. VI. and VII. Elizabeth's age. VIII. and IX. Milton, Butler, Donne. X. Davenant, Dryden, &c. XI. Pope's School. XII. Poetry of the 18th century.—I saw in a late number of the North American Review that Bouterwek has given a very excellent account of English poetry. If you think that a perusal of this would throw much additional light upon the subject I believe I am sufficiently master of the German to make it out.

REV. JOHN KENRICK, M.A.

Sept. 19th, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I trouble you with a few questions relative to the conduct of my classical studies. I have to thank you for former assistance rendered in this way; and especially for the invaluable hints you gave me last winter, when I was reading for my lectures. These lectures succeeded quite as well as I could have ex-

pected, and the studies in which they engaged me, till I became a little distressed with anxieties about the approaching delivery of them, were a constant source of excitement and delight. But for four or five months they occupied me almost exclusively, and left no time for the prosecution of classical and theological studies, to which I am now anxious to devote myself with all the assiduity and attention which the more active duties of my situation will permit. Experience teaches me that my attainments in Greek are very far from being so accurate and critical as I hope I may by reading and attention make them, or, as skill as a teacher and respectability as a scholar require they should be. What I should be much obliged to you for pointing out to me, are some of the best critical works on the analogies and proprieties of the language, the careful perusal of which might very profitably be taken in conjunction with the reading of authors themselves. I should like to know what you think of going through the Greek poets chronologically, for the purpose of marking the progress of the language and the improvement of taste. Do you not think that a careful study of what remains of the writings of Homer and Hesiod would be a very good preparation for understanding the language accurately in its more advanced state, as it appears in the writings of the historians and tragedians? Perhaps the objection to this plan is, that, if regularly pursued, it keeps the mind too long occupied with a partial and limited view of Greek literature, and does not introduce it to a sufficiently

extensive acquaintance with writers of various styles and different ages. But, it must be remembered, I am speaking only of my private studies; the employment I have, and hope to have, in teaching young people the classics, will always provide a sufficient variety of authors for my perusal. I should wish, moreover, to confine my attention for some time to come, almost entirely to the poets, geographers, and historians—the philosophers furnishing a fitter study for more advanced years. What plan do you think, according to the chronological scheme I have mentioned, might be advisable for taking in the reading of the *historians* successively in conjunction with the *poets?* For while I am engaged in this pursuit I should be glad to have a more philosophical and practical object in view than mere philology, and to form as correct an idea as possible of the manners, religion, civil institutions, arts and costume of the particular age, the literature of which I may be studying. Would you have the goodness to point out a few sources of information on these subjects relative to the Homeric age of Grecian literature which will be my immediate object of attention? I consider freedom of access to the Cheetham library one of the advantages of my residence in Manchester; and I know it contains among other treasures of information all the *earlier* vols. of the Memoirs of the Academ. of Inscript. and Bell. Litt., which Gibbon says greatly exceed in value the *latter*. I am afraid you will smile at this extensive plan of study, which I admit, if I proposed to realize it within a short space of time, would

indeed be romantic. Such, however, is the nature of my mind that I never pursue any study with much relish or interest if I am guided by no principle; and as I find that, if we would attain to accurate knowledge, we must confine our chief attention to a few pursuits, I am resolved to narrow my plan of study, and for some years to come, should my life be spared and my opportunities and leisure remain, devote myself, as I said before, to classics and theology. By seeming to do less now, I hope to lay a solid foundation for growing usefulness, when I am older, in that profession which I like the more, the more I feel its importance, and my fondness for the active duties of which, so far from being impaired by a love of literature, has so strengthened by experience, that I would relinquish much of my attention to literature itself, if it compelled me to forego the opportunities of doing good which they offer me. Indeed, the conviction which I embraced at college, though not under sufficient limitations and with sufficient judgment, strengthens the more I see of men, that the love of letters cherishes the love of truth; and while we retain a love of truth, particularly moral and religious truth, and a deep sense of its practical efficacy, good and honest men of our profession will *gladly spend and be spent* for its promotion.

I have to beg your pardon, Sir, for this digression, into which the subject inadvertently led me. Do you know anything of a projected edition of Demosthenes by Schaefer? If you think it will be well done, I

should like to get it. Demosthenes seems to require a good *historical* Editor, his difficulties arising from obscure allusions to political events, more frequently than from any intrinsic want of perspicuity in the structure of his sentences or his peculiar phraseology. In reading with a pupil the twelve orations which have been published by Allen, I have continually felt the want of a good Commentary. I must ask one question more: I am sometimes employed in going through a course of history, ancient and modern, with my pupils, but I find great difficulty in selecting proper text-books. I should be glad to be principally employed as a private teacher of classics, and perhaps history. But mechanics and chemistry are all the vogue in this district of cotton-spinners, dyers, and printers; literature is quite beat off the field by science—even though we have a *Literary and Philosophical* Society—and but too generally the good people of Manchester are like the man that Phædrus speaks of, "Docto labori dulce præponens lucrum." I am quite ashamed to have filled so much paper with my teazing questions and rambling remarks; but I rely on the goodness you have shown towards me on former occasions, and the acknowledged interest you feel in everything which concerns the advancement of those studies which have been the subject of my inquiries.

With great respect, yours truly,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

To Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.

Manchester, December 6th, 1822.

—I am indeed very much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the two works you have sent me; and my only regret is, that amidst the variety of other calls upon my time and attention, I cannot make the rapid progress in them I could wish. Besides my usual occupations, I am engaged this winter, in conjunction with Mr. Robberds and Mr. Grundy,* in delivering some lectures on a Sunday evening, at the Cross Street Chapel. As controversial divinity is rather a new field of inquiry to me, a large portion of my time just now is devoted to theological reading; yet, I think, a week never passes without some progress, however small, being made in my classical studies. Does Heyne's reputation stand equally high in Greek as in Latin composition? He always seems to me an intelligent and elegant commentator upon Virgil and Tibullus; but I have not derived equal satisfaction, whether through my own ignorance or not I cannot tell, from his notes and annotations on the Iliad. To criticise the language of Homer, I am aware, is a very different thing from commenting upon the poets of the Augustan age; but Heyne's notes on the Iliad contain such an immense mass of matter, of which he himself seems to make no use, from which he draws no conclusion, and which consequently leave the young student

* The Rev. John Grundy, afterwards of Liverpool.

in a state of greater uncertainty than they found him. Indeed, five 8vo. volumes of commentary on a single poem must partake considerably of the nature of an *apparatus criticus*.

I have been reading lately the Lives of Hemsterhuis and Ruhnken, with which I have been very much entertained and instructed. The former scholar seems to have carried a kind of philosophical spirit into his critical inquiries, which greatly ennobled them, and, indeed, raised the character of criticism as an art altogether. I hope the Dissenting Ministers of our persuasion in England will continue, as a body, zealously to cultivate literature and particularly classical literature. There are, however, many things in the present state of our churches unfavourable to this disposition. We have comparatively so little leisure, and so little value is set on literary accomplishments by many who are most zealous, or at least most noisy, in the cause of Unitarianism, that he who does not bring with him from college a disinterested love of study, has few external inducements—

Exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ.

I believe York will do a great deal towards cherishing this desirable taste in future ministers; and I call it desirable, partly with reference to Unitarianism itself, because I do not see how our class of Dissenters are to keep their station and influence in society except by a literary and well-educated ministry. Learning, in the more enlarged sense of the term, but few of us,

situated as we are, can acquire, but still I hope there will always be throughout the main body of regularly-educated Unitarian ministers, a continual effort and tendency towards learning; and then we may console ourselves with the reflection that it is well, perhaps better, for our own happiness and the general good of the world, that what attainments we are enabled to make, are brought to bear immediately on the great practical concerns of life, instead of being dreamed away in the lonely speculations of the closet.

To his Sister.

Manchester, February 18th, 1823.

My dearest Emily,

I hope you did not take it unkind of me at home, that I did not write from Liverpool, as soon as our dear brother had sailed. The fact was, I could not do it; as I returned hither within little more than an hour after I had taken leave of him; and William promised he would give you all the particulars that same evening; so that there appeared no immediate occasion for my sending another epistle from Manchester. William has doubtless told you, far better than I could have done, how comfortable my brother's accommodations were on board the packet, what a noble vessel he sailed in, what agreeable company he had, and what a prospect everything seemed to an-

nounce of a speedy and prosperous voyage! They sailed with an east wind; and the captain said that, if it continued (which proved to be the fact), they would clear the Channel by the next day, and get well through what is the most dangerous part of the passage. There is something very painful in parting with one we love, under the most favourable circumstances, when he is removing to a very distant clime and will be absent for a long time. Andrew* has a very manly spirit, and evidently rejoiced in his future prospects; but I thought, and William* too, that he appeared a little low, when we took leave of him in his cabin to return by the boat, which we had taken out with us, to Liverpool. A ship lessening from the eye, as she makes her way rapidly over the wide expanse of waters, is always an object of interest, and, in some degree, of anxiety; but it is peculiarly so when we think of her as carrying far away from us a dear friend and relative, as involving with her own fate, in all the storms and perils and uncertainties she has to encounter, that of one in whose welfare we take the deepest and tenderest interest. I experienced these feelings, I assure you, in all their force, as we sailed back to Liverpool, and keeping my eyes upon the vessel we had just left, marked painfully the distance which continually widened between us. However, these feelings did not last long; they were soon

* His brothers.

succeeded by juster reflections, and I could not help congratulating ourselves on the fortunate and agreeable circumstances under which my brother has now entered the world. He takes out with him an unexceptionable character, the high testimonies of many valuable friends, the best and warmest wishes for his success of every one who knows him, and all that spirit and ardour, and entire satisfaction with his situation, which one loves to see in a young man entering life. I myself can honestly say, from the intimacy in which I have lived with Andrew during the last twelve months, that I have the highest opinion of his principles. He is whimsical in some things, and obstinate; but he is firm as a rock, and possesses a generosity and goodness of heart which is not the less sound and excellent, because it does not always show itself upon the tongue. I think well too of his abilities; he gives himself with great steadiness of attention to whatever he takes in hand; judges coolly, but acts with great determination, and is not soon imposed on by any appeal to his passion or fancy. His love of reading has greatly increased of late years; he evidently sees the connection of good sense and information with respectability in life; and his tastes seem to me perfectly liberal, rational and virtuous.

We have all of us our follies and imperfections; but I hope there is nothing radically bad in character and principle in any one of us; and I think our beloved parents must feel happy when they

see how united we are to one another, what respect and affection we have for each other, and how anxious each is to promote, and how eager to rejoice in, another's welfare. A large family, when it is affectionate and good, has many blessings connected with it. The very anxiety of providing for so many, the necessity of mutual aid and assistance, the separation we are compelled to undergo for a time, add new fervour to our affections, and make us set a higher value on the principles early instilled into us, by compelling us to recur to them for comfort and instruction. Had our excellent father been more favoured with the gifts of fortune, we might indeed have escaped these anxieties; but we should never have known the strength of our affection for each other, nor the inexpressible happiness of those religious hopes and principles which bind those who are widely severed from each other by the duties of life, into a still closer and tenderer union by the prospect of a final meeting hereafter. Abundance might have made us selfish and discordant; the want of worldly advantages brings us together for mutual aid and co-operation; we feel our strength and our riches in those things—which the world cannot give—in affectionate hearts, in moral habits, may I not add, in pious hopes. The world indeed is before us; we have to make our way in it; but "the house of the righteous shall stand."

To Miss Hannah Smith.*

Manchester, April 5th, 1824.

. . . Our chief happiness will consist in our *indoor* delights, in books, friends, conversation, music, and the discharge of our social duties. Five or six weeks, the privilege of a Minister's life, I hope we shall spend every summer in travelling and visiting our friends; at Christmas, the only time of the year when Manchester, which is famous for its hospitality, is worth seeing, I hope we shall see our distant friends with us. —But I am beginning to ramble; you see what a wild, romantic imagination you will have to control. I have now resolved to reach you at Geneva, by the end of June. I cannot, I am afraid, get there before. But I have the very kindest and most indulgent flock that ever a youthful pastor was blessed with; and I am sure, when they come to know, as gradually they must, what an attraction I have abroad, they will let me go earlier than perhaps they otherwise might; and I believe, altogether, I shall be able to be absent seven Sundays or about two months; so that, if I reach you at Geneva, as I do hope and trust I shall, I shall be able to spend four or five weeks with you in Switzerland. I have many acquaintances at Geneva already, and some at Zurich and Lausanne.—But I dare not give the reins to my fancy; my future prospects are

* J. J. T. was married on the 6th of January, 1825, to Hannah, daughter of Timothy Smith, Banker, Birmingham. Her brothers had been his schoolfellows at Nottingham, and many of his holidays were spent with them.

now so resplendent with happiness, that I am only afraid, to use a common proverb, they *are too good to be true.* But no, I will not throw one cloud on a prospect so brilliant and smiling.—

April 25th, 1824.

I will honestly confess to you—I was reaching that period of life when men feel the want of a home, and of an affectionate and intelligent sharer of all their thoughts and feelings, and I was engaged in a profession and employed in pursuits which made the presence of a congenial and beloved spirit peculiarly necessary to happiness. Many have been the times that I have returned home, perhaps from the bedside of a sick and dying person, and would have given worlds to exchange the gloomy loneliness of my study for one kind look and gentle word from a being whom I love—one, moreover, who could share in my love for literature, who could enter into and encourage me in my prospects and my duties, and in whose pure and affectionate heart I could find a resting-place from those vexations and annoyances and discouragements which all men must expect to encounter more or less in jostling their way through life.

To Miss Smith, *Paris.*

May 12th, 1824.

There is one constitutional weakness, my dearest H——, which I must confess to you; and that is a tendency to melancholy and reverie, which sometimes

takes possession of me and affects my manner and appearance, without any external cause. Whence it arises I cannot say, but some years of my early youth were almost embittered by it, and when it comes over me I am unfitted for useful study and occupation, and seem for the time quite to sink in the scale of intellect. I have been, I think, continually getting the better of it, nor can I think of any remedy so effectual and delightful to expel this morbid disposition entirely from my mind, as having the love and sympathy of one whom I have long, very long, delighted to regard as an affectionate sister, and who, now that I may call her by a dearer title still, will, I am sure, be tender to my imperfections, and offer me an asylum from care and depression which I should in vain look for in the world.

There is no part of our future happiness on which I dwell with more delight than the prospect of our mutual improvement by reading and conversing together on the most interesting and delightful subjects, religion, literature, the arts. Manchester is a most thoroughly disagreeable place; and I sometimes think with a mixture of alarm, how you will possibly endure it after living for so many months amidst architectural magnificence, the finest works of art, the most brilliant skies, and most glorious scenes of nature. But, my dearest H——, we must seek *our Italy*, if I may say so, within doors. My wish will be to make my study a sitting-room. I do hope we shall spend much of our time together there; and surrounded by the most admired and delightful authors in the different lan-

guages we read together, and happy in each other's society, we shall be in excellent company, while the consciousness of a faithful endeavour to perform our appointed duties of usefulness in our little circle of activity, and of the respect and esteem of the friends who know us, will give an increased sweetness to those hours of domestic converse and improvement with which I fervently beseech the Father of all mercies we may be enabled to conclude the *serious* business of every day. Besides, though our means will be moderate, I trust by persevering industry and economy, and your affectionate assistance, which my own mother taught me long ago how to value, they will not be narrow, and that we shall very often have some dear friend staying with us.—You will recollect that delicious passage in which Cowper describes a winter evening. Take that as my notion of the purest, sweetest happiness which this world offers. Every word in this enchanting passage finds a sympathetic chord in my own heart. My prayer is that I may daily become more worthy of it, and better prepared for enjoying it.

To Miss Smith.

Manchester, May 27th, 1824.

I have now so arranged matters, or rather matters have been so arranged for me, that I shall be able to leave Manchester on the 13th. How glad I shall be if I can overtake you in the South of France! You must

write to me by return of post, and tell me what your final plans will be, and also leave a letter for me, *post restante*, at Paris, to guide my steps towards you. You were quite right when you supposed I should not stay an hour longer in Paris than is necessary.

Some worthy soul has proposed that our chapel should undergo a beautifying this summer, and it is to be shut up two successive Sundays, the 20th and the 27th. If I knew who was the originator of this most excellent scheme, I would say a mass for his soul, notwithstanding my Unitarian prejudices, in every Catholic church I came to in France and Switzerland. Whether this circumstance will at all enable me to lengthen my stay abroad, I hardly dare venture to conjecture. How I should rejoice, if I could only just cross the Alps and take one short glance at the sunny vine-clad plains of Italy! And yet the thought that I must leave you there behind me will almost take away the pleasure I should otherwise have.—Do you then think it quite impossible or quite improbable that your brother and sister, after seeing France and Switzerland and a considerable portion of Italy, may feel inclined to wing their course home again by the beginning of winter? —I really cannot settle seriously down to anything. Intellectual employment, especially if it be solitary, is very different from the stir and bustle of business; there I might distract my thoughts from *you*, and give them to the world—in the loneliness of my study I cannot.

To his Sister.

Geneva, June 24th, 1824.

My dear Elizabeth,

We were two days and a night travelling from Calais to Paris; the diligence does not travel at the rate of more than five or six miles an hour, and the stoppages are very long and frequent.—There is abundance of wood, but it lies in large heavy masses with no great variety of tint and foliage, and the trees are seldom large. Now and then a huge gloomy-looking château with an enormous roof and high-pointed gable rises amidst the wide spreading undulation of leaves, but its appearance seldom adds to the cheerfulness of the landscape. The French villages are miserable and dirty-looking, and the poverty and meanness of the parish churches form a striking contrast to the beautiful edifices which so frequently decorate our villages in the midland counties of England. There is something picturesque in the appearance of the French peasantry with their slight-built carts and curiously-harnessed horses; but they must be seen, like some drawings, at a proper distance and for the general effect. I hardly presume to give an opinion of Paris: my first impression was very much against it, I must confess. The public buildings are very imposing and magnificent, but the streets are narrow and dirty, and there is a peculiarly disagreeable smell pervading every part of it. I was at the Theatre Français, where I saw *L'Avare* of Moliere very well performed. I left at the end of the first piece and went to the Theatre des Varietés, where I had the

satisfaction of seeing my countrymen burlesqued in *Les Anglaises pour rire.* The piece seemed wonderfully diverting to the French, who shook the house with peals of laughter. Of course I could not help partially joining, though I thought there was far too much caricature, and from what little I could judge of French manners, I would not, for worlds upon worlds, exchange the *English* for the *French* ladies. Upon the whole, having not a single friend or companion there, I was rather dejected and disgusted with what I saw of Paris, and felt a positive relief on quitting it. It is certainly a place which I never would visit without some pleasant and intelligent companion. I travelled four days and three nights successively by the diligence from Paris to Geneva, and, what is surprising, was less fatigued the last part of my journey than the first; the last night I slept as sound as a top. There is nothing particularly interesting in the route, which lay through the ancient Champagne, Burgundy, and Franche Comte, by Provins, Troyes, Dijon, &c., till we came to Dole, where, on rising the hill which looks down upon the town, we caught the first glimpse of the range of the Jura which separates France from Switzerland. I cannot describe to you how I felt my spirits rise on approaching Switzerland. With what little I had seen of the country of France I was not particularly pleased, and with its manners still less; I had even a *homish* feel in advancing to the borders of Switzerland; the lofty peaks which rose before me seemed like a sort of wall which Nature had thrown up around this little

earthly paradise to separate a people of pure and simple manners, dwelling in the midst of peace and freedom, from the debauchery and corruption and irreligion of France, a land among whose inhabitants I could already number many valued and excellent friends, and which you cannot doubt was particularly endeared to me on the present occasion by the presence of those whom I love more than all the world besides. Moreover, there is something in the view of a fine, bold range of mountains which has an unaccountable effect upon the spirits, at least it has upon mine; it fills them with a joyousness and an elevation which it is impossible to describe, or even to conceive till it is felt. At Poligny we began to ascend the Jura. I wish the evening had been finer; it was rather gloomy and sombre, but this circumstance, though unfavourable to the distant prospect, harmonized well with the severe character of the adjacent scenery. From Poligny you enter an immense amphitheatre of rocks, in which the eye can discover no visible outlet. In fact the road winds in a zigzag manner along the left side of this vast enclosure till it reaches the top. Every stage, if I may so call it, that you ascend in this circuitous route, the eye, in turning back to the entrance of the amphitheatre, takes in a continually widening expanse of the vast plains of Franche-Comte and Burgundy, with their wide-spread forests and scattered villages, and waters glistening here and there. Had there been a brilliant sunset this scene would have been glorious beyond description; but the evening, as I mentioned, was rather gray and

sombre. If, however, this was an evil in one respect, it was a benefit in another. The sobriety of the lights admirably suited the grey and venerable masses of rock which form this entrance of the Jura. About a mile and a half from Poligny there is on the ascent of the mountain a religious establishment where the ruins of a monastery are still visible, and which now I suppose is a kind of school. Fortunately for me, who am a great lover of such sorts of sound, about eight o'clock the bell of this establishment began to toll; which for the sake of effect we will call, if you please, a convent vesper bell. By this time I had walked a mile or two beyond the diligence; the shades of night were deepening on the adjacent hills; the grey distance had almost faded from the view; there was really an awful and impressive silence in everything around, which was only broken by the vague and mingled roar of innumerable torrents which dashed down the sides of the Jura, and the distant tolling of the vesper bell. Now, my dear Lissey, there is a description for you; it is fit for any novel, and outdoes Mrs. Ratcliffe herself. I can assure you, however, of my description, what she would not say of most of hers, for her moon is always at the full, that it is every word of it the truth. I have left myself no room for much more. The first burst of the Lake of Geneva and the Alps on the other side of the Jura was beautiful beyond description. I am here with my friends at what they call a *pension*, or lodging-house, outside the walls. What we shall do next I cannot say; our plans are not yet fixed.

To Miss Smith, *London.*

Manchester, Oct. 14th, 1824.

My mother has promised to come over for a day or too soon, to assist in arranging my house. I shall be greatly obliged to her for doing this, as I hope I shall be quite settled at Christmas. I do so long for that quiet home—which I am sure you will procure me—and which will be the only means of reconciling me to this most disagreeable town, for which, were I to live in it a thousand years, I never should acquire the slightest affection. It has no one quality to excite one's sympathy or secure one's attachment; and yet, with your aid and encouragement, and with the sweet solace of an affectionate and lettered home, it shall be the great object of my life—may Heaven bless my vows—to perform my duties faithfully in it. And certainly many of its worthy inhabitants have the strongest claims upon my affectionate zeal and services. I must write no more now, as I have a sermon on a particular occasion to begin for Sunday. When you are mine, you shall sit by me on these occasions in my little study upstairs, for I have now learned, by living with my brothers, to write while another person is in the room. But I will not begin to be romantic when I ought to be finishing my letter.

To Miss Smith.

Nov. 15*th*, 1824.

I often wish I had you to consult with about some little matters in the arrangement of my house and in the purchase of furniture. Not that I am much afraid that on many points our tastes would materially differ. On the contrary, I think they are very congenial. Simplicity and purity of taste I love—so do you; and though it is extremely conceited to say so, I am resolved to use my own taste in matters of furniture, not only as being the most economical, but also to evince my dislike of the gorgeous vulgarity of this place. But mind, not a word of this beyond your own lips. Besides, we do not live here to *censure*, but *to do good.*

Do you know, my ideas are increasing with wonderful rapidity—my views becoming quite enlarged and comprehensive. In short, I am quite an adept, far beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the theory and practice of furnishing; I have acquired a deep insight as to the nature and properties of chairs and tables and bedposts; could tell you with extraordinary accuracy the prices of papers glazed and common, both by the yard and by the piece; indeed, I have some thoughts of delivering a course of lectures on the subject next winter; and if everything should fail—preaching, pupils, and lectures—I mean to turn upholsterer. So you see what brilliant prospects are before us, and what a fine thing it is to marry a man of

universal genius: see my Essay,* which I beg leave to recommend as *the best modern treatise* on the subject. Note (t.) p. 43.

To Miss H. Smith.

Manchester, Dec. 19th, 1824.

. . . . . Altogether I have such abundant occasion to be thankful and grateful to that merciful Providence which thus far has led me on in the pilgrimage of life. I experience daily such kind and delicate proofs of friendship and regard from all my friends: my mother and sisters are so affectionately interested in everything that concerns my *future* comfort and so warmly sympathise in my happiness, and your own dear letters convey to me such delightful proofs of my share in one of the best and kindest of human hearts, and such a sweet earnest of the future blessings that are in store for me, that when I call all these things to mind, I feel quite overpowered—I cannot but ask myself, what have I done to deserve all this happiness? My past faults and follies rise to view, and a feeling of repentance mingles its drop of bitterness in the brimful cup of joy and makes it overflow.

* "Some Remarks on the Nature of Genius." An Essay, by J. J. T., read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Oct. 31, 1823.

To his Father.

Manchester, March 6th, 1825.

My dear Father,

After a very long silence, which even my numerous engagements and my aversion to frequent letter writing can hardly excuse, I take up my pen this evening, to assure you and my mother what an increase of peace and happiness I find in the possession of a home so kind and affectionate as mine is, and what an earnest wish I experience, now that I am settled down in life and the best of my earthly wishes is attained, to make up for past omissions and deficiencies, for languor and depressions in my professional duties, by being as active, zealous, and persevering as I can.

I doubt whether I shall ever make what is called a popular preacher; I do hope I may become an useful minister. One of the greatest sources of comfort to me in my new mode of life is to find my dear Hannah accommodate herself so readily and cheerfully to her new duties, by the interest she takes in our schools and her willingness to enter into all my views as respects my congregation. Indeed, she will often furnish me with incentives to exertion where, if left to myself, I should sink into languor, and make me cheerful and popular where the natural shyness of my temper might make me appear cold and uninterested.

I have begun a series of expositions on the Book of Acts on the Sunday afternoons; I really wished to

give a little interest, if I could, to the afternoon services, and increase the congregation during that part of the day. Hitherto the experiment has succeeded pretty well; I should think the afternoon attendance has nearly doubled: whether it will continue, time only can show. Exertion, zeal, and attention may do almost anything in our profession; and no congregation will long thrive without them. For the last twelve months—it is really the case—I have been in a state of mind that was scarcely compatible with great zeal or exertion.

I cannot tell you, my dear father, how rejoiced I am to hear that you will be released at Midsummer from the fatigue of keeping school, and have the prospect of ending your days in pastoral usefulness, which may God of His mercy long preserve to you, and studious leisure!

SECOND PERIOD.

FROM HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS APPOINTMENT AS PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE.

1825—1840.

To his Father.

Spring Cottage, Loughrigg, Ambleside, July 26th, 1826.

My dear Father,

Hannah, in her letter to Clara,* would no doubt tell you how comfortably we find ourselves settled in this beautiful place, the soft and peaceful, yet romantic, scenery of which so completely harmonizes with my own taste and feelings that I could pass weeks and months without wishing to wander far beyond the precincts of the delightfully secluded valley where we have taken up our temporary abode. This has been one reason why I have made few excursions of any length into the neighbourhood. This country, at least what I have seen of it, has a character peculiar to itself —its distinguishing feature is romantic softness and beauty—in this respect differing from either N. Wales or Scotland, or the grander scenery of the Alps. The hills, without presenting a grand and terrific aspect,

* His sister.

are not so round and lumpish as those of Wales; but with their graceful and undulating outline, now softening into an easy curve, and now rising abruptly into bolder peaks, harmonize delightfully with the sweet and peaceful character of the vallies—interspersed with farm-houses and clusters of ash, birch and oak—usually watered with a shallow, sparkling stream, and sometimes enclosing in their bosom lakes of various dimensions, which constitute the characteristic beauty of the district. Rydal, where we now are, has an air of repose and seclusion which I have rarely seen surpassed: the first few days we were here, we perfectly luxuriated in the purity and sweetness of the air and the delicious stillness of its pastures and woods. It is interesting, too, on another account, as being the residence of the poet Wordsworth; his house is about a quarter of a mile from ours; and since Osler* joined us, we have obtained an introduction to him, and he favoured us with his company at tea one evening last week. He is a very interesting man, remarkably simple in his manners, full of enthusiasm and eloquence in conversation, especially on the subject of his favourite art, Poetry—which he seems to have studied in a very philosophical spirit, and about which he entertains some peculiar opinions. Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton are his favourites among the English poets, especially the latter, whom he almost idolizes. He expressed one opinion which rather surprised me,

* Mr. Thomas Osler of Birmingham, Mrs. Tayler's brother-in-law.

and in which I could not concur—that he preferred the Samson Agonistes to Comus. He recited in vindication of his judgment one very fine passage from the former poem, and in a very striking manner; his voice is deep and pathetic, and thrills with feeling. He is Toryish—at least what would be considered so—in his political principles, though he disclaims all connection with party, and certainly argues with great fairness and temper on controverted topics, such as Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. We took a long walk with him the other evening, to the scene of one of his Pastorals in the neighbourhood of Grasmere. He has a good deal of general conversation, and has more the manners of a man of the world than I should have expected from his poems; but his discourse indicates great simplicity and purity of mind; indeed, nothing renders his conversation more interesting than the unaffected tone of elevated morality and devotion which pervades it. We have been reading his long poem, the Excursion, since we came here. I particularly recommend it to your notice—barring some few extravagancies into which his peculiar theory has led him: his fourth book, the last, contains specimens both of versification, sentiment, and imagery, scarcely inferior to what you will find in the best passages of Milton. He spoke with great plainness, and yet with candour, of his contemporaries. He admitted the power of Byron in describing the workings of human passion—but denied that he knew anything of the beauties of Nature, or ever

succeeded in describing them with fidelity. This he illustrated by examples. He spoke with deserved severity of Byron's licentiousness and contempt of religious decorum. He told us he thought the greatest of modern Geniuses, had he given his powers a proper direction, and one decidedly superior to Byron, was Shelley, a young man, author of Queen Mab, who died lately at Rome.——We are all very well: our dear little girl has thriven exceedingly since we came hither—and is the merriest and hungriest little thing that ever breathed. She smiles and cooes most beautifully, and already seems to know her mother from every one else.

To his Wife, *at Birmingham.*

Manchester, Sunday Night, Jan. 21*st*, 1827.

Dearest H.,

I deferred writing till to-night both because I thought I should have more time—and because I should have more to tell you about our Manchester friends. Nevertheless I cannot write about them or anything else—till I have told you—what is much nearer my heart—how much my thoughts are with you and my dear little girl this evening—and how much I would give to see you both just for five minutes—and be assured you are quite well. My brother is out—and I am *tout seul* and as I write my fancy carries me to Icknield where I see my babe sleeping sweetly in her little crib, and you sitting in the midst of your

family circle, and enjoying the quiet converse of a Sunday evening. These domestic pleasures are so essential to my happiness now—that even books and incessant occupation cannot wholly engage my thoughts; and these seasons of occasional separation from all that is dearest to me in this world, if they serve no other purpose, at least give me a deeper value for the blessings which Providence has bestowed on me. Pray give my little darling a kiss for me—every-time you give her one yourself; take a *double* care of her this severe weather—as she is *mine* as well as *yours;* let me hear regularly of her welfare—and how she comes on—with all her little accomplishments; and whenever you look at her, consider her as a sweet and holy bond to bind us closer to each other and our mutual duties—as the destined source, should her precious little life be continued to us, of all our best affections, and holiest motives, and most exquisite enjoyments through many future years. Upon this subject, I assure you, I feel so intensely that I cannot leave it, without earnestly commending you and yours to the protection and blessing of our Heavenly Father—praying however, at the same time, to be endued with fortitude, to bear any disappointment and trial He may have in reserve for me—and to say—in a spirit of the deepest resignation—whether He preserves or takes away our blessings—Thy will be done.

* * * * * *

. . . . I was quite pleased with my people after this

morning's service—so many came into the vestry to bid me welcome home again—and enquired so kindly after you and baby—it quite did my heart good.

To his Father.

Manchester, Sept. 27th, 1827.

My dear Father,

Our friend Dr. Hutton* quitted us yesterday, and we have again and again regretted that you had not the pleasure of his company.—I know no individual who leaves so agreeable an impression behind him. He has put an idea into my mind, and urged it so strongly that one principal reason of my writing to you now, is to inform you in confidence what it is; and disclose to you the subject of a conversation which he and I and my wife had together only the day before he left us.

The suggestion of my friend was that I should apply as a candidate for the Professorship of the English Language and Literature in the London University,† for which he conceived with the testimonials and documents of qualification which I could produce, I stood a tolerably fair chance. I confess I have sometimes thought of some such situation, as one which I should much like, and to which I am perhaps better

* Joseph Hutton, LL.D., then Minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, and previously Mr. Taylor's colleague at Nottingham.

† Now University College, London.

suited by taste and inclination than to most others; and at some future day I looked forward with diffidence to the possible prospect of being able to attain such an one. I think, however, with Dr. Hutton, that if such a change be ever made, I am now about that time of life when it could be made more advantageously than at any future period, when my family may be considerably increased and the ties which bind me to one spot strengthened. And though I have sometimes thought of devoting all my leisure time for some years to some one pursuit in order to qualify myself for such a situation, yet in point of fact I find such opportunities of leisure become more and more rare every day, and all my time nearly engrossed by the distracting and multiplied occupations of my present situation. The wish to be able to devote the whole powers of my mind uninterruptedly to one object is, I confess, a powerful inducement with me to think seriously of such a situation, in which all my faculties might be concentrated on one principal pursuit, and duties and natural taste would run in the same channel. * * *

I am here comfortably settled, and have sufficient to live upon, but that competence is purchased by the sacrifice of nearly all my leisure time, and I bring a mind wearied with other employments to the pursuits of general knowledge and the studies of my profession. Could I devote myself principally either to theology or general literature I could be content, for I feel the greatest pleasure and means of usefulness in either pursuit—but my mind is so constituted, that it loses

its power amidst too great a multiplicity of objects, and I feel that in my present situation, occupied as I am, I must not hope for any great mental improvement, or any considerable proficiency in any one branch of knowledge.—These are considerations of great importance—but I can assure you, my dear father, my mind is in a greater state of suspense, almost amounting to anxiety, than it has been for many years. My sole wish is to act right, and to provide best for the future welfare of my dear wife and children, if I could clearly see what is the path to pursue. I should not be obliged to surrender my clerical character, nor the prospect of occasional services in the pulpit; and in the discharge of my regular duties I should have constant opportunities of enforcing pure and generous sentiments on the minds of the young.—With my present feelings I would not run the chance of entering any situation in which I must forego the opportunity of promoting a spirit of pure and benevolent morality, and of helping forward, according to my humble measure of ability, the great work of human improvement which appears to me the best and noblest service in which men can engage.

This is a very rambling letter, my dear father, but one idea follows another so fast upon this subject, that I really cannot help it: you must excuse my weakness. Pray write to me without delay.

To his Wife.

Icknield, Jan. 12th,* 1828.

. . . . . Sometimes, at home, in the hurry and whirl of incessant occupation I am afraid my nervous, anxious manner makes you uncomfortable; pray do not let it have any effect on you. We have no cause for any anxiety; we have marked out our course, and know what we are about; on every side I find only motives to gratitude and thankfulness. I shall return home cheerful and well; prepared to renew with spirit my various, and to me deeply interesting duties, and I trust by regularity in the distribution of my time, to accomplish some, if not all, the objects I have in view; by health and exercise to preserve my strength and cheerfulness;—and if I can see thee well and happy, sharing in my pursuits and sympathizing in my pleasures, to be the happiest of men.

Do not suppose, dearest H., when I talk of economy, that I wish you to deny yourself or your children,† any thing that will contribute either to your comfort or your embellishment: I speak deliberately, when I say so; you are the idols of my fondest affection—and I wish to see you surrounded with everything that may preserve to thee and thine the charm and the delight which gladdens a parent's and a husband's eye. Let

* The residence of his father-in-law, Birmingham.

† A second child, a son, John Hutton Tayler, was born October 30th, 1827.

our household be plain and simple; for myself, I shall only purchase the necessary books, and shall have a pleasure in economy, because I shall feel it a husband's duty; but with regard to *you* and my *children* it is otherwise,—for the sweetest reward to a literary man, when he remits his studious labours in the bosom of his family, is to look with fond affection on the forms and countenances he loves, and to see them invested with everything that can give full perfection to the attractiveness of these dear objects.

To his Father.

Manchester, Feb. 24, 1829.

My dear Father,

I hope soon to have a better account of the numerous invalids in the two houses on the High Pavement—more especially of my poor mother's arm; she seems doomed to be unfortunate in her hands and fingers. We hope, too, Carpenter* is able to resume his duties in the school and chapel. I am happy to say we are all, thank God, quite well, and the chicks more bonny and thriving than ever. Hannah chatters incessantly, knows all her letters, and is beginning to spell. Her great delight, however, is listening to stories read or told her, and superintending the domestic arrangements of her numerous family of dolls,

* The Rev. Benjamin Carpenter, Colleague and son-in-law of Mr. Tayler of Nottingham.

and a very ill-favoured family they are—for they remind me of the one shirt in the whole of Falstaff's marching troop—they have only one eye, and one nose, and no hair among them all. John tries to say a great many words, has got a tooth through at last, and can all but run alone. We often wish you and my mother could see them for half an hour sometimes, when they are at play.

What a happy prospect there is now, my dear father, of settling this eternal Catholic question! I saw by the papers that Lord Holland presented a petition from your Congregation, and from the Corporation of Nottingham, and that he pronounced a high eulogium on the Corporation. We are preparing a petition, but are a little behindhand. I have lately been rather more than usually occupied. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, having thought proper to notice in the 4th edition of his Discourses on the Socinian controversy, some of the sentiments of the Sermon* which I was compelled to publish last spring, and having drawn, as it seems to me, some unwarrantable inferences from them, I have thought it but proper to write him a letter on the subject. When I have received his answer I shall, with his permission, send them both, and at any rate my own letter, to the *Monthly Repository*, when you will have an opportunity of seeing it, and I hope both the spirit and sentiments will be such as to meet with your approbation. I little thought I

* On Communion with Unbelievers. A Discourse delivered in Mosely Street Chapel, Manchester, 1828.

should ever be involved in anything like controversy, an employment of all others the most foreign to my tastes, habits and pursuits: but I have already lived long enough, my dear father, to find that with the best intentions we are liable in this world to calumny and misrepresentation, and that under such circumstances there is no comfort equal to the consciousness of having meant well, and spoken what you sincerely believed to be the truth. The only thing I particularly regretted in the circumstance was that it took up my time, and drew me away from my studies. Till this business interrupted me, I had been very busy in reading a most interesting Dissertation of Wyttenbach's which Mr. Kentish lent me—"Quæ fuerit Veterum Philosophorum sententia de animorum vitâ et conditione post mortem corporis." It exhibits a careful and critical investigation of the opinions of the ancients on this subject from the time of Thales to that of Seneca, and combines in a very extraordinary degree the critical learning and exactness of an accomplished classical scholar with a power of philosophical analysis and abstract reasoning. The style is distinguished for its simple elegance and perspicuity, and singular adaptation to philosophical discussion. I am, this spring, going to deliver every other Sunday morning a series of discourses on some of the principal topics of natural and revealed religion—to conclude with three sermons on the grounds and duties of Protestant Dissent, a subject on which, it seems to me, my Congregation requires to be *insensed* a little, as the Nottingham

people say. You see, therefore, I am and shall continue to be busy. But why should I not? Is not useful and virtuous occupation the surest means of happiness? I have always found it so: and when I think of the many blessings by which I am surrounded, and see my dear wife and children in health and happiness, I feel sincerely and fervently grateful to my Creator for all the good He has done me.

To his Wife.

Aber, near Bangor, Monday evening, June 29th, 1829.

Here, my dearest H., am I, fairly set out on my travels. I left Manchester—with no very bitter regrets—this morning at half-past five, and travelled inside to Chester, for it rained heavily. From Chester I have travelled outside, through a most delightful country, to this place, and have been favoured with most delightful weather. I really feel grateful for all the benefit and enjoyment which my journey has hitherto afforded me. This evening I walked up a beautiful little quiet valley—fringed with wood, and a rocky brook brawling through the bottom of it—to a waterfall, which in itself is hardly worth seeing, but which is approached by a delicious little sequestered glen. I am enjoying myself, but want a friend, and again and again have wished that I had you on my arm to talk to about these beautiful scenes. If I go on as I have begun, I shall be in the best health and spirits imaginable when I reach

you at Aberystwith. The prospect of seeing my dear wife and children at the close of my little tour, makes every step I take lightsome and cheerful, and almost reconciles me to solitude. When I arrive we will go and sit in our little room, and look at the sea, and talk over all we have seen and thought and felt during our separation. What a blessing it is to be a husband and a father, if it were only to taste the pure joy of seeing again, after a short interval, those whom we love dearest on earth!

To his Father.

Manchester, July 12th, 1830.

My dear Father,

Here I am once more at home again. I arrived in Manchester on Saturday evening; having left Hannah and the children at Icknield. Upon my arrival here, I found a letter from Andrew, written on Friday. The vessel had been detained by contrary winds; but he hoped and expected to sail to-day. Returning home alone, and feeling somewhat lonely and disconsolate, I would have given anything to have seen my dear brother once more, separated as I was from him by only a morning's journey; but yesterday my pulpit services detained me, and to-day my pupils re-assemble, and the two Thomsons, who are inmates, have both arrived this evening; so that I am completely detained at home. Andrew wrote in good

spirits; indeed he always had a spirit and manliness of character which bore up under all circumstances. For myself, I have felt his separation from us more than on any former occasion; and often, since I left you, have I thought, with the deepest sympathy, how much you and my dear mother must feel, especially in your present situation of comparative loneliness; and this has led me to write to you more frequently than is accordant to my usual practice, that you might know and feel that your children, however necessarily separated from you by distance or circumstances, still feel for you all the affectionate concern and tenderness of their earlier years; and that if the discipline and experience of life unavoidably divides their cares, distracts their attention or leads to any difference of speculative opinion, it leaves the hearts and the affections unchanged.

I cannot express to you how unspeakably consolatory I find the hopes of religion in being separated from kindred and friends, or even in contemplating the ordinary vicissitudes of existence. I delight to cherish the hope that we are all in a state of discipline in this life for another world, and that, sometime or other, in the gracious plans of Providence, we shall all meet again.

I left my dear wife and children quite well: they are very good children. Johnnie is universally a favourite; for myself, without loving Johnnie a whit the less, my heart clings to my little Hannah, since she does not attract half the notice of her brother, and yet she does

not seem to feel it, but even shares in, and seems to be delighted with, the general admiration which he excites; she is a most affectionate child, but with extreme sensibility and fearfulness, and this is the reason why she always clings to her mother, or her grandmama, or any one else who is her protector for the time being.

To his Wife, *at Icknield.*

Manchester, July 16th, 1830.

My dearest H.,

You do not know how I am grieved you should be disappointed in not hearing from me to-day. . . . . Though I am busy, I feel rather melancholy; and I am continually reminded how sad my life would be without the society and affection of those we love, and how terribly awful the dispensation of death must be to those who cannot anticipate a future re-union, and regard it as the utter extinction of all human interests and affections. I am solacing myself with Wordsworth. Do you know, I shall become a thorough convert to him. Much of his poetry is delicious, and I perfectly adore his philosophy. To me he seems the purest, the most elevated and the most Christian of poets. I delight in his deep and tender piety, and his spirit of exquisite sympathy with whatever is lovely and grand in the breathing universe around us. I am glad my good brother Osler is pleased with my

sermon;* but tell him, with my kind regards, I do not know what to make of his praise; he pats me with one hand and whips me with the other, and of the two, I think he whips hardest. With regard to the views exhibited in the discourse, the question is, are they just and true? if so, the inculcation of them must do good; if not, the sooner they are exposed the better. As for their not being fitted for the multitude, that entirely depends, I conceive, on the mode in which they are stated and enforced; truth I believe to be always congenial to the heart and character of man. Human beings of all ranks and conditions have the same religious tendencies, the same affections, the same moral sense; and if care is taken by pastors and teachers to form the minds and dispositions of the humblest class in society, I am convinced they will be found to be equally qualified with the refined and the educated for appreciating and for applying a religion, the essence of which consists in heartfelt love to the Creator and all his children, and in humbly hoping and preparing for immortal happiness.

Manchester, July 21*st*, 1830.

My dearest H.,

I am truly glad to hear how much you and our dear children are enjoying yourselves amongst our kind friends at Birmingham. Rejoiced as I shall be to see

* "The Perpetuity of the Christian Dispensation, viewed in its connection with the Progress of Society." Preached before the supporters of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, June, 1830.

you all again, I am very willing you should remain; for I wish you to see your friends, to revive old and dear associations, to feel that you are as much and as tenderly beloved as ever, and to bring back with you a fund of health, strength and spirits that will last you for another ten months to come.

* * * *

An American friend has lent me a new sermon of Dr. Channing's, preached on occasion of the annual election of Governor and the Legislature of Massachusetts. It is marked by a little inflation of expression, which is the Dr.'s besetting sin in regard to style, but it contains some noble sentiments, and exhibits delightful views of the great moral ends of government and society. The Dr. expresses a sentiment which, I confess, has often occurred to me very strongly and very painfully of late—that the progress of civilization and refinement is attended with great dangers both to morals and religion; that in proportion as civilization and refinement advance, there is additional need for putting forth the whole power of religious influence, to correct mercenary and selfish tendencies, and to preserve simplicity of manners, purity of morals, and real earnestness and sincerity of character. We certainly live too much for display—we look too much to the opinion of others in these times.

* * * *

I am glad to hear the children are so well and good; tell them that papa is very happy when he hears that they are good; and do you, my dearest

wife, be *firm* and *decided* with them; do not let the tenderness of your nature and an unreasonable supposition of indisposition in them make you irresolute and wavering with them. Enforce, I beseech you, implicit and immediate submission to parental authority. This is the only foundation for virtue and true piety; and any other course can only terminate in misery to us and them. Submission to law, and that self-control and self-discipline which it requires—to the law of parental authority in the first place, and afterwards to the law of God—is the only sure and true principle of virtue; and this is perfectly compatible with gaiety, cheerfulness and the tenderest spirit of affection and love. There certainly must be a stronger and deeper sense of religion in our rising men, or the world, with all its refinement and its science, will become demoralized and unchristian, and consequently sceptical and miserable. Do not you think so? We have only to look around us, and we see the proof of it. Kiss my sweet children for me, and believe me, dearest wife, ever truly and affectionately, your husband, J. J. T.

To his Mother.

Manchester, April 29th, 1831.

My dearest Mother,

I begin to be exceedingly anxious about our dear Andrew. We certainly ought to have heard before this; and I have learned from a friend that

he was very unwell during his passage. I am intending to go over to Liverpool this afternoon, to see if I can ascertain any particulars; for I am convinced something must be wrong. Whatever I learn, you shall hear; and, indeed, I will be with you in Nottingham to-morrow evening or Saturday morning. Do not, I pray you, be over-anxious. A wise and gracious Providence orders all events; to His will, which is always that of infinite goodness and love, let us be prepared to bow, whatever it be. Whatever may be the uncertainties of this life, this we know—that there is a life to come, where there shall no more be change nor death, and there the good shall meet again. Dearest mother, cheer yourself with these reflections. I am anxious and out of spirits. You shall soon know all; but be prepared, with a Christian resignation, to learn the worst. God bless you and my dear father, and my beloved sisters and brother. Thank God, we are all well, but depressed and anxious.

I cannot write more, as I am anxious to get off to Liverpool, as soon as I can. I shall see you to-morrow or next day. Should Providence have ordained that in your declining years you should be deprived of one of the children of your youth, be assured (and I speak this from my own heart and that of her who is now one with me), no efforts shall be wanting on the part of those who survive, to afford you and our loved and venerated father, every support and every consolation which this transitory world can yield.

To his Wife.

Nottingham, May 2nd, 1831.

My dearest Wife,

I have just received your kind letter; for which accept my best thanks. I send you a hasty line, to let you know that I arrived here quite safely yesterday morning, a little before ten o'clock. I was happy to find that my poor mother and sisters were in some degree prepared for the sad tidings,* by the letter which I had written on Friday. I am sorry to say, I perceive a very great change in my father for the worse. There must be some internal source of exhaustion; he is constantly sick; nothing which he takes seems to remain sufficiently long upon his stomach to afford him any nourishment. I did not venture to announce to him the melancholy news, of which I was the bearer yesterday; though I endeavoured to prepare his mind for it, indirectly, as well as I could; this morning I told him the whole truth, before he got up: he was, as you may suppose, greatly affected, though he suspected all was not right when my letter reached my mother on Saturday; and besides his mind is so well regulated, that he at once expressed the deepest submission and the most implicit resignation. Upon the whole, I think all was quite as well as could be expected. I wrote to Mr. Kentish this morning, venturing to urge a wish rather strongly, that he would contrive to see my father soon;

* The death of his brother Andrew at sea, on his voyage to Calcutta.

it would be a great gratification to the latter; and if the visit be very long postponed, I cannot, I assure you, conceal my fears, that it may never take place. Now I have told all to my poor father, I feel greatly relieved; but it was a painful meeting. The country is most lovely now. There is to me, however, something melancholy in the contrast between the bright and joyous aspect of Nature, together with those cheerful remembrances of childhood and youth which it inspires, and the deep present feeling of the brevity and precariousness of all human hopes and interests. While life remains, my love, be it ours to perform its duties firmly and faithfully, to gladden its course and lighten its sorrows with mutual kindness and affection, and to look forwards to death as the appointed passage of transition to a happier state. All unite in dearest love to you and our children. I delivered your kind message to my father this morning; he spoke of you and the children with the greatest tenderness, and desired his most affectionate remembrances to you. His whole language conveys the impression that he feels he has not long to remain in this world. Good bye. God bless you all, till I see see you again.

Nottingham, May 17th, 1831.

My dear H.,

As you did not ask me to write immediately, I deferred doing so till to-day, that I might give you a fuller account of the whole of our sorrowing circle. I

found my poor mother and sisters, quite as well as I could expect. The most painful trial is yet to come, when time and reflection shall have made them aware of the extent of their loss. My dear father's last moments seem to have been singularly calm and composed, and his very last expressed wishes were those of tender and affectionate concern for all whom he left behind. I think it would have been a great gratification to them all, if you could have made it practicable to have been here with me. Indeed, my love, you are spoken of by them all, as you were by my dear father in his last illness, with the greatest tenderness and affection. Though absent in the body, you are with us, we know, in the spirit, and will be with us through the whole of this melancholy week. I have written to Mr. Kentish, and trust he will be here on the day of the funeral, and preach the funeral sermon on Sunday. Everybody has shown the greatest kindness and sympathy, and it is certainly most consolatory to find, that those who knew my father best, esteemed him most highly. I have read the letters written to him only a few days before his death by your father and Dr. Hutton, they were indeed most kind and gratifying.

* * * *

Kiss the dearest children for me, and beg them to be good and kind for Papa's sake. All unite here in the kindest, tenderest love to you and them. If I hear from you to-night, pray write again in a couple of days, and believe me, dearest wife, with a deep and

grateful sense of your constant kindness and solicitude, most truly and affectionately,

Your attached Friend and Husband.

Icknield, January 6th, 1832.

My dearest H.,

I can only write a single line to inform you of my safe arrival here.

* * * *

With regard to the other matter,* about which we naturally feel considerable interest, I hardly know what to think. I do not believe the Society is very unanimous. It is very large; there will be an amazing amount of pastoral duty, and comparatively little time for study. Their tastes and sentiments are very various, and I believe it would be impossible for an angel to give satisfaction to all. I shall take till Tuesday to make up my mind, when I shall write to you at full. I want to have some more conversation with your father and uncle. It will not be proper to leave my own kind and liberal congregation much longer in suspense. Both your father and your uncle agree in thinking that a decision now will not be a decisive one. I am of course rather uncomfortable, and shall continue so till I have made up my mind. I hope you will explain to all my friends how deeply I feel their kindness and liberality, and that my sole delay has been occasioned by the necessity I feel of con-

* The probability of an invitation to become the minister of the New Meeting Congregation at Birmingham.

sulting with my friends and relations here, before I come to a final resolution; God bless you, my dear wife, believe me, I think constantly of you and yours, and of your future prospects. I wish to decide calmly and judiciously and virtuously; and to leave the result with God.

January 7th.

P.S.—I open this letter again, my dearest wife, to tell you that I have made up my mind to remain in Manchester. I know nothing of the intentions of the people here. All I can learn is most friendly, but I am afraid to encounter the risk and responsibility which lie before me. Your father certainly agrees with me in thinking such substantial proofs of kindness as the Manchester people have shown us ought not to be slightly rejected, and I am inclined to believe your Uncle Sam is of the same opinion. I can explain everything better when I see you. Please to take the accompanying letter with your own hands to Mr. Wood's counting-house, and beg that it may be laid before the congregation without any delay, if he be not at home, or cannot do it, then take it to old Mr. Nicholson, in Bloomsbury, and beg him to do the same. I have left it open for you to read. Pray tell everybody you see that I am not preaching here as a candidate, and that even if I had an invitation I should not accept it; see the Robberds and tell them so. Good bye, God bless you, my dearest wife; to make you happy shall be the unceasing object of my future life. J. J. T.

Birmingham, January 10th, 1832.

Birmingham has changed, is changing, and every successive year will continue still more strikingly to change; the friends of our youth pass away, and strangers grow up in their place; and therefore, though I part from the prospect of settling here, among the friends and the scenes which are endeared to me by so many of the happiest recollections of earlier days, with something of the lingering regret that one feels for a first love, yet seriously and deliberately I believe that Providence has wisely ordained otherwise, and that the richest treasures of comfort and enjoyment are stored up for us in the duties and engagements of the situation in which we are now placed. Had my decision not been already made and expressed, I do not see how I could possibly resist the kind and affecting appeal which I have received since I last wrote to you, in a letter written, as I discover by the handwriting and the style, by Dr. Charles Henry, and signed by all the young people, male and female, of the congregation, and earnestly entreating me to remain amongst them.

And now, my great wish, my only anxiety is, to secure and increase your happiness, and our sweet children's. Recollect, never more—we have reason to hope—will our domestic peace and privacy be intruded on by boarders. We shall have our own cheerful fireside, our own chattering tea-table, with the dear children talking and laughing round us—our own peaceful and studious evenings, with none to vex and disturb

us. With a little regular, methodical exertion, I shall be able to add £150 or so to my professional and independent income, which will supply all our wants, and allow us, with our quiet and frugal mode of life, to lay by a trifle annually. One article of expense I shall annually calculate upon—for travelling—something to talk about all the autumn and winter, and to look forward to every spring. At our own home now, we shall be able to see our friends with more comfort in our own quiet way. Your father has promised to come to us more frequently.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

Manchester, Sept. 16, 1833.

Dear Sir,

—From the want of any one book that I could make answer my purpose, and with the view moreover of throwing my occupation as a teacher more into one channel, and of thus obtaining finally more leisure and repose of mind than I am now able to enjoy, I have determined to draw up a series of lectures for my pupils in history; but, though I have a tolerably clear conception in my own mind of what the teaching of history to young persons should be, and of what I well remember you used to make it at York, yet having but little leisure, I feel almost oppressed by the multiplicity of materials that offer themselves, and shall hold myself greatly indebted to you for a few suggestions. My general conception is to begin with as exact a picture as can be presented of the physical features of

the region, whose inhabitants, with their laws, institutions, &c., are to engage our attention, and then to subjoin to that a view of the mythology out of which their genuine history developed itself; afterwards, in tracing their political progress, to dwell chiefly on those periods which are marked by a rapid growth in civilization, and on those events which influenced manners and literature. From what little I have seen of the labours of the Germans in these respects, I know well what abundant materials offer themselves, if we could only be guided a little in the choice. For the first object which I mentioned a system of *progressive* geography would be very useful. Are you acquainted with a work which Mr. Yates mentioned to me the other day, the *Historischer Atlas* published by Luderitz of Berlin? And if so, do you think its execution such as to warrant the confidence of the general student? But my great desideratum is to obtain within a moderate compass a view of what has of late years been done in the elucidation of mythology and the earliest periods of history, that one may form some conception of the relation in which they stand to each other, and may not be without some *feeling*, however vague, of the time when and the mode in which fable gradually assumes the steadiness and consistency of fact. Keightley's book I have, but it contains only an incidental application of mythology to history; Heyne's Introduction to his edition of Apollodorus, with some articles in his Opuscula I have read, and have looked through his volume of Notes to Apollo-

dorus, but the information is too much scattered for the general student, and the work seems better fitted for occasional reference than a regular perusal.—I have no time for, nor pretension to, original learning and enquiry on such subjects; but I am desirous of possessing myself at second-hand of the best lights that can be obtained; because though the subject may seem, at first view, remote from general interest and utility, yet upon reflection I am convinced it cannot be safely overlooked, because in the study of history much of our subsequent improvement must depend on the point of view in which we have accustomed ourselves to conceive of the earliest origin and development of human society: our estimate of manners, institutions, religions and arts, the most important subjects to which the young mind can be directed, must of necessity be modified by our conception of the ideas and circumstances in which they had their origin.

Through the earlier periods of history I feel the want of some general guide which might serve as a text-book on which to string one's own reflections, inferences and views. Herder's Manual is a mere skeleton, though the references are very valuable. Eichhorn and Herder occasionally refer to Galterer's Weltgeschichte—could you give me any information as to its nature or its merits? Two more questions, and I will intrude upon you no longer. Is there any work which gives a clear and succinct view of ancient Astronomy and of its connection both with the arts of life and with religious observances? I know that some

information may be obtained from Bailly's work; but its object is more scientific than historical.—Is there, also, any work on the architecture of the ancients, and of its development and perfection among the Greeks, and of its adaptation to their modes of life and their public and sacred usages?

I delight in these pursuits myself, and some experience has taught me they may be made very attractive and improving to young minds. Through the medium of history, the most valuable elementary ideas, as it strikes me, may be communicated on morals, government, social economy, and even on religion, by which t a more advanced period the mind will be better qualified for encountering those abstract enunciations of philosophical doctrine, too unqualified an adherence to which may perhaps be regarded as one of the chief dangers incident to our present condition of society. I am surprised that History, in this more enlarged sense, has not hitherto formed a more prominent feature in our course of education. I think it will be more attended to hereafter. I shall be happy in my limited sphere of exertion to do something to promote it.

To Henry McConnel.

Manchester, Nov. 24th, 1833.

Dear Henry,

I think your answer to Mr. Dugard a very reasonable one. It is hardly fair for one sect to

solicit assistance from another, without expressing a perfect willingness to reciprocate the kindness, when occasion should require. I wish with all my heart, this were the universal feeling among all sects; in which case, I should rejoice to contribute my humble mite to the support of all well-meant endeavours—by whomsoever conducted—to promote the virtue and happiness of mankind. But it is a very different thing to be requested to help a sect which has already the vantage ground above all other sects, and which might ultimately use the very power which we had assisted it to acquire, to keep things in their present grossly sectarianised state, and so prevent that perfect equalisation of all religious privileges, which I should hail as the greatest of blessings which could possibly be bestowed on the country.

I own, I greatly dislike and distrust the *Church*, as it is called, in its present privileged and exclusive form; but I have no hostility to clergymen as such. I rather deplore that circumstances should exist, which prevent me from sympathising and co-operating with them—as I should sincerely rejoice to do—as servants of the same Master, and brother ministers of that Gospel which ought to be a tidings of peace and good will to all men. If they would only lay aside pretensions, which I cannot but regard as unfounded either in reason or Scripture, and consent to meet their fellow-Christians of other denominations on an equal footing, I would contend for their rights and privileges, and be glad to promote the success of their institutions, as

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zealously as my own: but they will not allow me, and therefore I do not place myself—but I am placed by them, against my own will and inclination—in an attitude of sectarian hostility towards them.

I have said thus much in explanation of my own views, that you may judge of their coincidence with yours. An universal education for the people is what we must all unite in striving for—there is no hope of salvation for us in anything but that.

To his Wife, *at Birmingham.*

Manchester, July 21st, 1834.

I feel exceedingly vexed that I let yesterday pass away without sending you a line. I do not know exactly how it is, but when the mind is in that uncomfortable and unsettled state in which mine has been lately, everything seems to occupy twice as much time as usual, for the mind acts as if under a load which impeded the freedom and quickness of its operations. Do not, however, my very dear wife, distress yourself in supposing that I am not well; I am a great deal better; and as I resume my regular work I shall continue to improve, and my mind will resume its natural and healthy tone, and all will seem bright and cheerful as it once did before my sensitive spirit was so painfully taken possession of by one particular set of ideas, and I shall seem to enjoy the same philosophical freedom and independence of thought as I was accustomed to do before I unhappily took any

share in the movements of party. I shall proceed forthwith to write out my ideas on the *one* subject with calmness and reflection; it will be a relief and disburdening of my oppressed brain, and I will put the MS. into the hands of judicious friends, and consult them as to the expediency of publishing it. So much then for this.*—I had a tolerably pleasant journey home; the weather, though hot, was tempered by a delightful breeze, and the country was in full beauty. I found William well and in good spirits, and the house very neat and comfortable. All your requests have been complied with; the cellars and back-yard whitewashed, and the door in the drawing-room reversed. The weeds and grass in the garden have sprung up with such rank luxuriance, that I have set the gardener to work at once; and I hope you will find everything quite trim on your return. The poor cat, I

* At this time Mr. Tayler, jaded by over-work, fell into serious ill-health. In this weakened condition he attended an aggregate meeting at Manchester in opposition to Established Churches, and committed himself, rashly as he afterwards thought, to immediate action against all support of Religion by the State. An overpowering feeling of the practical difficulties of a course, for which he seemed to himself to have incurred instant responsibility, harassed his conscientiousness; and the remonstrances, not always tenderly administered, of some close friends who distrusted the voluntary principle and the culture of Dissent, painfully wounded and depressed his then too sensitive spirit. To aid the recovery of his health, and to escape from wearying and most distasteful controversy, he obtained permission from his devoted people to spend a year in studious retirement on the Continent. The next Letter but one, to Dr. Joseph Hutton, written at a later date, is placed a little out of time, as fully explaining the circumstances and feelings which led to this course.

suppose, has been pining for our return, for she looks very thin and miserable, and Helen says she does not take her milk kindly.

And now, my dearest wife, with my tenderest love to you and yours, and with a thousand half-pleasing, half-painful associations with that dear spot where you are, and to which all the most delightful remembrances of my youth fondly cling, believe me most devotedly and affectionately, more so from the affliction and bereavement which we have shared together, your ever faithful friend and husband.

August 7, 1834.

I have only time to say that I feel better, stronger, and more cheerful than I have done for months past. My morbid feelings are almost gone; I give them no welcome when they offer themselves; and I am employed in my favourite pursuits with a zeal and an earnestness which, you know, are always productive of the greatest happiness to me. My classes are more numerous than they have been for some time, and in the way I best like, three or four together in a class. In fact, everything seems going on quite prosperously with me; and all our friends are, I think, kinder than ever. I only want to see you and my dear children once more happily assembled in our little home, and I shall be perfectly happy.

I think, however, with the greatest kindness and affection of the dear friends by whom you are now encircled; to them I shall ever cling with my whole heart, while there is one breath of life in it; and I

hope we shall never let a year pass without meeting somewhere. Give my kindest remembrances to Sturch and Caroline;* thank them for all their kindness to us during the summer; had I been as well then as I am now, I should have enjoyed it more, but could not have been more sensible of it. I trust that many more such meetings are in reserve for us, if life be spared, with the additional accompaniments of better health and spirits.

To Dr. Joseph Hutton, *Leeds.*

Written at Bonn, 1835.

My dearest Friend,

Why have you forgotten me? Am I so deeply fallen in your once kindly and affectionate remembrance of me, that you think me no longer worthy of a few lines from your pen? I will not and do not believe it. Yet again and again have I been hoping to hear from you, and again and again I have been disappointed. In truth, I am far from happy, and a few words of earnest, serious and friendly counsel from you would be a balm to my troubled and anxious mind. If you will forgive all this egotism, I will unfold to you, as fully as I can, the state of my feelings, and entreat you as a friend to send me soon, very soon, your frank and candid advice. My mind was first upset by my taking a share in the great Dissenters' meeting in Manchester; it was a task to which my strength was not equal, and my nervous

* Mrs. Tayler's sister and brother-in-law.

system, always too susceptible, has sunk under the weight of the responsibility which I then seemed to incur. That event happened so long ago, that by this time it is almost forgotten; but the effect produced on my own mind still, I am sorry to say, subsists, and has left behind it an oscillation and vacillating in my views, which I can hardly describe, but is productive to me of the greatest misery. I am overwhelmed with the consciousness of a want of firmness and consistency, which deprives me of all self-confidence, and makes the very remembrance of the great and good men who have lived to assert and defend the truth—and whom I always used to look up to, with the deepest reverence and the most earnest desire, at an humble distance, to imitate—insupportably painful and rebuking to me. My first step (itself a recession from a previous resolution, which I would to God I had adhered to) was taken rather precipitately and from the impulse of the moment; and when the excitement was over, I felt myself committed to the whole extent of the abstract principle—sweeping away all national funds for the support of religion under any circumstances—and allowing no consideration for the historical relations of the country, or the inability of certain districts in the present state of society, to provide for themselves by voluntary contributions. You know my mind is naturally anxious, and the very fact of feeling that I was committed, and could not with consistency admit any relaxation of the abstract principle, gave increased activity and force to all the difficulties which

presented themselves to my imagination, and many of which had certainly not occurred to me before. Then came the strong representations of various friends, pamphlets, and extracts from the most liberal writers, showing that even they were not prepared to embrace the whole extent of the voluntary principle, and conversations with American clergymen, who said they thought it would be a dangerous experiment in the present state of English manners universally to adopt it, and that it was not possible to argue from America to England: all these influences took the strongest possession of my mind—I bitterly repented the consequences of my rashness and precipitation—saw, as I thought, the distinction between the abolition of a political Church, used as an engine of state-policy, and the entire abrasion of all public endowments, which it seemed to me might be so popularised in their application as to put them on the footing of private endowments—conceived that the retention of some simple form of discipline and service might be disjoined from the imposition of any creed—feared the undoing of learned theology and rational religion from the ascendancy of enthusiasm—and, in fact, had my imagination so completely possessed with terrors and apprehensions, that I am quite aware I never reasoned with perfect calmness on the subject, and let the great broad principle, which should have been my sheet anchor amidst these troublous tossings of the mind, if not slip away—yet at least recede from its due prominence and distinctness in my mind. I can-

not charge myself with selfishness or ambition in any of the views which came before me; but I am aware, I felt myself (so my disordered imagination represented it) allied on one side with the ignorant and fanatical, and opposed to moderation, intelligence and cultivation on the other, and I would have given anything to feel my relative position altered.—I am aware, what extreme weakness this shews—and that a masculine reason would soon have dispelled these imaginary evils, and made me feel peace in the simple consciousness of having advocated a principle, that in the abstract was right. The expression of my doubts and fears to the public—for I thought it right to state them as they occurred—and the suggestion that a case might be conceived, in which the nationality consisting in tithes might be so completely popularised in its application throughout the different parishes in the country—so completely withdrawn from the State, considered as a social element distinct from the people, and vested so immediately in the hands of the parishioners themselves, as to obviate all conscientious objection to the reception of it as a remuneration for services performed, if the parties having the disposal of it should couple it with no conditions which the minister declined to accept;—the statement of these doubts and views, subjected me of course to a charge of inconsistency, and to escape the being dragged into controversy, which is peculiarly odious to me, I took the resolution of spending some time abroad, and with my mind in this state,

perplexed with difficulties, and placed by the position which it had last taken in an attitude rather to defend, than question, the necessity of some sort of provision over and above the voluntary principle—I have spent many months in Germany—reading, conversing, and examining—but still with a mind not free from the obtruding importance of this disagreeable subject; so that my improvement in general knowledge and literature has been much less than it would have been, had my mind been more free. My former delusions have in a great measure disappeared—my general impression, derived from what I have seen in Germany, is most strongly and decidedly against all sorts of religious establishments in any degree connected with the state, and a conviction that the adoption of the voluntary principle—decidedly the best mode when mankind are prepared for it—is purely a question of time and the state of society. In the prospect of speedily revisiting my dear native land, I feel deeply and painfully the consciousness of my past want of firmness; and, that in consequence of it, when my heart would as warmly and sincerely sympathize as ever in the cause of religious freedom, and take as deep an interest as ever in the struggles that must secure its triumph, I seem cast out as unworthy to partake in the efforts and endeavours of those truly good men, who are labouring for freedom and truth, and in whose train, I deliberately declare, I would prefer being the meanest and humblest labourer, to the most splendid situation which this world can offer. I cannot better

describe my painful feelings, than by saying, that in consequence of going, as I thought, too far at first, there was an unavoidable reaction in the other direction; and that I have never been quite able to see how in the present state of English society, we are to combine a suitable provision for the religious instruction of all ranks with that unrestricted religious freedom, which can only be founded on the universal adoption of the voluntary principle. Give me your affectionate counsel and encouragement. I know that I have wanted that firmness which is based on steadily adhering to a first principle, and have allowed collateral considerations to overpower it; but I have not, I trust, to charge myself with self-interest and ambition; the sure progressive civilisation of the whole human race has been constantly in my view, and this may have eclipsed for the time a due regard to the interests of truth —though if creeds were done away with, truth might prosper more, in the present state of society, under some permanent provision for religious teachers than in leaving them entirely to the bounty of their hearers. Often, in thinking how I have wanted firmness, and how I may thereby have done injury to my own means of usefulness, and the credit of that great cause with which I am professionally connected, have I thought of those words of our Lord to Peter—"Simon, I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." So, my dear friend and brother, pray for me!—My wife, and children, and sister are, thank God, quite well. They are

all blessings; but I have not the heart to enjoy them, and the other mercies of God, as they deserve.

To THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION, *Manchester.*

Göttingen, Oct. 14, 1834.

* * * And now, my dear friends, allow me once more to thank you from my heart for the very kind manner in which you have acceded to my wish of spending a few months in study at a foreign university: my heart's proudest wish and hope is that you as well as myself may ultimately derive benefit from it. It was *mental,* far more than *bodily* health, which I wanted; —my mind was agonised with the consciousness of wavering and vacillation in the application of a great principle. Yet to some recession from the position which in a moment of excitement I had assumed, I felt myself compelled by the course which things seemed to be taking. My final aim and my fundamental principles are precisely the same that they were; I merely think that time and circumstances, and the actual position of parties, and the state of society of England must enter more largely as elements into any attempt to carry them into effect, than many truly upright men are willing to admit. My worst error was ever acting with the movement party on the great Dissenting question: with my habits of mind and feeling I was not capable of acting consistently with them. For having first joined, and afterwards abandoned them, I feel that an apology is due from

me to them, for they acted handsomely and candidly towards me; and for having done so, I take a large share of blame and humiliation to myself. All these circumstances have deeply affected my mind and depressed my spirits for many months past. Change of scene, and application to pursuits which I love and to which I am by nature fitted, will restore the peace and vigour of my mind. Indeed, I feel better already. The advancement of human civilisation, including in that word, all the great moral and social interests of man, is the cause of all others dearest to my heart. It was because I thought that cause might be delayed by too precipitate an enforcement even of principles which I still hold to be theoretically just, that I have been driven into these perplexities which have caused me deeper sorrow and uneasiness than I ever experienced before in the course of a life to the happiness of which my connection with you, my dearest friends, has so largely contributed. To renew that connection once more, and, in fulfilling its sacred duties, to consecrate my humble measure of knowledge and ability—a measure which it will be my unceasing object to increase during my present period of separation from you—to the promotion of the improvement and happiness of my fellow-creatures, is an object to which of all others I look forward with the greatest interest in futurity. I will write to you regularly once a month, but as the condition of my fulfilling that promise, I must beg that you will let me hear periodically in return (through my excellent friend, your

secretary, Mr. R. Nicholson) of your continued health and happiness. I shall not be happy without some tidings of your well-being, and of the changes which time makes in all human societies. Your kind expressions of regard are a source of the greatest comfort to me; and I rely on them with the greatest confidence. Farewell, dear friends, for a season. You are never long absent from my thoughts, and the wish to promote your improvement and to return in any degree the kindness which I have constantly experienced from one and all of you, will be a motive with me to improve to the utmost every opportunity of knowledge and information which is here afforded me. That the blessing of God may rest on you and on your families, and strengthen your hearts with a better peace than this world can bestow, is the affectionate prayer, my dear friends, of your ever faithful and affectionate pastor.

To Miss Agnes Ewart.

Göttingen, Oct. 17, 1834.

My dear young Friend,

Among the circumstances which contributed to make my temporary removal from my dear English friends exceedingly painful to me, none, you will believe me, more deeply affected me than the prospect which I could not but entertain, of never more seeing in this world, one whom I loved and honoured so sincerely as your late dear and excellent mother.—If you ask me which of all the doctrines of Christianity I hold to be the most important, the root from which all the

others spring—that which is most clearly set forth in the teachings of our Lord, and furnishes the best criterion by which others less distinctly announced must be measured and judged, I say without hesitation the free mercy, and essential love of our Heavenly Father. Of this I consider the whole life and ministry of Jesus to be one unceasing expression; and the repentance to which he called his disciples, and the humility and faith which he inculcated, and the immortality which he promised, to be nothing more than the necessary requirements,—the natural, but at the same time undeserved, and most glorious consummation. Let your mind rest on the delightful assurance—that God is Love; and suffer it not to be perplexed with any doctrinal subtleties, which do not flow from, and cannot be made consistent with, that fundamental doctrine of the Gospel. In the purity and simplicity of that faith you will find light to your understanding amidst all the abstruseness and mystery of human creeds, and refreshment and strength to your heart, under the heaviest burdens which Providence may ever permit to rest upon it.—I have the prospect of spending a very agreeable and improving winter in Göttingen. My friends have kindly furnished me with introductions to several of the Professors. Amongst these I have been favoured with two to Blumenbach, known, as you are aware, all over the world as a physiologist. I have had the honour twice of spending some time with him in his study. He is a very old man, upwards of eighty, the patriarch of the University; but when he is well, which he was not the last time I saw him, full of

vivacity and humour, and fond of talking about England and English people. He has a very valuable little Museum adjoining his study, which he was kind enough to show us—containing indeed many remarkable things—but chiefly curious as exhibiting a great collection of skulls, scientifically arranged by himself to illustrate his division of the varieties of the human race. Between the profile of a Brazilian cannibal, which was hideously brutish with depressed forehead and projecting teeth and jaws, and that of an old Greek skull, which he supposed to be some two or three thousand years old—the disparity was indeed truly wonderful.—His daughter is a remarkably agreeable person, and has been very kind in her attentions to us. In his drawing room is an elegant China vase, with a classical Latin inscription, presented to him by the citizens of his native town of Gotha, on his celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship in this University. Notwithstanding his advanced age the old man still lectures, during the session, every morning at eight o'clock.

To S. Robinson, Esq.

Göttingen, November 2nd, 1834.

Dear Robinson,

I little thought when I last parted with you in Manchester, that our next intercourse would be by letter and across the water, you in England and I in Germany. But so it is; and thinking you might like to hear some tidings of me, and wishing moreover to

give myself a claim to a letter from you, I have resolved, now that we are comfortably domesticated for the winter in this place, to make you one of my media of communication with my dear friends in England. We like Göttingen, as a place, much better than from the accounts we had previously received of it, we had reason to expect. The town is clean and tolerably well built, surrounded by a pleasant walk on the ancient ramparts, which commands an excellent view of the adjoining country, which, without being striking or romantic, is, still varied and pleasing; and the air is remarkably salubrious; contagious disease is scarcely known—the cholera has never been here; and many of the professors are men of very advanced age. One of these, Professor Blumenbach, we have the good fortune to know, and have paid him and his family three or four very agreeable visits. The mode of living is remarkably simple here, and there is very little gaiety; though a theatre has just been opened, which creates quite a sensation in this little place. The hours are very early; many lectures begin at eight o'clock, and the common dining hour is twelve. The habits of the professors in general are remarkably domestic and retired, but one or two evenings which we have spent with them and their families we found very pleasant, and we expect to enjoy some agreeable society during the winter. I must not, however, proceed in this desultory manner, or I shall fill my paper without giving you any regular and orderly account of the University and my connection with it. It is really surprising, how

very simple and inexpensive the whole apparatus of this eminently learned Institution is. No public edifice is connected with it, except the Library which fills a large building, and from its admirable arrangement, originally carried into effect by Heyne, is the pride of the place—and one Common Hall, under a wing of the library, where the prizes are distributed, and where the professors assemble on public occasions. There are between forty and fifty *ordinary* professors, distributed into the four families of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy (which last comprehends everything that can be taught or lectured upon from Mathematics to Belles Lettres), besides *extraordinary* professors, and a great number of private teachers. Each of the ordinary professors receives a salary from the Government, varying from about £100 to £200, or between that and £300 per annum, and derives the remainder of his emoluments from the fees of the students, or from the profits of publications to which many of them devote a considerable portion of their time. There is nothing here of the pomp and display of an University; no outward marks of discipline, no academic costume—none, I mean, that is required by the laws—though the students may always be recognized by their frock coats, their moustaches, which are an universal appendage, even the theologians wearing them, and their caps of various hue, scarlet, blue, green, or brown—according to the nation to which they belong—Hanoverian, or Brunswicker, or the Society to which they have attached themselves. The

full number of students has not yet arrived, but upon the whole, I am better pleased with their appearance than I expected. They are not for the most part what would be considered in England, very gentleman-like in their appearance, and nothing like a dandy have I yet seen; but they are nevertheless a fine and intelligent looking set of young men, varying in their ages from about 18 to 23. I am told, they are very fond of duelling, though it is forbidden by the laws of the University. Their weapon is a long sword, and sounds very formidable; but I believe, they do not often materially hurt themselves, though sometimes a small piece of the nose, or cheek, or eyebrow is sliced off.—I have attended one lecture, and found to my satisfaction, that I was able to understand it sufficiently well to write out a short analysis of it in the evening. The professors lecture generally in their own houses, in a room fitted up for the purpose, and called *Auditorium*, which is generally written in large characters on the door. Nothing can be plainer or homelier than these rooms—no vaulted roofs, antique pillars or storied windows; those which I have seen, for neatness and embellishment, would be completely eclipsed by the accommodation in most of our larger Sunday-schools, and the Common Hall at York is quite a splendid piece of architecture in comparison with them. The *quid utile* they have attended to in them, but not the *quid pulchrum*. A common chamber, with a large stove in the middle, which makes it insufferably hot, filled with deal benches and deal

desks—just such as we use in our Sunday-schools—and cut, scrawled and scribbled all over with likenesses of the professor in every conceivable variety of attitude, and with every conceivable variety of expression, these constitute the Auditorium, in which from a plain desk, raised a little above the level of their hearers, men of the greatest learning and ability pour forth daily all the accumulated treasures of years of the severest study and most intense thought. The professor whom I heard lecture yesterday—Gieseler—appeared a few minutes after the appointed hour, from a door at the back of his pulpit—just as he came from his study—in a grey morning gown, and with his hair in a state of most admired disorder. The standard of learning here is very high. Gieseler is one of the most eminent ecclesiastical historians in Germany, inferior only to Neander of Berlin. I called on him a few days ago, to take a ticket for his course on the history of the first ages of Christianity; and though I had no letter of introduction to him, he received me very courteously, entered into conversation with me, and expressing much interest and curiosity about the religious state of England, requested me frequently to call on him. Our dialogue was of a very motley description, being carried on in German, in which I can only just express myself, and French, which he speaks not much better than I German, and when both failed, in Latin, which he speaks, as well as most of the theologians and philologists here, with great fluency. The facilities which are afforded to strangers for the use of the admirable

library are of the most liberal kind, and exhibit a mortifying contrast to the useless seclusion in which many of our great libraries in England are immured. Education, too, is very cheap. The regular *honorarium* or fee for the semester is one Louis d'or, 17*s*: for this small sum I have the privilege of attending for one hour five or six days in the week the lectures on Greek antiquities of Ottfried Müller, one of the first scholars and most learned historians in Europe, illustrated, too (though unfortunately not in his winter course), with a gallery of casts from the antique. The professors whose lectures I mean to attend, are Gieseler on Ecclesiastical History, every morning (except Sunday) at eight o'clock; then from nine to ten Ottfried Müller on Greek antiquities, and again from ten to eleven, his lectures on Pindar, which I believe are chiefly exegetical, and contain a great mass of historical and mythological matter; and then from two to three, Professor Ewald, who, I am told, is rising rapidly into reputation as one of the first Orientalists in Germany, on the Archæology of the Old Testament, and the history of the Jews. If I attend any other, it will be Heeren, though his lectures this semester are on a period of history about which I am not immediately interested. When the vessel can only hold a certain quantity, there is no use in turning a great number of cocks into it; those which I have already opened will be more than sufficient to fill my little urn; nor can I sufficiently express my gratitude to my friends for affording me the opportunity of devoting a few months to quiet

study and reflection, which I feel to be already bringing back health and cheerfulness to my mind,—and of profiting by the lectures of men of such distinguished eminence. I have experienced the greatest kindness and attention from the professors to whom I brought letters of introduction, and the others to whom they have introduced me. I have been much pleased with Müller, to whom I was introduced by Professor Benecke. He is a young man between thirty and forty apparently — of pleasing countenance and manners, simple and unaffected in his conversation. I have called on him twice; and the last time he very kindly requested me to consult him, at the close of his lecture, if ever I wished for further information or experienced any difficulties. There are about four or five English students here. I am acquainted with but one of them, an amiable young man, a protegé of the Duke of Sussex, who was introduced to me by Professor Blumenbach. We are all in good health, the air agrees perfectly well with all of us; and we like everything except the cooking, which is very bad; so that there is no temptation to excess, I can assure you, in that way.—We have been greatly pleased with Professor Hausmann, to whom Mr. Yates gave me a letter of introduction. He is Professor of Mineralogy, so that he is quite out of my beat. But I am told he is very distinguished in his particular department; and he is certainly one of the most amiable men both in manners and appearance I almost ever saw. He was very intimate both with Heyne and

Niebuhr, and I heard many interesting anecdotes from him relative to both of these eminent men, the other evening, which we spent most agreeably with him and his family. It is quite true that Niebuhr's death was accelerated, if not entirely produced, by the strong hold which the tidings of the Parisian and Belgian revolutions took of his very ardent and excitable imagination, which pictured to itself a long series of social calamities and the retrogradation of civilisation as the consequence of these events. Heyne appears to have been a most estimable and excellent man in all the private relations of life, of immense industry, and indefatigable in his exertions to promote the prosperity and raise the fame of Göttingen. So various were the departments of his labour that, at his death, the offices which he filled were divided among no fewer than six or seven different individuals.—Professor Hausmann is acquainted with many of my friends—the Taylors of London and others—and was in Manchester a year or two ago, when he called on Dr. Henry, but did not find him at home. The way I converse is this; I request my friends to speak to me wholly in German, which I can now almost entirely understand; I make my reply in French and sometimes in English (when the party understands it, which is mostly the case), and then introduce into this current of French or English as much German as my growing knowledge and experience enable me to master. It is unfortunate that we are so large a party constantly speaking English with one another. Had we been in a German

family, which is not the mode of accommodating strangers here, we should have learned to speak much more rapidly.—Pray write to me at your leisure, and tell me of your own health, your own views, undertakings and interests, and everything that is now going on in busy and agitated England, a scene so different from this quiet retreat of the Muses. Give our united kindest regard to all our dear English friends, and to all who may inquire concerning us.

To the Mosley Street Congregation.

Göttingen, November 16, 1834.

My dear Friends,

I promised to write to you once every month; and though I never was fond of letter writing, I can with perfect sincerity assure you that I feel the discharge of this periodical duty, anything but irksome and unpleasant. I am now completely settled for the winter, my time arranged—my studies entered on; and my life as regular and as peaceful as can well be conceived. I will give you first of all a short account of our situation and employments—of our acquaintance here, and of our opinion concerning what we have yet seen of German manners and society. Living here is a good deal cheaper than in England. We have taken a very clean and comfortable lodging, though rather small, consisting of two sitting-rooms, three small chambers, furnished, and with a bed in one of the sitting-rooms, and servant's attendance, for about £8

for six months. We are provided with dinner from an eating-house, which is the usual plan here at lodging-houses in Göttingen, and for the small sum of £1. 7*s* per month, the whole family is plentifully supplied with two or three kinds of meat and vegetables, and some sort of pudding and pastry every day, the charge amounting to about 3*d* per head daily. I mention these slight particulars to point out the very great difference in the expense of living between this country and England. The Session, or, as it is here called, the Semester, of the University, for the winter has commenced. I suppose there may be about seven or eight hundred students in the place; and the number of *ordinary, i.e.,* regular and salaried professors amounts to nearly forty. Besides these there is a considerable number of *extraordinary* professors who have obtained permission from the Government to lecture on their own account; and a still greater number of private teachers in every department of knowledge. Owing to the great encouragement which all the German States give to their Universities, the rivalry between them, and the competition among men of letters and science to obtain situations in them (for a professorship of Germany is looked upon as one of the most honourable posts which a man can fill in society), the standard of exact learning is very high here, and every encouragement and facility is given to the pursuit and communication of knowledge. I cannot better describe this place than by saying that it is really a *working* University—there are no drones

in it, paid for doing nothing. The emoluments of the professors chiefly arise from their exertions, and every one seems to be engaged in good earnest in the pursuit of truth and improvement in his particular department. The library is of very great extent and admirably arranged. The catalogues alone (which are of three kinds, one for entering the recent purchases as they occur, a second alphabetical, and a third classified) occupy one side of a good sized room. The management and superintendence of it provides employment for eight or ten individuals for two or three hours every day. There is the greatest liberality with regard to letting out the books. The strictest form and regularity is observed in doing so, and very properly; an individual is permitted to have many works at a time at his lodgings; I have six or seven at present, and yet I believe the cases are very rare in which books are either lost or injured.—I was present last night at a sitting of the Royal Society of this University. A distinguished member had recently deceased—Tychsen, known as an Oriental scholar all over Europe—and a brief memoir of him was read in Latin by Professor Heeren; and afterwards by the same Professor in German, four short treatises on the earliest mention by ancient writers, and on the earliest introduction into ancient commerce of the following articles, the enumeration of which will amuse you: *Rhubarb, Betel, Opium, and Cashmere Shawls.*—The greater part of all this was lost on me. Heeren's voice is low and indistinct, and, to save time, he read with more than usual rapidity.

After this the Patriarch of the University, and *Vice-President* of the Society (for our King is President), old Professor Blumenbach—more than eighty years of age—gave an account in Latin, in a voice which is still almost stentorian, of the proceedings of the Society for the past year. One part of the business was rather amusing; a prize essay had been proposed in the course of the year; but neither of the attempts that had been made to execute it being deemed worthy of the prize, "Hæc Vulcano tradamus," said the old man, taking hold of the sealed letters which contained the names of the unfortunate competitors, and in the presence of that august assembly they were consigned to the safe keeping of the Lemnian God.

To Rev. Benjamin Carpenter.

Göttingen, December 8th, 1834.

My dear Carpenter,

Thank you most sincerely for your last kind letter, which came most acceptably, along with six others; after we had heard nothing for a long time and were beginning to feel uneasy. But all the communications from dear England were so kind, so friendly, in all respects so truly satisfactory, that we were all put into spirits by them, and have felt better ever since. You will like to know how I am employing my time. I am not idle; and now that I am beginning, I hope permanently and fixedly, to recover my spirits and the tone of my mind, I enjoy more than I can express this

quiet respite from active duty, and cannot be too grateful to my friends for allowing me to enjoy it, or too diligent to make the best use of it, while it is mine. The two subjects to which I chiefly confine my attention (excepting a little of the lighter literature of the Germans, by way of recreation) are Greek history and antiquities, and Ecclesiastical history, both with a practical view to some future plans of my own. I will tell you what lectures I attend, and give you some account, in connection with each, of the professor who delivers them. At eight o'clock every morning (except Sunday) I attend a lecture by Professor Gieseler on Ecclesiastical History. This subject is very much cultivated at the present day in Germany, and in a very learned and philosophical spirit. Neander, of Berlin, a pupil of the late Schleiermacher's, is perhaps the most eminent in this department; two volumes, if not more, of his Ecclesiastical History have been translated into English. I do not know whether you have seen them; if not, they are well worth reading. Some time ago, I read that part of the German work which relates to *Gnosticism*, and was much pleased with the clearness and precision, with which it treated of a very obscure and complicated subject. By the bye, I should tell you that this *Neander*, who is now a very eminent Christian theologian, is a converted Jew—a native of this place, and was here baptized. He took the name Neander on that occasion, in allusion to his change—νεος ανηρ—when he put off the *old* man and put on the *new*. He belongs to the new school of German the-

ology, of which Schleiermacher is usually considered the founder, and the distinguishing peculiarity of which is a reaction against the old *rationalist* school. I have not been able to understand exactly the precise characteristics of this new school; but I apprehend it is marked by a tendency towards what we should call orthodoxy. But *orthodoxy* here is not what it too often is with us. It is learned, tolerant, and comprehensive. But I have forgotten, in this digression, my own teacher, Dr. Gieseler. He stands next in eminence to Neander; and his lectures are very learned, instructive, and perspicuous, both in their arrangement and in their statement of facts. The Germans are exceedingly systematic in their mode of teaching, and proceed entirely by the *synthetic* method. It is this union of logical precision, with the depth and multifariousness of their reading, which gives them such advantage over the French and English in those profound philological and philosophical researches, which have procured them such merited distinction all over Europe. The same method is pursued very nearly by all the professors in handling their several subjects. As a sample, I will describe to you the way in which Gieseler distributed his materials. First, came the definition of the subject—the idea of a *Church* in *general*, and of the *Christian Church* in *particular*. Then followed a view of all the preparatory and accessory branches of knowledge, which are indispensable to the correct study of Ecclesiastical History; afterwards a very full account of what is called the *literature*—what we should

rather call the *bibliography*—of the subject, *i.e.* an account of the sources from which information is to be obtained, with critical notices of their nature and value; and lastly, the whole course was distributed into general and subordinate heads, and minor divisions. The student has thus set before him a general view of the nature and extent of the field on which he is entering, and is prepared to encounter clearly and orderly the several divisions, as they successively occur. Gieseler has published the two first volumes of a very excellent introduction to Ecclesiastical History, which is more than usually valuable from its giving at length in the original language, in the notes, the various passages on which the conclusions in the text are founded; and as these passages are drawn from sources to which many a private student has not access they are of great use to him, as enabling him in many cases to form an independent opinion of his own. In most works the result only is given in the text, and the passages merely referred to. I always write after the Professor during the lecture. I found this at first a difficult task; but I am now able to do it pretty well. After every lecture I compare what I have written with the corresponding section of Gieseler's Introduction.—At eleven I always walk with Hannah and Elizabeth and the children, till dinner-time, which is at twelve; and I have occasionally mounted a fierce-looking white long-tailed horse, which whisks round his tail when he is smitten, in the manner I once described to you—with a sort of rotatory motion on its own axis—and

away I scamper in a pace between a trot and a canter for a mile or two into the country; but on the whole I prefer walking, and I think it does me more good. We have, moreover, the opportunity of hearing every day on the ramparts, between eleven and twelve, a most delightful military band. At half-past one I go to the news-room and get a cup of most excellent coffee for 1½*d*, and read Galignani's Messenger, which contains the pith of all the English papers, so that I know what you are doing in England, and shall be heartily glad when you are well-rid of his Grace.* At two I go to another lecture, on the Archæology of the Old Testament and the History of the Jews, by Professor Ewald. I am exceedingly pleased with Ewald and his lectures.—He was a favourite pupil of the late Eichhorn's, whose department he now fills; and though he has written and done so much, he is not older than myself. Moreover, he is not a *mere* philologist, there is a spirit of philosophy in his lectures, which makes them very interesting—as he converges the various lights of his attainments to illustrate the origin and connection of the manners and institutions of the infancy of mankind. He is remarkably amiable and unaffected in his manners—in countenance a little resembling James Martineau; but with a softer expression. I frequently call on him on a Sunday, when he is disengaged, and find him very kind and communicative. I should much like to have a few lectures *privatissimé* with him; but he is very *chary* of his time. He did us the honour last

* The Duke of Wellington.

night to come and take tea with us. Hannah and Elizabeth were much pleased with him, though he speaks only German or Latin.—Hannah and I have a lesson in German from five to six, and that concludes the business of the day. The regularity, the peacefulness, and the gentle excitement of this kind of life has done me more good than anything else could have done. I am in my element; I feel myself employed in laying up the means of future usefulness; and this consideration is tranquillising, and fitted to make me happy. Pray let us hear very soon of my dear Mother's cough, which always attacks her in the winter. I have left myself very little room. We rely on seeing you and Emily on the Rhine in the summer.

To the Mosley Street Congregation.

Göttingen, January 18th, 1835.

* *—I am sometimes—looking from this quiet retreat upon the great changes that are in preparation among you in England—tempted to wish, if the wish did not seem to imply dissatisfaction with the particular order of events ordained by Providence, that the common mind of our beloved country had been training herself for them by the previous discipline and education of half a century. But nothing of this kind was to be expected from the dominant party; their object was to preserve a monopoly of intellectual light and refinement, and we must be content therefore to

accept our social regeneration on the best terms we can. Our course, however, would have been plainer and smoother had more enlightenment, particularly on moral and religious subjects, been previously diffused through the mass of our population. I see clearly that in the present state of opinion, there will be almost invincible obstacles to many schemes of social improvement in the excessive spirit of sectarianism, prejudice, and bigotry, which subsists among us. Germany, cut up into a number of small feudal states, and crushed by the weight of the two great powers of Prussia and Austria, wants the spirit and the confidence which a sense of national strength and unity inspires, and is at least a century behind England in the course of political freedom and improvement, but she is decidedly before us in the wide diffusion and great accessibility of her means of diffusing a higher education among the people—in the zeal and the pride with which she cherishes in her bosom, as a distinct and highly honoured class, a great number of active and laborious men, whose sole object is the pursuit of truth and the extension of knowledge in all the departments of intellectual exertion—and in that freedom from narrow prejudice, that impartial and truth seeking spirit which characterises her educated classes; and when the day of her political regeneration shall arrive—and arrive it must for her and for all the nations of the earth—it is my belief, that she will reap the benefit of all these things in finding herself furnished with the means of placing the moral and religious education of her popu-

lation on a solid and comprehensive basis, and in being able to effect the changes that may be required without risking the sacrifice of an *intellectual* to a purely *material* civilisation. The Universities are the centres of light and intelligence in Germany; from them the spirit of liberality is diffused through the middle classes, and owing to the great freedom of teaching which up to this time they have generally enjoyed, as well as to the extraordinary zeal with which philosophical and historical studies have been pursued in them, they are well fitted to exert a most powerful influence on the state of public opinion. I have sometimes, when listening to a lecture in which the most important religious and historical questions have been handled with the greatest freedom and impartiality, and, as far as I could perceive, with the sincerest desire to arrive at a true result, almost unconsciously looked round upon the lecture room filled with intelligent young men all busily occupied in recording the facts or the reasonings delivered by the Professor, and secretly rejoiced in the thought that all this could not be without effect for futurity, and that seeds were here being scattered in the ripening minds of the present generation from which, diffused through the various walks of civil or religious life, wherever the German tongue is spoken, a fairer form of moral and intellectual civilisation may be expected to arise. The learned in Germany are very tenacious of that unlimited freedom of teaching which most of their Universities have hitherto pursued, though in some it has been abridged

by the jealousy of the Governments. Göttingen has always enjoyed a most honourable pre-eminence in this respect: a Professor is appointed to a particular department, and he has no other duty than to seek for the truth in it with all the zeal in his power. When the foundation of the University of Berlin was contemplated, the late Schleiermacher, one of the most distinguished men that Germany has produced, wrote a pamphlet on the German Universities, in which he laid particular stress on the perfect freedom of teaching, as the vital point in their constitution. The despotic powers, which are hostile to the political advancement of Germany, are well aware that their danger lies here, and measures for regulating the Universities are, I believe, at this moment under the consideration of the Germanic Diet. God grant that whatever is levelled at the free and unfettered development of the human mind in the pursuit of truth and good may utterly fail of effect, and that the approaching triumph of liberal principles in England—the natal soil of freedom—may aid the same struggling and righteous cause abroad. The same questions of religious liberty, the means of best providing for the moral and spiritual training of the people, and of the connection between Church and State which excite so much interest in England, are rife also here, and I perpetually hear them discussed; and the religious state of our country, the relative position of the Church and the Dissenters, excite no little attention and are frequent subjects of inquiry from me. The Germans embrace every topic

in the universality of their researches—nothing comes amiss or seems foreign to them. I read an Article in a periodical, published at Leipsic, the other day, on the reform of the Church of England, in which the course to be pursued was laid down with as much exactness and zeal as if the author had been a member of it and personally interested in the settlement of the question; and I heard not long ago a really able and impartial lecture on the same subject by Professor Gieseler, in a course which he is now delivering on the Ecclesiastical history of Europe during the last twenty years. I have always stated that I am myself a Dissenter, belonging to the English Presbyterian communion and holding Unitarian opinions, but friendly to such a reform of the Church as would adjust it to the present wants and feelings of society and make it really serviceable in the instruction of the people. The Church of England is in no high repute among the learned theologians of Germany. It is literally true that the mention of "our Episcopal Church," as they call it, almost universally raises a smile on the countenance of the speaker. Its excessive and ill-distributed wealth, its sinecures and pluralities, its rigid and immoveable orthodoxy, its obstinate resistance to the light that should break in upon it from the progress which knowledge and liberality are making in the world, its political character and its close involution with the aristocracy, are subjects of universal censure and astonishment, and not the less so from the remembrance which is here gratefully cherished of the services which it rendered in its

better days to the cause of theology and literature, and from the knowledge of the extraordinary resources which it possesses, if properly applied, for the promotion of the deepest learning. On the other hand, I have not yet met with a single individual, and I have talked with numbers of the purest and most liberal opinions on the subject, who goes the length of that party among the Dissenters in England who would throw the entire support of religion on what is called the voluntary principle. The state of things which exists in America is not in harmony with the feelings of the German mind on the subject of religion; the multiplicity of sects, their zeal about minor points, their contempt of form and authority, and their hostility to each other, are utterly distasteful to the love of repose and social unity, of inward devotion and contemplative seriousness which is so characteristic of the Germans; and although this multiplicity and diversity are a proof of great outward freedom, yet all the Germans with whom I have conversed seem to regard it as a state of things unfriendly to the unbiassed pursuit and candid reception of the truth. In a book of De Wette's which I was recently reading, there is a chapter devoted expressly to this subject. He considers the support of religion by voluntary contributions to be most in accordance with the spirit of religion, and to be the best and worthiest mode when mankind are sufficiently advanced in knowledge and the Christian spirit; but that in the preliminary stages of moral civilisation, facilities must be afforded by

means of endowments for the prosecution of perfectly free inquiry and the support of sound learning, as the basis of a truly comprehensive system of Christian education. The feeling here is that, except where the community is already cultivated and enlightened, the making of a religious teacher entirely dependent on the free contributions of his hearers is unfavourable to the perfect freedom and independence of his conduct, and, especially where sectarian differences exist in the community, may lead him to place undue force on dogmatic distinctions as a means of keeping up the interest and numbers of his own flock. As far as I can judge, what is desired by those who are most solicitous for ecclesiastical reform (and the call for it is strong and increasing and among the most learned men), is to separate religion completely from the State as a political engine (indeed, at present, the connection is much less close and pernicious than with us), to unite all Protestant Churches together by some simple bond of outward communion which may further serve as a tie of national unity, and to regulate the affairs of outward order and discipline, leaving freedom of teaching unrestricted, by district and provincial synods, composed of laymen and clergymen, who should thus represent the general feeling of the community and constitute one great spiritual republic. There are, no doubt, differences of opinion on the subject, but these I believe are the views of Schleiermacher, and these led him to promote with such earnestness the union of the Reformed and the Lutheran Churches;

they are the views of Neander, the celebrated Church historian of Berlin; and they are the same which I have heard expressed by Professor Lücke of this place. The great object of these men is to bring about a national unity by freedom of inquiry and the promotion of sound theological knowledge; and when Schleiermacher towards the close of his life discouraged mooting the question of the removal of the Augsburg Confession in order to make way for some more comprehensive and Scriptural symbol, which he was very severely condemned for doing, I believe the reason of his conduct may be found in the fact that he believed the Theological world was not yet sufficiently advanced towards this national unity to afford any probability of immediate success to the attempt, and that in the meantime he was anxious to promote to the utmost the prosecution of Theological learning and inquiry as the only sure means of ultimately bringing it about. It is an advantage in visiting a foreign country that one is led to see subjects long familiar to the mind in new lights. I give the views which I have here described as faithfully as I can record the impressions which have at different times been made upon me; but you must recollect these are merely the impressions of an individual, within a comparatively narrow circle of observation and intercourse, and who may have misapprehended things which he has heard, and I give them, too, without pronouncing any opinion of my own on their justness. I know no surer way of falling into error than making up one's mind too

hastily and too peremptorily on every point, and on the whole compass and bearing, of a complicated question, especially in its relation to the moral wants of a foreign country. Our expressed opinions at every moment should be exactly proportioned to the extent of our knowledge and the strength of our convictions, and so advancing step by step, we must let the whole truth gradually break in upon the mind. One great distinction between the state of religious feeling in England and Germany is this—that in Germany, the tendency is to union in religion; with us, on the contrary, to ever-increasing *division* and *separation*. If I attempt to account for this difference, I know not whether it will be flattering to my own country;—in Germany the discussion of religious dogmas—of all that is here peculiarly called scientific theology—as opposed to the religion of life and feeling, is left almost wholly in the hands of learned and philosophical men, who know the difficulties which attend them, and learn charity and forbearance from that experience. In England every little sect has a dogma of its own, and is generally positive and intolerant in proportion to its ignorance. The liberal spirit prevalent on religious subjects in this country extends beyond the limits of the Protestant Church. Two Catholic clergymen are at this day among the most learned cultivators of Theology in Germany. I must mention another instance of this spirit which lately came to my knowledge. A book of practical religion called *Andachtstunden—Hours of Devotion* (I believe Mr. Robberds has

it), has had perhaps an unparalleled circulation among all classes of readers in Germany. It is written in the most Catholic spirit, adapted to Christians of every communion, by insisting only on those points which are common to all believers and which constitute the power and comfort of their common faith in Christ. The work was published in weekly numbers at Aarau in Switzerland, and for a long time the author was unknown, but it has since been found that he was a Roman Catholic clergyman who died lately in the Canton of Freyburg. What do our English Protestants mean when they assert that there is no Christianity in Catholicism? Not that I mean to assert that the difference between it and Protestantism is not important, or is to be overlooked either in controversy or in practice. It is to be remarked, that in the efforts which Schleiermacher and others have made to bring about a national unity in religion, they did not recognise any authority in Government to decree a religion for the people, but rather aided to produce it by first creating, through the diffusion of knowledge and the reception of first principles, a general agreement among the people themselves respecting essentials: the union was to be effected not by a compulsory force from *above* but by a voluntary consent from *below*, so that it should be the natural expression of the unity of the national mind. The view is original and deserves consideration.

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Göttingen, Feb. 16*th*, 1835.

My dear Sir,

I hope you have not considered me too slow in thanking you for the very valuable letters of introduction, which have opened to me a most agreeable and instructive intercourse with several of the Professors of Göttingen. Before I wrote to you, I wished to have seen enough of the University to be able to form some opinion of it, as also to furnish, if possible, any information as to what is now doing here, and elsewhere in Germany, in history and ancient literature that might be interesting to you. In the course of the fifteen years that have elapsed since you were here, Göttingen has lost some distinguished names.—Eichhorn, and in the course of the present semester, Tychsen, of whom I have heard Heeren read a Latin memoir in one of the meetings of the Royal Society, with a copy of which he has since presented me. Nevertheless, their place has been supplied by some men whose established, or rising, reputation fully sustains the ancient character of Göttingen for deep and accurate learning. I presume Ottfried Müller may be placed foremost amongst these. I attend two of his courses, on Greek Antiquities and on Pindar. At first, I was mortified to find that I had more difficulty in following him than any of the Professors, owing to the thickness of his utterance, and the fire and rapidity of his delivery; but that difficulty has now vanished, and I have great interest in listening to him. His prelections discover a most

extensive range of literature; if any thing, they are rather too detailed for the general student. I have, however, derived a great deal of instruction and many new ideas from them. His view of Grecian history is very interesting. Considering Grecian civilization to have been purely of native growth, he regards its history as the most complete image which the world has yet seen of the progressive unfolding and perfection of a national existence within itself, and through the organic exercise, if I may so express myself, of its inherent powers—and therefore a noble and instructive subject of philosophical contemplation. Though the semester is now two-thirds over, we have not advanced further than the ninth Olympian Ode, and I fear we shall only just reach the Pythian. The time till Christmas was wholly occupied with an Introduction to Pindar, and the choral poetry of the Greeks. Heeren I do not hear, as he only reads on Statistics this semester. His reputation has a little declined, and Dahlmann, who reads on Politics and Modern History and succeeded Sartorius, has greatly diminished the number of his hearers. I have not heard of anything new in the department with which you are now more immediately engaged, Egyptian history and antiquities. I am not aware that it is a subject occupying the attention of any of the Professors here at present. You probably know that a new edition of Herodotus is now coming out at Leipsic, of which, I believe, three volumes have already appeared, under the care of Bachr of Heidelberg. The application was first made

to Creuzer, but not being willing to undertake the task himself he handed over the collections he had made illustrative of Herodotus to Baehr. I have seen the first volume of the work in the Library. The editor states in the preface, that it has been his object to employ the researches of modern travellers and antiquarians, in order to throw light on the text of his author,—in which respect I presume his object and yours are the same. In his notes on the second book, he frequently refers to Ritter's *Erdkunde*, of which I have heard Professor Hausmann speak, as the best work on Geography that has yet appeared. Ritter is Professor of Geography at Berlin, and only those parts of his work which treat of Africa and Asia have yet been published.—Ottfried Müller has just published a second edition of his *Handbuch der Archæologie der Kunst*, in which he has brought down the literature of Egyptian Art to the close of the year 1833, and in which he says, in his preface, that, up to that period, he has consulted and used every work on Archæology, the knowledge of which had reached Göttingen. Heeren still continues his favourite researches into ancient trade and commerce. He very kindly gave me to-day two Dissertations read before the Society, which have been printed—One, "*De Ceylone Insula per viginti fere secula communi terrarum mariumque australium emporio*,"—the other, "*Commercia urbis Palmyræ, etc. mon. et inscrip. illustrata*."—One of the most rising men here in Oriental literature, and who fills the chair once occupied by Eichhorn, is Ewald. He is quite young,

but has already acquired a high reputation by what he has written on the Sanscrit, the Arabic, and the Hebrew. He has just published the second edition of his smaller Hebrew Grammar, which, I am told, decidedly surpasses that of Gesenius. A young Englishman here of the name of Nicholson, is about to translate it into English. I attend Ewald's lectures on the Archæology of the Old Testament. His matter is interesting and instructive,—but his voice and mode of delivery are very bad. A lecture of Gieseler's, who succeeded Planck, on Ecclesiastical History every morning,—and of Lücke's, who succeeded Staüdlinn, four afternoons in the week on the *Kritik* and *Hermeneutik* of the New Testament, complete with those I have already mentioned, the circle of my academic engagements. Lücke is a follower and great admirer of Schleiermacher. He is a very amiable, gentlemanlike man, but I do not particularly admire him as a lecturer. He is decidedly opposed to the old rationalist school of Eichhorn and Paulus; but what his own views are on the subject of supernaturalism I do not know. It is singular enough that Schleiermacher is claimed by both parties as their own. I suppose he belonged to neither. The idea has sometimes floated dimly across my mind, without being very distinctly defined—that the distinction between the *rationalists* and those who, without being *supernaturalists* in our English sense of the term, are yet *anti*-rationalists, is somewhat akin to that which separates the old *pragmatic* mythologists from such historical investigators as

Niebuhr. The intimate connection, the moral sympathy, if I may so say, which subsists between the common and the miraculous narratives of the Gospel, renders it a hopeless task to think of separating one from the other by a mere act of critical dissection, which was Eichhorn's method,—or by the equally fruitless and still less rational attempt of Paulus to explain away the miraculous into the natural. The two elements have grown up together,—they draw their vitality from a common root,—and must have had their origin in a common point of view; the real difficulty of the case —the real question to be decided—is whether we must look for that origin in a simply *historical*, or in a deeper *psychological* source. I do not presume myself to form an opinion; I have not the data on which to ground it; and the hint itself, which I should not venture to express except to one who has thought long and deeply on these subjects, I throw out with extreme diffidence and caution. It is certainly remarkable to notice to what an extent in some Christian sects, the spirit of pure mythology has modified the historical groundwork of Christianity. In some of the Gnostic systems, for example, the historical reality of Christ's character is almost sublimed away into a mere abstraction. Could we not confront these systems with the pure Gospel, we should almost doubt whether such a being had ever really existed. Professor Thilo of Halle, has announced a work on the mythology of Christianity.—Before I return home I hope to be able to spend a little time at Bonn, and to hear Welcker and Brandis. We leave

Göttingen, and with sincere regret, at the end of the semester, and shall probably visit Leipsic and Dresden on our way back to the Rhine. Should you find time to write me a line, or to charge me with any commission here or at Bonn, it will be a great pleasure to me to hear from you, or to do anything for you. We are all quite well, my wife, sister, and children enjoying themselves; and for myself I cannot be too grateful for the privilege I have enjoyed of spending some time in Germany. We have found most agreeable society in the families of Blumenbach, Hausmann, and Rehberg, the well known political and philosophical writer who has come to close his career in Göttingen.

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Göttingen, February 23rd, 1835.

My dear Sir,

I avail myself of a private communication with England to send you another line. My reason for troubling you again is, that on calling to mind the hasty suggestion which I threw out at the close of my last letter, I fear I may so have expressed myself, for the letter was written at the close of the day when I was tired, as to give you a false impression of my own opinion on the subject. I was struck with the fact, that there seemed to be now a party in Germany, opposed to the old Rationalist School, without however, adopting that form of Supernaturalism which is almost universally embraced by believers in England.

From intimations which I had noticed in the writings of Schleiermacher and De Wette, I had imagined I could perceive in the form of their objections to the attempts made by Paulus and Eichhorn, to explain away the miraculous in the Christian history—something analogous to the reasonings by which the modern investigator of the connection between history and mythology has demonstrated the absurdity of the old fashioned *pragmatismus*. I have fancied since I wrote, that I may have left on your mind an impression that the views of the former writers, De Wette, &c., if I conceive them right, are satisfactory to my own mind. But that is not the fact. Sometimes in the course of inquiry, and with the ever shifting views that present themselves to the mind, one throws out suggestions hastily, at least I am too conscious of doing it, without thinking that perhaps they will be taken for our own deliberate opinion. Without denying that I feel some *historical* difficulties in the subject of miracles, though *logically* I feel none, (as who that believes in the universality of the divine agency, can feel?) my own conviction founded upon such knowledge as I at present possess, decidedly leads me to embrace every part of the Gospel narrative, the miraculous as well as the common, as an authentic historical whole, which alone satisfactorily explains the origin of the existence, the form and the present agency of Christianity. There seems to me less difficulty in this supposition than in any attempt, which I have yet seen, to separate, or explain away, the miraculous. Perhaps, with the pro-

gress of knowledge and inquiry, the general agency of the miraculous in the earlier stages of the moral civilization of mankind will receive a more complete elucidation than it has yet done. For myself, I am willing to leave the miraculous of Christianity in the obscurity in which it lies, not venturing to reject it, but taking it with awe, from its connection with the unspeakably excellent and glorious doctrines with whose earliest development it is so mysteriously interwoven. It is hardly, however, at the present day a perfect and final proof of the truth of Christianity, which must rest, I am inclined to think, on our inward sense of its adaptation to our moral and spiritual wants.—In Gnosticism, we certainly do see a most extraordinary development of a purely mythological spirit out of the historical basis of primitive Christianity. The idea has sometimes struck me that a careful study of these Gnostic systems might throw light on the psychological laws of mythology—as showing by what process, in certain states of intellectual and moral culture, the human mind blends and modifies pure historical elements into the form of a Mythus. The process, from its commencement, is in this case laid open to view. In all other cases, we have only one part of the process,—we have the *Mythic* development without the *historic* germ,—and we try, if possible, to find our way back through the intricacies of the *former* to something like a faint revival of the *latter*. I think Müller in his Prolegomena compares *scientific* mythology to a bridge, connecting the *mythos* with a *fact*. Now, have

we not in the history of Gnosticism the entire structure before our eyes—the pure historical fact in the original records of the Evangelists, and the final mythic development expanded in the systems of Bardesanes, Valentinus, and others? And may not the course which the human mind has followed in these mythological workings, throw light on the tendencies in other cases, when the entire process is not equally revealed,—especially as it was a heathen impulse that gave occasion to this metamorphosis of Christianity? Such a fancy has occasionally crossed my mind, but perhaps this, like many similar fancies which occur to unlearned men, would vanish away when it came to be tested by the accurate historical knowledge and philology of Germany. It would have more chance of succeeding in France. I do not know whether assistance could be afforded to such an inquiry by Neander's *Genetische Entwickelung der Gnostichen Systeme*, which I know only by name.—Excuse my having troubled you a second time with such speculations, and believe me, with the sincerest respect and obligation, very faithfully yours.

To the Mosley Street Congregation.

Göttingen, April 3rd, 1835.

Dear Friends,

This is the last letter which I shall write to you from Göttingen: on Monday we set out on our circuitous journey to Bonn, in the course of which we hope to

pass through and see something of Leipsig, Dresden, Frankfort, and some other places of celebrity.—The semester at Bonn opens at the beginning of May. It will be a particular gratification and advantage to me to be able to hear some of the eminent Professors in that University, and the more so as from my now greatly improved health and spirits (which our returning journey will further improve), I shall be able to derive much greater pleasure and benefit from them than I could have done at an earlier period. Those of my friends are greatly mistaken who think that complete leisure and inaction is what I want: moderate and regular occupation, with the grateful excitement which arises from the consciousness of increasing knowledge, and the prospect of extended means of future usefulness, contributes more than anything else to fix a calm cheerfulness on my mind, and through my mind to act at once beneficially on my body. Should it be convenient to you, I will tell you at once that I should wish to spend the summer months in Bonn, and to return to you in the course of September. * * * One of the objects which I proposed to myself in visiting Germany was to have an opportunity of witnessing with my own eyes the actual working of the moral civilization of a people of whose enlightened and liberal views in speculative theology (notwithstanding my dissent from them in some particulars) I had previously formed a very favourable opinion. I had the means of partially gratifying this wish by taking an excursion with a friend a few Sundays ago into the country, in

order to visit a rural clergyman, who had been a fellow student of his in Göttingen, and to see what is meant by the proverbial expression here current of "God's word in the country." The village that we visited is five or six miles south of Göttingen, and is called *Galliehausen*, remarkable both for its picturesque situation at the foot of two parallel and similar hills, called from this circumstance the *Gleichen, i.e.* the like or the pair, each beautifully crowned with wood, and with the ruins of an ancient castle—and also as having been for some time the residence of the poet Bürger, who was *Amtmann* or district magistrate of the place. We were singularly fortunate in our day. It was the first of March, and almost the only clear and dry Sunday that we have had since our residence in Göttingen. We set out about half past six, the morning was beautifully fresh and bright, and the air so pure and sharp that we found exercise extremely agreeable, and our spirits lively and cheerful. Passing the Observatory, which is a handsome building just without the walls, we soon quitted the high road and struck across the fields. The aspect of the scenery was quite different from England. The eye wandered over an unbroken expanse of country, without either hedges or stone walls, diversified only by a difference of colour according as it was occupied by corn land or pasture; and at this time of the year it was generally of a dusky brown, except where the crops of wheat and rye, which had been sown in the autumn, were springing green from the soil. Here and there might be seen straying

over the unenclosed slopes, large flocks of sheep, or, less picturesque, large herds of swine, tended by a solitary keeper and his dog. The small stream of the Leine winds through the bottom of the wide vale in which Göttingen is situated, and gave a pleasing variety to the prospect. Behind us was the town itself, with its girdle of ramparts and trees, and its tall and antique towers, rising sharp and clear in the unclouded brightness of a morning sky; the nearer heights were clothed with wood; the remoter distance shut in by mountains on which the snows of winter were still lingering; and scattered over the extended surface were a number of compact villages (for you see few solitary farm houses) clustering close round the lowly spire, which rose with a sort of maternal air in the midst of them. The forests in this part of Germany form a very characteristic feature in the scenery. As the fuel is chiefly of wood, the care of them constitutes a very important part of social economy. The town of Göttingen possesses extensive forests within its jurisdiction, besides those which belong to the crown. These woods are placed under the superintendence of particular officers, who regulate the felling of the timber and the planting of fresh trees, and who follow this employment as a distinct profession, in the principles of which they are regularly educated. *Forstwissenschaft*, or Forest Science, forms in this University, and I suppose for a similar reason in others also, as regular a subject of academic instruction, with a distinct professorship attached to it, as mining and

mineralogy. A son of one of the professors here, with whom I am acquainted, is a forester in the sense I have explained, in the service of the Hanoverian Government, and wears a particular uniform to mark his profession. These are some of those slight circumstances which indicate a state of society distinct from our own. The first village we passed was *Geismar*, which chiefly deserves notice, as being the residence of many Jews, for not more than two Jewish families are permitted to reside in the town of Göttingen itself. This species of intolerance manifested by the Christian Germans to their Jewish brethren, is one of those strange anomalies in human character, which one is puzzled to explain, and can only be compared with the exclusive and tyrannical spirit which is evinced by democratical America towards her black population. Taken in general, I should say that the Germans are the most liberal and candid on subjects of religion, and have the least of bigotry and sectarianism of any people really caring for religion (which the Germans certainly do) that I ever conversed with. Even the orthodox, from whom I have never concealed my religious views, express themselves with a liberality, and with an allowance for the difficulties of the subject and for conscientious differences of opinion, which is not usual among the more sharply defined sectarian distinctions which prevail in England. And yet the most amiable and enlightened men seem incapable of bringing themselves to the admission of the right of the Jews to emancipation from civil disabilities. They do

not indeed put this on religious grounds, and perhaps the very men who are unwilling to recognize in the Jew an equal fellow-citizen, would have no doubt of his final salvation, if sincere and upright, from the mercies of the common Father. In Germany the Christians look upon the Jews, not as a particular religious persuasion, but as a distinct nation, having interests and tendencies opposed to those of the people in the bosom of which they are domesticated. It is *civil* jealousy, and not *religious* prejudice, which refuses to acknowledge the civil equality of the Jews. As is always the case, those habits of meanness and unfair dealing which are themselves the fruit of oppression and exclusion are quoted by a strange *non sequitur*, even by enlightened men, as a powerful reason for not changing the system by which they are produced. Still, it is remarkable that some very eminent men of the present day in Germany have been Jews. The first physician in Hanover at the present time was a Jew; so was Neander, the friend of Schleiermacher, and now professor of Ecclesiastical history in Berlin. So were Meier and Bernhardy, now professors in Halle, of whom the former has written very learnedly on the Athenian modes of Judicature, and the latter is distinguished as a very accurate Greek grammarian, and is superintending the reprint of Gaisford's edition of Suidas. Notwithstanding the civil disabilities under which the Jews labour in Germany, it is nevertheless true, that the general liberality and tolerance, and the wide diffusion of theological learning and enlightened

religious views which exists in this country, have done more for the conversion of the Jews, and have drawn a larger number of really respectable and intelligent men into the bosom of Christianity than our Societies for the same object, patronized as they are by the pious and the great, and recommended by annual reports and zealous harangues from the pulpit and the platform. The Germans have no notion of accomplishing such objects by speech-making;—that is a marked difference between their national character and our own; whatever they effect is by books and the quiet circulation of the enlightened influences of their Universities. But then they have not our political freedom, our social life and activity; so we must set one thing against another, and not look for *optimism* anywhere—the great lesson which an extended acquaintance with the world teaches us. But I have wandered from my subject, and forgotten we had just reached the summit of the hill which hid Göttingen and its broad valley from our view. A new and more varied prospect now opened upon us. To our right was an eminence with the ruins of a watch tower, that had been erected in the thirty years' war; and before us lay a wooded valley out of which issued the tinkling of the village bells for the early service of the church, towards which we saw a few parties slowly winding their way along the sides of the hill. We soon after passed an ancient patrimonial domain belonging to our own royal family; and after traversing a great variety of hill and dale and woodland, we at length

reached the place of our destination, and proceeded to the pastor's dwelling. He was in the porch to meet us, and to greet his old college companion whom he had not seen for two or three years. On meeting, the two friends kissed each other on both cheeks, and we then went into his study, where we partook of some refreshment before church. I found the clergyman a worthy and learned man. His own appearance, and that of his wife and children, were plain and almost rustic, though his conversation at once announced the man of education and taste; and the furniture of his room was of the plainest description. I was told he had done much good since he came to the parish, particularly by his attention to the catechetical instruction of the children, a part of their duty to which many of the Lutheran pastors pay very great attention. The church was well filled; the women seated below, the men in the gallery—and the attention marked and deep. The discourse was earnest and practical, addressed very much to the sentiment and heart, and many of its illustrations were drawn from natural objects and events, with which the audience from their usual habits might be supposed to be familiar. He told me a great part of his ordinary preaching consisted in the exposition of scripture. This is much attended to in many of the churches in this part of Germany. One of the most exemplary and respected clergymen in Göttingen always introduces the lesson from the Gospel and Epistle for the day by a short expository statement of its contents. My friend, the rural pastor, told me that in the examina-

tion of candidates for the church before the consistory, very little importance was attached to doctrine in comparison with the interpretation of the Scriptures and Ecclesiastical history, in which the candidates are very minutely examined. I was convinced, from conversation with him, that it is no slight advantage even for a country pastor to be a man of superior education, and not merely from the more refined influence which he is thus enabled to exert on the minds of his hearers, but also from the internal resources which such an education affords to the clergyman himself. On the shelves of this country clergyman, whose salary from all its various sources did not exceed £100 per annum, I saw the works of Plato and Demosthenes, and the most eminent productions of theology and philosophy. Plato and the New Testament, he told me, were the chief studies he pursued; and he also told me he had found his mind greatly improved and enlarged by the writings of Schleiermacher. I found his own opinions were decidedly anti-trinitarian and un-Calvinistic. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Trinitarianism, so far at least as the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit is concerned, is very generally given up by the most learned divines in Germany.

To Rev. B. Carpenter.

Bonn, May 4th, 1835.

* * I think this was all I had to say about business, except to thank you, my dear brother, for the trouble

you have had in the matter—for your affectionate interest in all our family concerns, and for the great kindness and sympathy I have experienced from you during the last melancholy twelve months, which I trust have now, with all their consequences, for ever passed away. I should not be honest if I did not acknowledge that I have been, and still am occasionally, depressed at the remembrance of all the vacillations and perplexities through which my mind has passed, and which my conduct has exhibited during the past year; and not less so now, when the excitement has subsided, and I begin to see things in their natural and proper light. My weakness has arisen from an over susceptible and exaggerated imagination, and from that conflict of views and tendencies which springs out of the natural disposition of my mind (for which I claim no merit, but consider it to be rather an infirmity than an excellence) to see questions in every various point of view, and to admit without hesitation every collateral light which breaks in upon them. The consciousness of such a tendency ought to have restrained me from acting as I did, and I have paid the bitter penalty of a want of self-knowledge. No evil is, however, without its good; pray for me, dear brother, as I often do for myself, that all which I have felt and suffered may work a salutary and chastening effect on my mind and character—that I may come out of it a calmer, wiser, and better man, and that the sincere desire, which I am conscious of entertaining as deeply and fervently as ever, to serve my fellow-creatures, according to my

measure of strength and ability, in the search after truth, and in the dissemination of right views and useful knowledge, may not be deprived of its effects by any errors and vacillations into which I may have been betrayed. But enough of this—let me turn to a more agreeable topic. Nothing affords me more heartfelt pleasure, than the prospect of seeing you and the dear girls, Emily and Margaret, in the course of a few months—we are truly glad that the latter is to be of your party. I rejoice that your release from your school at Midsummer will enable you to make your plans and ours exactly fit. I have asked permission of my flock to remain during the summer semester at Bonn. We have obtained apartments, two very comfortable sitting-rooms and two bedrooms, in the house of Professor Brandis, the brother-in-law of Professor Hausmann of Göttingen and the friend of Schleiermacher and Niebuhr. His house is very beautifully situated on a bank commanding the Rhine and the magnificent crag of Drachenfels. They will themselves quit their home on a visit to the Professor's father in Copenhagen at the beginning of August, so that when you come to us there will be room in the house for us to accommodate you, and I hope we may spend several days together there before we set out on our journey homewards. I wish to reach Manchester ten or twelve days before the end of September.

To the Mosley Street Congregation.

Bonn, July 28, 1835.

Beloved Friends,

The time is now rapidly drawing on when I hope to see you all again, and I can truly assure you that the lengthened period of my absence has only increased my attachment to you, and at times my spirit almost yearns to be once more in the peaceful scene of former duties, and to receive again the greeting of dear valued friends, not estranged from me I am persuaded any more than I am from them by our long separation from each other, and to resume those duties and pursuits in which I hope henceforth peacefully and usefully to wear out my days. I will briefly describe our present situation in Bonn, and then state as clearly and simply as I can the general impression left on my mind by what I have seen of the moral and religious institutions of Germany, and how far, or whether at all, this may have affected any opinion which I previously entertained. Bonn belongs to Prussia, and the University was founded as late as the year 1819. The former palace of the ancient Electors of Cologne, a noble and spacious building, has been applied to the uses of the University, and furnishes a great number of commodious lecture rooms, halls, galleries for casts, &c., and a long suite of rooms nearly filled by a continually accumulating library. About a quarter of a mile from this building, which was the winter residence of the Elector, is a small

edifice which was his summer abode, and which is connected with the former by a double avenue of chesnuts, affording a most agreeable walk, and a month ago clothed with a splendid profusion of blossoms. The summer palace is also applied to the purposes of the university; here are the collections of mineralogy and natural history; here some of the professors reside and have their lecture-rooms, and at the back, shut in by the ancient moat, is the botanical garden. There are some teachers of great eminence at Bonn, though for industry and learning I think it inferior to Göttingen. Schlegel, the celebrated translator of our *Shakspeare* into German, is here, and once a week I attend a lecture of his on the early Roman History. Like some other great men, he loses a little on a nearer approach,—being vain and coxcombical almost to the ludicrous, though he is now considerably advanced in years. He is distinguished by his knowledge of the Sanscrit, which is now very diligently studied in many of the German Universities, and has published, or is publishing, some important works in that language. One of the most amiable and excellent, and perhaps one of the most learned Professors in this University, is the gentleman in whose house we are residing—Professor Brandis. He lectures on Logic and moral Philosophy, and is particularly well versed in the history of ancient Philosophy, on which he is preparing a work, the first volume of which will shortly appear. He was the intimate friend of Schleiermacher and Niebuhr, two of the most eminent men that Germany

has produced, and to the latter when he was Ambassador at Rome from the Court of Berlin, was Chargé-d'affaires. His house is beautifully situated in the midst of gardens and vineyards, and commands a delightful view of the Drachenfels and the adjoining mountains. We are also acquainted in Bonn with a very agreeable person, the grandson of the celebrated Mendelsohn, the contemporary and friend of Lessing and Lavater, who you know was called the Jewish Socrates. His grandson is a person of some property and lives very genteelly (we spent yesterday evening with him), but being fond of literature and science, he employs himself as a private teacher, and lectures on ancient and modern geography in the university. Here is one of the many proofs which Germany affords of the love of knowledge for its own sake; we do not often hear in England of a gentleman of independent fortune taking up the occupation of a teacher from the pure love of acquiring and communicating knowledge. And now a word or two upon the moral and intellectual condition of Germany, so far as the means of forming a judgment upon it have been afforded me. There is an old proverb—"All is not gold that glitters," and from what I can here learn, in Prussia, though still entitled to great praise for the zeal with which she has promoted the cause of popular education, the course and the mode of instruction are too much directed to political ends: this remark applies to education, science, and religion. At the conclusion of the war, when the French were expelled

from Germany, a great enthusiasm was excited throughout the nation in favour of all that was liberal and enlightened and calculated to advance the great work of national regeneration, and particularly to encourage the love of truth and scientific inquiry for their own sake. The best men of Germany, —Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, the two Humboldts and others, joined with ardour in the great undertaking, and a brighter day was thought to be dawning on Germany. The University of Berlin was founded shortly before, and that of Bonn shortly after the time to which I have referred, and the whole system of national education was revised and re-organised, placed on a better footing, and committed to the charge of a superior class of men. In the Universities, philosophy, theology, and all branches of learning which have no distinct bearing on practical life, began to be cultivated with the greatest zeal,—and science for itself alone was thought a worthy object for the pursuit of a whole life. But by degrees, the Government began to entertain some fears from this unlimited freedom of inquiry, and to look with great suspicion on philosophy and this free unshackled theology,—and the close political union which was formed between Prussia, Austria, and Russia strengthened the first in these anti-liberal tendencies. A Professor told me the other day that this had had a very unfavourable influence on the pursuits of science, and on the character of the young men who frequent the Universities. All associations among the young men

which can be even suspected of having any political tendency are strictly forbidden, and the expression of a liberal and high minded opinion is sure to throw an obstacle in the way of future advancement; and in the same degree that such moral and intellectual reunions are discountenanced, dissipation and debauchery are not only connived at, but even viewed with some degree of favour as indicating a course of life, which is likely to break the force of a truly independent and liberal spirit. This is almost verbally what one of the most eminent men in this University, himself by no means an ultra-liberal, told me a few days ago. Philosophy and literature are looked on with less favour than those studies which have a directly practical tendency and prepare for some public employment, because the former are thought more likely to excite liberal modes of thought, while the latter keep the mind in one beaten and mechanical track. Perhaps it may be for this reason that the examinations for entering into any profession or any employment under Government, have been made of late additionally strict, so that a man's whole time and thoughts are occupied in preparing for them. This has certainly had an unfavourable influence on the pursuit of liberal studies, whatever may have been the intention of those who introduced the change; and the fact seems to be notorious and generally admitted, let the cause be what it may, that the taste for science and philosophy, as such and without any regard to ulterior objects, is rather declining in the Universities.

I heard complaints of this even at Göttingen, those Professors whose subject had no immediate practical bearing on life having fewer hearers than formerly. With the German character, in general, I am greatly pleased—the manners of the people are singularly amiable and domestic, their pleasures simple and their dispositions kind and affectionate. They have not the decision and energy of the English character; but are contemplative, quiet, averse to violent change and great cherishers of ancient and historical recollections. I also think there is a great deal of silent religious feeling and conviction in the depth of their characters. In regard to religion, the tendency is very different from what exists in England. Quite independent of any outward or practical influence which may be supposed to attach the people to one dominant Church, there is a great aversion among them to our sectarian divisions; they would rather, if it be possible, be united than separate. They wish to find in their religion a bond of national unity and peace—each individual having his own personal convictions, without therefore refusing to worship with those who may think differently. I think I may have mentioned in former letters that there is just now, especially in Prussia, a sort of re-action towards orthodoxy. This may be partly the effect of the extreme to which rationalist principles were carried in the last generation; but I believe fashion and politics have something to do with it. The King of Prussia, whether from conviction or because he thinks it politic, or from

both influences combined, chooses to profess, and to patronise orthodoxy; the surest way to rise and obtain Court favour is to make a display of this orthodoxy; hence church-going and evangelism, especially, I am told, in Berlin, are quite in vogue; and the last most popular school of philosophy—that of Hegel, seems to have enjoyed the favour of the court from its being thought well-fitted to promote the same views. The most respectable and enlightened divines and theologians thoroughly despise this prostitution of religion, and I think it is continually strengthening in their minds a conviction that religion ought to have nothing to do with government and politics, and that both are injured by the union. This opinion, which is sometimes thought peculiar to our English Nonconformists, is very widely diffused in Germany. The freedom and independence of the Church is a point on which the most excellent writers and many of the most eminent clergymen and professors lay the greatest stress. Neander of Berlin, Professors Nitzsch and Bleek of Bonn, are all of opinion (I have heard both the latter say so in conversation) that there should be no political connection whatever between Church and State. Indeed, I should not be honest if I did not say, that all which I have seen and all which I have heard in Germany, when I come now quietly to consider the general result of the various impressions made upon me, has decidedly confirmed and strengthened me in the conviction of the truth of the most extended principles of religious liberty, and that any direct interference

on the part of Government and legislature in such a concern as religion, however unavoidable it may seem for a time, is an evil which ought to be abolished as soon as ever society is ripe for the change. The difficulties which seem to offer themselves in regard to such a change in England, exist in a far less degree in Germany. In the first place, the Church has no great wealth, and what there is, is pretty equally distributed, and attached in moderate portions to the churches scattered over the country; secondly, there are Universities dispersed over the land, easily accessible to persons of all classes, which put the very best theological and philosophical instruction within ready reach, send out really learned divines and well furnished preachers at very little cost to disperse themselves among the different churches in the country; the professors are generally zealous and assiduous, and many of the students whom I have the pleasure of knowing, are intelligent, studious, and serious young men, who seem to follow their profession from the love of it. This remark applies to several Swiss with whom I happen to be acquainted. Thirdly, there are not in Germany the sectarian divisions that we have in England, but the Protestant Church forms one great whole, united in discipline and outward form, connected by a common bond of interest, and in which the richer districts and churches can easily aid the poorer and more distant. Thus the three great difficulties which are constantly started in England, and have certainly great practical weight, have compara-

tively little force here. The remoter and poorer districts are closely connected with the richer and more populous; the means of a learned education and theological instruction are universally provided, and the cultivation of theology as a science secured in the Universities, and there is none of that sectarian spirit which is such a hindrance to great national efforts with us. The present constitution of the Lutheran Church is for the most part consistorial,—the consistories forming the link which unites Church and State, and from which all regulations affecting the former proceed. The abolition of these consistories, and the substitution of a synodal constitution, or, in fact, Presbyterianism, in which the controlling power of the discipline of the Church should be placed in the hands of laymen and divines united, without any dependence on Government, would effect the separation of Church and State, and give the Church the independency which is desired, and this state of things is what the most liberal and excellent men wish to see introduced. All this is very well, but my own mind still clings to the Independent form of Church government, as what is most consistent with the principles of religious liberty, and best for religion when society is prepared to adopt it. Pray let me hear tidings of you all very soon, it is now very long since I have heard. The last twelvemonth has rolled over me like a dream. I feel that morning is approaching. O, may I awake in peace and happiness, and find myself where I once loved to be, in the midst of peaceful duties, and in the bosom

of beloved friends! We are all well. Ever believe me, dearest, kindest friends, your affectionate and devoted Pastor.

To the Mosley Street Congregation.

Bonn, August 25, 1835.

My dear Friends,

This is the last letter which I shall write to you before seeing you all again. It must necessarily be short, and will chiefly consist in assuring you that I feel now in firmer health and better spirits than I have ever been since I left home, and that I return with the most cheerful and confident expectation of making myself more active and useful among you than ever. I will only say once for all, that whatever gloom and disquietude may for a time have rested on my mind has now completely passed away, and that my habitual feelings are quiet, cheerful and serene—what they ought to be, to pursue my studies with any chance of success, and what I firmly believe they will henceforth permanently continue to be. Accept my grateful acknowledgments, once more, for all your past and present kindness, and for those repeated expressions of your attachment and regard which have been such a source of comfort to me during our long period of separation, and be assured that I shall rejoice to evince my deep sense of what I have experienced from you, by exerting myself with renewed zeal and activity to promote your comfort, improvement and happiness.

—My great object will now be, to devote myself zealously to the duties of a Christian minister, and to join heartily with you in every effort to extend the usefulness and promote the interests of our society, in subserviency to the great ends for which Christian worshippers meet together. With this view I wish in the first place, to commence a more full and systematic course of religious instruction for the younger, and also for the more advanced members of the Congregation. The difficulty I have always felt has been that of a sufficiently exact classification, and of a proper distribution of the subject. I feel that something more is wanted than the mere catechetical instruction which is given to children, and those general views and practical exhortations, or occasionally doctrinal discussions, which form the usual subject-matter of sermons. In particular, the grounds and evidences of religion, the history and authority of our sacred books, and the nature and value of Christianity,—it appears to me of great importance, to set forth clearly and systematically before the members of a Congregation, and in a more methodical manner than is practicable within the limits of a sermon. Yet I have often thought that lectures on what are called the Evidences of Christianity are too generally dry and unsatisfactory,—since they pre-suppose in many cases knowledge which is not possessed, plunge the mind at once into questions for which it is wholly unprepared, mix history, metaphysics, criticism, and morals, most confusedly together, and thus oftentimes create doubts where none

previously existed, and excite more difficulties than they remove. The plan which I have long thought of, and which with your concurrence I wish to carry into execution during the ensuing winter and spring is this —first to form a class of quite young persons, say from eight to ten or twelve years of age, for instruction in the elements of religion before the morning service, in the method that I have been accustomed to pursue; and *then* after the service, to deliver a short lecture, not exceeding half an hour in length, to as many members of the Congregation as may wish to attend, on the *History of Revelation.* I have long thought that Christianity, and revealed Religion in general, may be most clearly and satisfactorily explained and vindicated —*historically*, and though the title or description of my course, which I have given above, does not quite please me, yet it conveys perhaps my general idea as correctly as any which I can just now think of. My idea is to give an historical view of the origin, progress, and development of the Religions which we are accustomed to regard as of Divine authority, together with a view of the successive changes and gradual modifications which they have undergone in their outward form and character during the course of human affairs, and in the evolution of the plans of Providence; beginning with some general views of the nature and essence of religion—what we must look for in the evidences of its truth and authority, and then tracing its historical development in the institutions of the Jews, as a preparation for Christianity; this would form the first

part of my course, and into this I should wish to introduce from time to time an account of the origin and authority of the Books of the Old Testament, the formation of the Canon, the explanation of some difficult passages in the history of the Jews, the relation of prophecy to the New Testament, and, in general, of the connection between the Old Dispensation and the New. I should, then, proceed to take a similar view of the origin and first planting of Christianity, and trace its subsequent history through successive periods, each of which might conveniently form separate portions of the entire course, and occupy a different winter. The advantage of this plan appears to me to be that it would enable me to introduce the discussion of various questions, which are attended with considerable difficulty when treated quite in the abstract, precisely at that period in the general history of Religion which would place them in the proper point of view for being correctly understood, and with all that accompanying illustration from history and the state of manners and opinions, the absence of which often renders it quite impossible to appreciate them properly;—such questions, for example, as the origin of many doctrines and usages in the Church, the cessation of miraculous gifts, the effect of Ecclesiastical establishments, the true nature of religious freedom, and the constitution of the Christian Church, &c. I am well aware that such a course would take several years to accomplish; but I do not shrink from the task, if I can interest others in its execution: it would continually unfold new views,

and present a constant variety of objects, and I believe it will be possible to communicate more knowledge and in a more satisfactory mode in this way than in any other. I can assure you I look forward to the successive execution of this plan with great delight: it will bring gradually before us some of the most important and interesting enquiries in the history and prospects of the human race; it will afford an opportunity of explaining many things in their proper place and order,—about which many of us go through life with the most confused and inadequate ideas, and as I have always found that I have gained my best knowledge in teaching others, so if I can but succeed in exciting and sustaining your interest, I know that I shall improve my own mind. My letter has been hastily written, but I have much to do before leaving Bonn, and have therefore only time to assure you all, once more, that I am your faithful and affectionate friend and pastor.

To his Sister Elizabeth.

Manchester, 1835.

. . . You ask me, my dear Sister, about your share of the expenses of the journey. All you owe me is to let me know that you still continue to feel pleasure in the remembrance of your visit, and to derive benefit from the knowledge which you had then the means of acquiring. Nothing else, I can assure you, do you owe me. I am indebted to you and to

my dear wife, for your kind and affectionate forbearance during a period of great mental disquietude and unhappiness, which I know but too well, while it lasted, marred your pure and innocent happiness, and often made me insensible to all your goodness. This is a debt to you and to her, which I can never repay, and which will always be felt a heavy one by me; and I am only happy that, under all these circumstances, means did still occur of contributing in any way to your improvement and enjoyment—and of enabling you to form many valuable and interesting friendships. To whatever benefit and happiness you have derived, or may still derive, from these sources you are most heartily welcome; you may set it down as a *per contra* against what I have received from you; and it is my sincere and ardent prayer that you may long enjoy happiness in the remembrance of your twelvemonth in Germany,—and that in many future years we may find it a theme of grateful and instructive conversation. Our united love is ever with you.

FROM A JOURNAL.

Manchester, Saturday Evening, October 24, 1835.

HEAVENLY Father! Thou hast permitted me once more to resume my duties, amidst kind and sympathizing friends, and with brightening prospects of comfort and usefulness. O God! Thou art infinitely good and merciful, and I cannot speak forth, as I would, the deep gratitude which I owe Thee. Forgive me, that I cannot always feel cheerful and serene, and fling off from my mind the sad remembrance of the past. Teach me to see even in that past the evidence of Thy overruling providence, and to believe that it may have been designed to be the instrument of a good, that could not otherwise be accomplished.

Fill me with the profound humility and habitual seriousness of spirit which are the sole foundations of true virtue, and the only incentive to continual improvement. Give me self-discipline to exclude all unquiet and unprofitable thoughts, and to fix my mind calmly, steadfastly, and perseveringly on the discharge in its due place and season of every appointed duty; and grant that from this time forth, forgetting myself, and cheerfully improving the present hour, I may live entirely and devotedly to Thee, as a disciple of Jesus Christ.

January, 1836.

I ENTER to-morrow on the studies and duties which I have prescribed to myself for 1836. To accomplish well what I have now deliberately undertaken, I must, 1st, with prayer night and morning, cherish a calm, deep, and practical sense of the fatherly goodness and over-ruling providence of God, and leave the past and the future equally in His hands—feeling that the present alone—its improvement and innocent enjoyment are my concern.

2ndly, Resolutely keep my mind, as a matter of religion and conscience, from unavailing regret and the unprofitable speculations which have so greatly disturbed it, and feel that true repentance and a vital newness of heart must be evinced by stricter self-discipline, and a more faithful and zealous discharge of the duties of life.

3rdly, Hold myself closely, punctually, and perseveringly to the duties which I have imposed on myself, and go through them resolutely—whether for the present they afford me satisfaction or not—with a view to the final end—for the acquirement of self-confidence and the exertion of energy of will, and the restoring of my mind to the healthful tone which it has lost. To do this, I must do everything in its proper time and place and way—be resolute in early rising, and be temperate and moderate in all things.

O Father! I feel, that Thou hast made me to be useful to my fellow-men, and that I can taste no real happiness but by labouring disinterestedly and faithfully in their service. Thou knowest the sincere and earnest purpose with which I desire henceforth to devote myself to the work which Thou hast given me to do, and to repair by all the means in my power the consequences of past weakness, imperfection, and transgression. Sustain and comfort me with the feeling that Thou art my gracious and merciful Father in heaven, and strengthen me to exercise and cultivate from this time forth with the greatest diligence, and without one vain breath of unavailing and unprofitable regret, the affections and qualities of a devoted child!

*Under the consciousness of having spoken hardly and uncandidly of my fellow-creatures.**

November 10, 1836.

O God! Thou compassionate Father of the children of men! Thou judgest us in mercy, and rememberest that we are but dust. O may we judge each other, as Thou judgest us—in the spirit of mercy, forbearance, and charity! I am penitently conscious, O Thou heart-seeing God! that I have not so judged and spoken, and that I have allowed excited feelings and an exaggerated imagination to cause me to sin against the law of Christian meekness and love; and to draw me into uncharitableness. I have forgotten who and what I am, that I should thus harshly judge a fellow creature; and while I have seen the mote in my brother's eye, I have not remembered that there was a beam in my own eye. Gracious Father! forgive me this my sin; forgive me, as I do now henceforth utterly renounce and forsake it, and as I from my heart do forgive all them who may at any time have transgressed against me. May the spirit of forbearance and kindness henceforth reign in my heart. May I think more of a fellow creature's good qualities and less of his faults, and desire ever to dwell upon the brightest side of every human character! May the remembrance of kindnesses received never be effaced from my mind! May I ever cherish a grateful sense of them; and while I modestly and meekly maintain my own independence of opinion and action, may I ever be ready to shew respect for years and experience, and long service to mankind, and henceforth strive by redoubled kindness, courtesy, and attention, to efface the effects of any past misunderstanding,—and of all with whom I am connected, whatever be the relation I sustain towards them,—simply as fellow-being, or fellow-Christian, or Minister of Religion—henceforth with perfect singleness and disinterestedness of mind, with love, sincerity, and earnestness, to promote the highest well-being and happiness both in time and in eternity! Amen.

* This prayer shows the watch kept over his spirit by one of the tenderest and least censorious of men; and perhaps also something of the difficulties of a ministerial life passed amid a conflict of individual opinions and wills where all are on an equality, with only wisdom, tact, love, and power of character to allay necessary differences.

To his Wife.

Glassnevin, near Dublin, April 7, 1837.

I write a few lines just to inform you that I arrived at my place of destination quite well and safely, after a very good passage. My first impressions of Ireland are very favourable. The morning is beautifully fresh and clear, quite without a cloud. I passed through Dublin on my way hither. It is indeed a splendid city. I heartily wish you were with me. Mr. Hutton* has such a comfortable residence here: an old-fashioned family mansion, quite to my taste, and a large garden in the same style, with straight walks, and fine old yew trees. They are a most hospitable, friendly family, and remind one of the good old Presbyterian times of our forefathers.

To his Wife, *at Blackpool.*

London, July 2nd, 1838.

Along with this letter you will receive a copy of Friday's Chronicle, giving a very full account of all the proceedings of the Coronation. This day week I hope to be with you all in health and peace and happiness, at Blackpool, when I can fill up orally from my own observation any deficiency in the accounts derived from other sources of this ceremony. Meantime, I will give you a brief chronicle of what I have seen and done since I last wrote. Sunday week (June 23rd) I went in the morning to Carter Lane, to hear our

* Rev. Joseph Hutton, Presbyterian Minister of Eustace Street Meeting House, Dublin, and father of Dr. Joseph Hutton.

friend Mr. Gannett,* who has been producing a great sensation in the London pulpits. Carter Lane was crowded—galleries and all. Lady Byron with a brother of Lord King's was there. The former, we are told, follows the preacher from place to place and takes notes of all the sermons. My own impression of Mr. Gannett from once hearing him is, that he is an excellent preacher, his manner and delivery, though perhaps for some tastes rather too ornate and oratorical, being remarkably good. With regard to the matter of his sermons, it is judicious and well-treated, but not distinguished, I think, by any striking indications of power or originality. He will do us, however, a great deal of good; we sadly want rousing. Our preaching is deficient in force, animation and earnestness, and I hope these visitations from our Transatlantic brethren will inoculate us with a little more fervour and life. Deep convictions, lively faith, and quick religious sensibilities, are the sources from which we must draw our inspiration.—On Monday, I dined at Mr. Pett's at Clapton; there I met Mr. Sharpe, the author of some works on Egyptian history and hieroglyphics, who very courteously invited me to call on him, which I hope to do before I leave town. On Wednesday I spent the morning most delightfully in going through the Phigaleian and Elgin marbles, which are now admirably arranged—and the bas-reliefs of the interior frieze of the Parthenon, in the order of their original position. Previous to this inspection, I had

* The Colleague and Successor of Dr. Channing.

supposed, there must be some affectation in the admiration, which *general* unscientific spectators expressed at these remains of ancient art. But I am now of a very different opinion. The longer and the more connectedly you survey these wonderful relics, the more your wonder increases at the animation and variety of attitude which the artist has introduced into the successive groups. The equestrian procession from the Parthenon is most wonderful in this respect; amongst the multitude of groups represented not one attitude is repeated a second time, and yet in all, the grace and vivacity are equal.—I then dined with the Trustees of Dr. Williams' Fund, at the Library in Redcross Street. The room where we dined is hung round with the portraits of celebrated Nonconformist divines, from the time of Baxter to that of Dr. Rees. This sort of scenery is much to my antiquarian taste. In the evening, I went to Covent Garden Theatre, now under the management of Macready, who did not, however, act himself that evening: "Woman's Wit," a play of Sheridan Knowles', was performed. I was not intensely interested. In fact, I think I have almost outlived the taste for the theatre. At all events, the acting must be very good, to afford me any pleasure.—Thursday was the Coronation day. We had secured seats in front of a house at the corner of Parliament Street and Great George Street, which commanded an admirable view of the procession both in going to and returning from the Abbey. We left home at six o'clock in the morning, and the procession did not reach our position

till eleven. The time did not, however, pass heavily, the whole scene even from an early hour was so full of life and brilliancy. A more gorgeous spectacle I never witnessed. Foreigners must have been deeply impressed with the evidences of the boundless wealth and luxury of England,—in the gay equipages, beautiful horses, and elegant attire,—particularly of the women, which on every side met the view! Constantly the feeling was in my mind, and again and again escaped from my lips—what would I have given to have had you and the dear children with me. But for yourself I am persuaded, you could not have borne the fatigue and excitement. We did not reach home till past seven. In the evening I went out to see the illuminations, but I was so thoroughly fatigued, and the crowd and heat were so great, that I was glad to get home and go to bed. We had an admirable view of the Queen. Her carriage was detained, in consequence of some stoppage, almost five minutes in front of our balcony. The feeling uppermost in my mind, when I looked upon her, was a profound sympathy, almost approaching to compassion. I declare to you, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. Her extreme youth, the apparent innocence and artlessness of her demeanour, the simplicity of her dress—pure and unadorned white—especially as she returned from the Abbey, bearing the crown and sceptre, presented to my mind one of the most affecting combinations I ever beheld; for the mind at that moment could not help anticipating the long futurity of care, anxiety, perhaps of

wretchedness, which might possibly await the maturity and the evening of a day, which arose apparently with so bright and cloudless a promise. Her mother looked very happy, and has a most sweet and gracious expression. Friday, I dined at Mrs. Reid's. Saturday, I was present at the distribution of prizes in University College. Yesterday morning I preached again in Essex Street. Though I have not long been absent, I have already a sort of yearning for *home*. Give my best love to my dear mother: thank her in my name for her great kindness in taking care of you. I hope most fervently she is not the worse for Blackpool air. Ever thine, love.

Manchester, July 18th, 1838.

I have been rather out of spirits since I returned home, and cannot get into my regular train of employments as I could wish. I have a sort of nervous feeling, that I shall not be equal to the claims and responsibilities of the future. As the new Chapel* approaches to its completion, a new period of my professional life seems to open before me. More will be expected from

* The site of the Chapel in Mosley Street, having become very valuable for commercial purposes, was sold in 1836. For three years the Congregation assembled in the large School Room of Lower Mosley Street, and in 1839, took possession of their new Chapel in Upper Brook Street, a Gothic hall designed by Sir Charles Barry. There Mr. Tayler exercised a most honoured ministry, especially attaching to him in strong religious friendship many cultivated German families then residing in Manchester until 1853, when he removed to London with Manchester New College, as Principal and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and of Doctrinal and Practical Theology.

me; more will depend upon me. The new Society must depend mainly for its future success, numbers and vitality, on my exertions. I shall be surrounded to a certain degree with new connections, and shall have to build up new and heterogeneous elements into a coherent and enduring life. Patience, perseverance, real interest, devout and true religion, and calm trust in God to crown all well-intended efforts with their due measure of success, these are the feelings and principles on which I wish firmly and fearlessly to throw myself; but this, in every state of spirits, in solitude and silence, it is not always so easy to do. If I have health, I think I may reckon upon twenty more years good service in the Church and the world. It will be then time for me to give way to younger and more active men. That I may do so comfortably, and that you and I, should both our lives be spared, which God in His mercy grant! when our dear children are honourably settled in life, and usefully maintaining themselves, may go down the vale of life, in some quiet, modest retreat, peacefully and affectionately together, we must in the meantime save and accumulate. This is the pleasing futurity which sometimes gilds my day dreams of approaching age. Till you are away from me, I never know how much I lean upon your kind, faithful, and affectionate mind for the best part of the comfort and support of my existence. Kiss the dear baby,* and the children for me.

* A third child, a daughter, born at Blackpool, July 8th, 1838, died March 22nd, 1839.

To Rev. J. H. Thom, *Liverpool.*

Manchester, September 14th, 1838.

In reply to your enquiries about Mr. Rathbone's son, I should say that the spending of a *Semester* (Session we call it) at some German University might prove of great service to the development of his mind. Of the German Universities I am personally acquainted only with two, Göttingen and Bonn. The former, in the present state of affairs,* I presume you would consider out of the question; indeed, it has lost its best men. Bonn has considerable recommendations. There is—or at least there was in my time—an eminent Professor of history there—Hüllmann, author of a work on the Middle Ages. The men, however, of whom I know anything at Bonn, are either theologians, philosophers or philologers, none of whose lectures would be particularly suited to the wants of your young friend. In the departments to which you are of opinion that his attention should be chiefly directed, I conceive Heidelberg would furnish him with some distinguished instructors. For example, Schlosser lectures there; Zachariæ and Thibaut have great reputation in political philosophy; and I believe there are eminent teachers in the different branches of natural science. When I was in Germany, Heidelberg was very unpopular in the Prussian States, in consequence of the free spirit of which it was regarded as the great centre, and which the Duke of Baden tolerated in his

* The restriction on free teaching by the Government.

States. The subjects of the Prussian Government were therefore forbidden to study there; and this circumstance had occasioned a falling off in the number of students. I also heard complaints of the want of discipline at Heidelberg. Since then, however, some eminent men have removed to Heidelberg, *e.g.*, Ullmann, a theologian, from Halle, one of the conductors of the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*. I suppose therefore it still keeps up its reputation. If I were going to send a son to Germany, I should certainly prefer placing him with some Professor. A youth is besieged with strong temptations in these Universities, unless he has an extraordinary love of study and a great share of firmness and self-control. Should Mr. Rathbone think of Bonn, I shall be very happy to give his son a letter of introduction to a friend of mine there—Professor Klausen—who receives pupils into his family, whose wife is a very pleasing and well-informed woman, daughter of a clergyman from the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, and, as well as her husband, speaks English, which is an advantage on first settling in a foreign country. He is a philologist; but would be able to afford very good directions for general study. Bonn, too, possesses some advantages for prosecuting the study of the German, in Professor Lassen, who is a very eminent linguist.

Mr. Robberds and myself were speaking about our Quarterly Meetings, only yesterday: I am very desirous they should be kept up with spirit; some of my pleasantest hours of intercourse have been with you and

Martineau at these meetings. We must strengthen each others hearts and hands for pursuing the high service of truth, freedom and Christian righteousness, amidst the obloquy and opposition to which it is exposed, even from some from whom better things might have been expected. You ask about translations. A few works—or rather well chosen extracts from them—have occurred to me:—Herder's Letters on the Study of Theology, his Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, and parts of his great Work—On the Philosophy of the History of Mankind. Herder is not an accurate writer, but his works breathe the most elevated and comprehensive spirit of humanity, and abound with pregnant suggestions and teeming germs of thought. There is a beautiful work of Fichte's *Bestimmüng des Menschen*, part of which, particularly towards the close, might not be unacceptable to our English readers; also another work, *Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*, by the same writer, and one on a similar subject by Schelling, *Ueber die Methode des Akademischen Studiums*. These works would chiefly have reference, I admit, to the wants of students; but this is a class of readers—especially among our younger ministers—which I think we ought not to leave out of view. The worst is, these works are hardly intelligible in their full extent, without some previous knowledge of the distinctions and controversies of German philosophy, with which German theology is intimately inwoven. I doubt whether translations from a dry compendium, like that of Tennemann, would remove the difficulty. There is a work, in the shape of a novel,

by De Wette, entitled *Theodor*,* giving the history of the doubts and difficulties of a young German theologian, which would place before the reader a tolerably clear and comprehensive statement of the principal questions agitated in Germany, surveyed under the rationalist point of view. But I am utterly incompetent to give any opinion about German philosophy, having never studied it systematically, and knowing what I do of it only by a few passing hints and side-glances. History and criticism are the departments to which I have almost wholly confined myself. I shall be glad to help you occasionally with these translations; but having chosen my own walk of study, and being determined to pursue it, I must confine myself to those topics which spring out of it. I am projecting for your Christmas Number,† a review of Villars—*Essai sur l'Esprit et l'Influence de la Reformation de Luther*—using the work itself as an occasion of embodying a number of thoughts that I have had floating in my mind on the subject. Will this subject suit you? Give me your free thoughts. It strikes me, that with all our sects and our *outward* freedom in England, there is very little *truthfulness* anywhere. All our partisans—whether in the Church or out of it—are grossly *one-sided*.

* Translated in "Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature," *Boston, U.S.*

† The Christian Teacher, a Quarterly Theological Review I was then editing.—J. H. T.

To W. J. Sturch.

Manchester, Sept. 19*th*, 1838.

We were apprised by Henry Smith of the death of your excellent father. I suppose few men have taken a more pure and simple heart and a more unspotted life out of this tempting and trying world, or have carried with them to the grave a higher reputation for a sincere and ardent love of truth, for unswerving rectitude in all their transactions with mankind, and for the zealous devotion of their time and thoughts to what they conceived to be the best interests of the public and the country. The respect and admiration which we feel for such qualities is not, at least ought not to be, at all weakened by the reflection that agreeing with him cordially in the great ends pursued of human virtue and happiness, we might have differed with him, in some few points, as to the best means of attaining them. Your father's opinions were formed, and his views of life were set, under the influence of that reasoning and analytical spirit, which so remarkably characterized the inquiring and free-thinking men of the close of the last century, and which rendered such immense service to society by exposing the hollowness of consecrated errors, and bringing great fundamental principles into view. It has sometimes appeared to me that the errors of these excellent men, the pioneers in the great and sacred cause of truth and liberty, consisted in their taking into view only one side of human nature—the argumentative and intellectual—without

making due provision in their theories of society, government, and education, for another which as essentially belongs to it—the sentimental and imaginative. But the error, if it be one, as I think it is, was forced upon them by the necessities and tendencies of the times in which they lived. They followed the lights which lay before them fearlessly and conscientiously, and in so doing they developed truths and principles which would never else have been known. It is no dishonour to them, that they only did the proper work of their day and generation; and that others, coming after them and profiting by their inquiries and instructions, have been able to perceive that they left out, or did not develope with sufficient prominence, some considerations which experience has shown to be of immense importance to the well-being of mankind,—and who with the example of the last half-century before them can clearly discern, that some things are incapable of a logical demonstration which have yet a deep foundation in our nature, and are essential to the virtue and happiness of the great mass of human beings. This is the view I delight to take of the connection and mutual dependence of human generations. Each contributes its quota of good in the great scheme of Providence. No generation, as no individual, is in itself all-sufficient or furnishes all the elements of perfect wisdom. We make up by our union what we cannot singly supply. For my part, instead of being displeased with those who take different views of important questions from myself, I rejoice that there are selected

instruments for accomplishing all the great functions of Providence. I love and honour all who work out with sincerity and earnestness their own deep convictions of what they believe to be right and true. Nay, when I think of the truthfulness, the moral courage, the single mindedness, the pursuit of truth and knowledge under the greatest difficulties which distinguished so many of the worthies of the generation which has so nearly passed away, I feel respect, gratitude, and veneration absorb every other emotion, and can only pray that we who survive them may as faithfully sustain the responsibilities of our generation, as they did of theirs.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Manchester, October 17th, 1838.

I much wish that in the forthcoming number of the Christian Teacher *you* would devote a page or two to the subject of the *internal organisation* of our several Churches, as the only condition of a sound and healthful state in the Congregational discipline which has now universally taken root in the Presbyterian body of England, taking if you choose for your text the Propositions* to which I referred you. I have addressed a letter on this subject to the Christian Reformer, thinking it might excite attention among a

* Propositions towards realizing a plan of religious Association. By John James Tayler; Christian Teacher, 1837, page 544, Monthly Series.

different class of readers. We are passing through a crisis. Time only can shew whether a system so simple, so unfettered by creed and traditional authority as ours is really suited to the spiritual wants of mankind, and is fitted to become an important element in their future civilisation. For myself, I believe it is; my faith is yet unshaken; a voice within tells me not to despair. But then we of the present generation must not be wanting in exertion and self-sacrifice. We must not disguise our wants and our imperfections; we must call the attention of the public to them, and invite them to unite heartily in the adoption of the necessary methods for correcting and supplying them. Let us pray for an undying spirit of faith in God and love towards man; and amidst the mass of indifference and worldliness which prevails, we shall work out our appointed measure of good, and at least scatter the seed which others may reap in distant harvests.

From a Journal.

August 31, 1839.

Our new Chapel* is opened for public worship to-morrow. My deepest subject of regret respecting it is, that it does not make ampler provision for those who cannot afford to pay high pew rents. But I shall still continue to preach in the same spirit that I have ever done; and when I see how the Congregation finally settles down, my object will be to infuse into

* See p. 181.

them the determined purpose to supply by future zeal and exertions those deficiencies which accompany our present arrangements. Any little sacrifice on my own part I should consider a cheap price for the attainment of so desirable an end.*

Almighty God! placed by Thee amidst new circumstances, and called to exercise my ministry under a form and an aspect which it has never before assumed, my humble and earnest prayer to Thee is, that in all my future preaching I may cleave steadfastly to the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, inculcating the essential equality and common responsibilities, and mutual rights and duties of all human beings, and taking every opportunity, by a wise and prudent exercise of whatever influence I may possess, to turn to the highest advantage all my present means of usefulness, and to induce my people to extend their moral and spiritual advantages to a continually increasing circle of their fellow-men. Give me grace to promote these objects steadily, quietly, and perseveringly,—and disregarding all remark and observation of the world, to keep constantly before me the great object of my ministry—and through trust in Thee, modest self-reliance, simplicity and godly sincerity, to walk as in Thy sight, and to act with a sole reference to Thy divine approval! Amen.

* This object was afterwards partially attained by the addition of a gallery, to the strange disgust of the distinguished Architect, who consented to furnish a plan for it only that, as he told them, if they would commit such an abomination, they might know the least injurious way of doing it: such is the artistic sacrifice of ends to means.

THIRD PERIOD.

FROM HIS PROFESSORSHIP IN MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, TO HIS REMOVAL WITH THE COLLEGE TO LONDON.

1840—1853.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Manchester, January 28th, 1840.

My dear Friend,

It was quite a pleasure to me to see your well-known handwriting again. Since our College debates,* I have almost lost sight of you. I have not forgotten my promise about the Christian Teacher; of the success of which I rejoice to hear. I hope before Midsummer to send you a short paper founded on Georgi's little work on *Mythen*: in the meantime, if you think they would at all serve your purpose, I will send you,

* On the question of seating Manchester New College at Manchester or at London, when removed from York. The decision was in favour of its original seat, where, affiliated to the University of London, it remained for the next thirteen years. Mr. Tayler was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and delivered his inaugural Lecture in October, 1840. His colleagues were Francis W. Newman, Professor of Classical Literature; R. Finlay, of Mathematical Science; M. L. Phillips, of Physical Science and Natural History; Rev. John Kenrick, of History; Rev. James Martineau, of Mental and Moral Philosophy; Rev. Robert Wallace, of Critical and Exegetical Theology; and the Rev. J. G. Robberds, of Pastoral Theology, and the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac Languages.

after their delivery each month, the lectures,* on which I am now engaged. My object is—to exhibit the result of a careful and impartial analysis of the several contents of the New Testament—without any reference to doctrinal conclusions whatever—attempting, in the first instance, to explain nothing and reconcile nothing—but to let facts stand, as they simply present themselves. This seems to me the only true mode of proceeding—in order to ascertain the nature and design of a religious system, transmitted in books; and when this result is fairly deduced, then, by comparing it with the other facts of history, with the permanent relations of the Universe, and with the laws of the human mind, to proceed to determine its true character, and the nature and extent of the authority which it carries with it. I am aware, it will be said, Unitarians have always acted on this principle. I confess, I don't think they always have. Too often, it seems to me, the necessity has been implied in their modes of interpretation of reconciling every statement in the New Testament with a standard already existing in their own mind of what was rational. This mode of proceeding, which is inherent in our traditional Protestantism, is the fruitful cause of sects. The Oxford party perceive this tendency—and they set about rectifying it in their own way. We admit with them the existence of the evil and the absurdity, but we must get rid of it by a different process. I agree with you,

* "Nature and Design of Christianity investigated from an Analysis of its Primitive Records, contained in the New Testament." *Christian Teacher*, 1840.

that the contest must ultimately lie between them and those who carry out the rights of conscience to their utmost extent. I rejoice, that it does so; they are learned, well-bred, respectable and consequential men: I trust they will provoke similar qualities in their opponents. I am sure there is no middle course. With regard to our friend Hort.* I had originally thought of him for the Classical department, and even spoke to Mr. Merz and wrote to Mr. Kenrick on the subject. What compelled me to relinquish the expectations I had been willing to entertain, was the evidence I received of his great—and I fear increasing—eccentricities, of which I hear almost daily accounts from my own boy, who is under him, and which, I am afraid, would altogether interfere with his usefulness among young men, who are always only too much disposed to take advantage of them. Of his excellent spirit and high principles, and of the very great superiority both of his talents and his acquirements, there cannot be a doubt. I think of him with profound sorrow, and do not see what is to be done for him. If anything further occurs to you respecting him, give me your thoughts freely.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Manchester, February, 1841.

My dear Friend,

*** It seems to me impossible to over-estimate the services of Paul to Christianity. But for him, it

* The Rev. Charles Danvers Hort, minister of Gorton Chapel, a man of universal attainments and childlike simplicity, who shortly afterwards sank into incurable mental disease, and died in 1867.

might have remained a Jewish sect. Yet I cannot persuade myself that his theology, fairly interpreted, is identical with the religious philosophy preached and taught by Unitarians, *e. g.* Dr. Channing. Where are we to draw the line between what is, and what is not, essential to Christianity? Every sect does virtually determine this question by its own dogmatic views; but this is a most arbitrary and unsatisfactory mode of proceeding; and till some nearer approach has been made to the establishment of fundamental principles of interpretation—to which all must recur for a final decision, I see no possible limit to theological controversy. How can any branch of enquiry advance, in which the data and fundamental axioms are left so perfectly vague and uncertain! The difficulty lies deeper than the precepts of Hermeneutic works ever reach. If Christianity be a development of great principles under Providence—may we not consider all those views to be comprehended in the original design of it, which flow by natural evolution, with the growth of the human mind, and by fair deduction from those principles—and reject, as the mere form in which they were originally clothed, to fit them to the actual state of the world, some articles even of the Apostle's own sincere belief, for which his divine authority is often quoted? At the same time, when we consider the nature of some of the Apostle's views—some of those which produced the strongest impression on the infant Churches—it must be admitted to be very difficult to say, what are and what

are not fundamentals—what is the spirit and what is the mere form. Using the Scriptures, as is common even with Unitarians, I do not say *Church Orthodoxy* would be fairly deduced from them, but neither do I think would Unitarianism.—To return to the Teacher. I send you the MSS. of a few of the Lectures which I delivered on Early Civilization some time ago, to look over. They are far too long and heavy for insertion in their present form in your Periodical. But it has occurred to me, that extracts from them, given avowedly as fragments, might be useful to some of your readers. They might be entitled "Fragments of the Early History of Asiatic Civilization:"* or perhaps you can suggest something better. The difficulty is in getting extracts made from them. I could easily mark the passages that I should think it desirable to print, but I really cannot spend the time to make the extracts myself. Neither should I like to send the MS. in its present state to the printer, for besides other objections, the papers, after having once passed through the Devil's fingers, would never be fit to be used by a Christian again; and these MSS. though of no great use to any one else contain a mass of materials and references, which I sometimes make use of, and which I should not like therefore to lose.

* Christian Teacher, 1841: Fragmentary Notices of Chinese Civilization.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Manchester, March 1, 1841.

My dear Friend,

—I find that the preparation for my College lectures takes up so much of my time, that I cannot sit down as formerly for the preparation of an express article—and that if I do anything of this kind, it must be during the vacation. I have this winter gone through a short course of lectures on the writings of Paul—just completed—in which I have attempted to work out my ideas into a greater clearness and consistency on the subject. How far I have succeeded others are better judges than myself.*—I send you a copy of my Introductory Lecture,† which you will accept as a small mark of personal regard and attachment. How much the state of the times and the uncertainty that seems to hang over some of the dearest interests of men—makes us value and cherish the few true hearted and truth seeking friends whom we are permitted to hold intercourse with on earth. My heart flows out at my pen, when I tell you, that I place you, dear friend, among the few such that I possess.—I have ventured to send a copy to Mr. White.‡ It is hardly worth his acceptance—but he will perhaps take it as it is meant—as an expres-

* On the Value of the Life and Writings of St. Paul: Christian Teacher, 1841.

† At Manchester New College, introductory to the Course on the History of Christianity.

‡ Joseph Blanco White, then residing in Liverpool.

sion of respect for his character and his disinterested love of truth, and of my grateful remembrance of the very few instructive hours which I have occasionally had the happiness of spending with him. It would be a great privilege to be able to consult him, when I wished, on a subject with which he is so profoundly acquainted as the History of Christianity. I hardly get on so fast as I could wish, from the number of questions that present themselves at every step of the progress. Altogether, I think the whole period from Alexander to Constantine one of the most interesting and instructive in the history of the human species.—My wife and I are quite delighted with a work which we first saw noticed in the Christian Teacher, *L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII.*, par le Marquis De Custine. It is full of the most vivid and picturesque descriptions, and the most piquant and original remarks—a complete *antithesis* to the fashionable democracy of the day. Amidst an abundance of glorious absurdity great and unheeded truths often peep forth. I am sorry to say it has once or twice tempted me away from drier pursuits.

To his Wife, *at Birmingham.*

Manchester, August 15th, 1842.

You will long before this have received the letter which I wrote to Hannah in reply to her's, and also the Saturday's Guardian containing a full account of the disturbances in this neighbourhood.

There seems no doubt whatever now, that these disturbances form part of a great premeditated Chartist movement. The question of wages is merely a pretext, and has been used by the leaders to act on the feelings of the masses; political objects are really aimed at. To carry such objects by force and a violent interference with the free labour of others, is in the highest degree illegal, and amounts to insurrection, as the Guardian, you will perceive, has not hesitated to call it. A great number—perhaps a majority—of the workpeople, who only want bread for themselves and their children, would be willing enough to go to work again, and secretly regret this state of things; but again there are numbers who live in a vague expectation of some unknown change that is to benefit them; and indeed it is difficult to convince a starving miserable being that he will not be bettered by any change whatever. Unless they can be weaned from these delusions, and made to see the selfishness and ambition by which some of their leaders are actuated, who trade in their wretchedness, I fear force will have to be resorted to, and blood may be spilt. The true friends of the people should point out to them the folly and hopelessness of a portion of the lowest class setting themselves against the law and constituted authorities of the country,—backed by all the middle and upper ranks and a powerful military force. The deficiency in this respect is now repaired: numbers of troops with field-pieces have come into the

town, and will no doubt by inspiring terror, tend to preserve the peace. But what a state of things is this for a civilized and Christian country! There must be something rotten in society, when such disorders are constantly occurring. Happily, Col. Wemyss, the Commandant of the District, is a mild and humane man, popular with the people, who will not unnecessarily have recourse to arms.—I hope the papering will be completely finished to-day, and that when you come, you will be satisfied with my judgment in the choice of papers. I wish you could find a housemaid before you return. My own advice is, get a really active and clever woman, who understands her work, even if you pay her a trifle more. I am sure it is the best economy in the end. With a stupid and thriftless servant you lose more in destruction and injury of furniture, and in every sort of discomfort, than you save in wages.—I have been solacing my solitude with Carlyle's Hero Worship; and have read the first and part of the second lecture. Bating the extravagances of his style, I think it a very interesting book, marked by just and noble sentiment, and containing some very eloquent passages. He will do good in England. James Heywood has sent me a copy of Mr. Hunter's Memoir of his ancestor, Oliver Heywood, which I am also reading. It contains a most graphic and interesting picture of the old Puritan life in the North of England.

To Rev. Charles Wicksteed.*

Manchester, October 8th, 1842.

My dear Sir,

I believe you have had some experience in social meetings of your congregation. I should be glad to benefit by your knowledge. A subject has been proposed for discussion at the next meeting of Ministers of the Manchester District, which I am to introduce, "On the basis of an Annual Reunion of the Unitarian Congregations of Manchester and its neighbourhood." The want of some such tie is felt.—Without at all interfering with the independent constitution of each separate congregation, there are some advantages derivable from mutual countenance and acknowledgment, and from exchange of sentiment and feeling under the exhilarating influence of assembled numbers. Some great principles are confided to our trust, liberty and charity among the chief; and when the opposition to them is so firm and so constant, we ought to strengthen ourselves by union and sympathy for firmly maintaining them. Nevertheless my own opinion is, that without in the least disguising the *fact* of our Unitarian sentiments, the basis of our union should under present circumstances be *practical* not *doctrinal*. I should like to see an union cemented solely by the *spirit* of Christ, without placing among its essentials either the dogmas of theologians or the institutions of priests, consisting of such as

* Then Minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds.

simply recognise each other as brethren,—acknowledging one Supreme Father, one moral guide and exemplar Christ—and combining for the sole purpose of giving increased activity to principles which secure the freest discussion of speculative truth, and the extension of education especially among the poor,—which recognise the sole value of Christianity to be its influence on the heart and life of individuals, and which tend to establish the feeling of brotherhood among all sects, parties and classes of men. I have sometimes thought our existing Ministry to the Poor might furnish a living nucleus of the very kind we want, around which such a Society might cluster, and that upon this all subordinate and collateral objects might be conveniently fastened. Our meeting would thus be an annual celebration of all the Institutions devoted to practical and spiritual Christianity in connection with our different Societies: so that while other sects and churches are united by their attachment to creeds or forms of church government, our's might be associated by the sole bond of a practical Christianity, aiming to spread virtue, peace, education, and the spirit of human brotherhood through the earth. You will probably understand from this rough sketch what are the general objects which I consider as desirable in such an union. We have always found a difficulty in uniting persons of all classes in any such meetings; the most educated and influential class often keep away. I believe you have been more fortunate; you have been able to persuade the rich and the genteel,—

that without effacing those social distinctions which for wise and good purposes are permitted to exist, there are occasions when it is good for all, instructive to the high and elevating and refining to the low, to meet on the common ground of men and brethren, and to exchange those sentiments of human sympathy and of interest in human welfare, which send them all back into the world wiser, better, and happier. Any suggestions on this subject which your experience may furnish, I shall feel really obliged by your giving me as early as you find it convenient :—how you have contrived to bring rich and poor together,—what topics you have found most generally interesting to them,—and what you have found the most convenient mode of arranging and conducting your social meetings.

To his Wife, *at Nottingham.*

Manchester, Jan. 1, 1843.

My dearest Wife,

I wish to send you, and my beloved children and my dear mother, sisters and brother, my most affectionate good wishes on the opening of the year. Thank you all for the very happy week I have passed with you. May we all live to witness many happy returns of the day! I drank tea last night at the Wallaces, but came home about eight, to read to the servants. After that I took up the Bishop of St. David's charge, which I bought at Nottingham, and was so much interested with it, that I did not lay it

down till I had finished it; which is the reason why my letter was not written last night. The speculations of such a man on the present condition and prospects of the Church must always possess a high interest. The charge contains *some* very excellent things; but to express plainly what I felt, after reading it—there is a want of explicitness in its general tone, a cautious balancing of opposite views without coming to any positive result—which, as it cannot be referred in a man like Dr. Thirlwall to intellectual feebleness, leaves on the mind the unpleasing impression of a person straitened by an assumed system, who does not utter unreservedly all that he thinks and feels, and has not confidence in human nature to trust it with the whole truth. Some people commend him for his honesty in rebuking the Puseyites; yet his language is really very cautious respecting them; I suspect he has—as all men of sense belonging to the establishment must have—no little sympathy with their general tendencies; it is only where their language points to a direct reunion with Rome, that he is compelled to use the language of censure. The whole performance is distinguished by great dialectic subtlety, and a high intellectual character, and constantly reminded me of Schleiermacher, with whose mind that of Thirlwall seems to have considerable affinity. But it is wanting in moral fervour, and presents a great contrast to the simple fervid flow of pious and humane sentiment which we find in the pages of Channing. The two men have naturally very different minds, and

this difference is increased by the fact that one is an English Bishop, and the other an American Congregationalist.

To Rev. W. James, *of Bristol.*

Manchester, August 10th, 1843.

My dear Sir,

In answer to your communication of the 1st inst., I will give you without reserve such thoughts as have occurred to me on the interesting subject to which it relates. The question is—the propriety of addressing our Unitarian brethren in America, "On the importance of bearing their firm and public protest against the sin of holding men in slavery." You say—"you have reason to believe that such an Address would be gladly welcomed by many faithful friends of truth and freedom in the Western World, and would be productive of great good in quickening and aiding where stimulus and sympathy are much needed."**—I will state one two considerations which have rendered it doubtful to my own mind, whether an Address *directly admonitory* on the subject of Slavery, from men in England to men in America, would advance the cause of Abolition, or could proceed with perfect propriety from persons in our situation. First, we are very remote from the scene of action, far away from the strife and the martyrdom in which it involves the fearless assertors of human rights; and therefore—with the Atlantic between us, and the generous sympathies of English-

men all on our side—it would look like a very safe piece of valour to exhort our less fortunate brethren to manliness and courage in a cause whose perils and sacrifices we cannot share, and the appalling extent of whose social bearings we are perhaps wholly unable to appreciate. I reverence profoundly the martyrs to the Abolition cause in America; the course they have taken is the right course—the only course by which slavery will be finally extinguished; but it is because I feel the real greatness of their work, and what self-sacrifice and self-devotion it demands—that I shrink from addressing them, or exhorting others, on the subject; at all events, I could wish to have tested, in some way, my own strength of purpose and fortitude of spirit, before I undertook such a task.—Again, I cannot deny I have some distrust in the tendency so prevalent now, to look abroad for objects of philanthropic interest and activity, while questions of the deepest moment are asking all our attention and solicitude at home. Slavery is so great an evil, and its pernicious effects through the constant intercourse between all civilized communities are so widely spread, that it is natural the friends of humanity throughout the world should employ all their efforts to procure its abolition. But are there not some evils in England which, though I will not put them in the same category with slavery, are still productive of an immense mass of suffering and crime, operating most hurtfully through the wide-spread influence of England, on the general civilisation of the earth, and redounding more

particularly with injurious effect on America, in the multitudes of degraded and pauperised beings yearly cast on her shores? If we proceed to address our American friends on their duty to labour for the extinction of slavery, might not they reply by bidding us look at the state of Ireland, at the want of popular instruction in England, at the wretched, demoralized and pining condition of vast classes of our own ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ignorant poor?—might they not, with some show of reason, remonstrate with us on our pusillanimous acquiescence under such crying ills?**— As in the relations of private life, the happiness of society is most surely promoted by each individual bestowing his first and principal attention on the good education and pure morals of his own family and neighbourhood, so each country has its specific task of internal reform—of social regeneration, which it is well that each should confine itself to, without too direct an interference in that of another. Exchange of sympathy and encouragement between philanthropists of different countries engaged in kindred labours—is indeed natural and becoming; but when the inhabitants of one country expressly exhort those of another to a particular course of action, involving vast social changes, however intrinsically right and just that course may be—I cannot feel quite sure, that they are not overstepping the limits which Providence has drawn between the intercourse of different nations; and that the principle on which they act, once generally adopted, by tending to produce national recrimi-

nations, and to awaken the suspicions of Governments, might not really check and embarrass, instead of advancing, the work of a progressive civilisation in each separate community.**—At the same time, I do not absolutely object to an Address to our American brethren, expressing a strong sympathy with those who have made such heroic efforts for the abolition of slavery—if it can be conceived in such a form, as not to exceed the simple, unassuming character of a brotherly reciprocation of generous and truthful feeling, without forcing us into the somewhat obtrusive position of admonishing our brethren in a very distant country about duties in which we cannot participate, and which many of the sincerest friends to the cause of Emancipation may regard as not forming a proper object for our direct interference. The propriety of such an Address appears to me to depend wholly on the form it assumes. I have every wish to strengthen the bonds of sympathy and mutual interest between us and our Transatlantic friends on all the great questions of human improvement and happiness—and in particular, that we should honestly encourage and animate each other in those cases where worldly fear, prejudice and pride may tend to hold us back from acting out the full requirements of Christian duty. Any Address fitted to promote such an open-hearted and inspiring intercourse between fellow-labourers in the cause of humanity, I could not but approve.

To his Wife.

Birmingham, May 6th, 1844.

* *— Henry [Smith] arrived here from London about the same time with myself. He was in the House of Lords the preceding evening, and heard the discussion in Committee on the Dissenters' Chapel Bill.* He says the report in the Chronicle gives an imperfect idea of the deep interest and almost breathless silence with which the discussion was listened to. The House was very full both of Peers and of strangers. He says nothing could be more respectful than the terms in which the present occupants of the chapels were spoken of by the supporters of the Bill, and nothing more complete than the discomfiture of their opponents; that the effect was even ludicrous, when, after the Bishop of London's declaration of the uselessness of a division, and an indignant explosion from the Bishop of Exeter, the whole bench gathered up their garments and bustled out of the House. I am glad for the credit of our country, and for the sounder spirit which it manifests in our legislators, that such a result has been obtained. What will be the effect on ourselves, time must show. We want rousing, and a little misfortune would be no injury to us—though that sounds very much like a bull.

* Introduced and carried by the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel to secure Dissenters in the possession of Chapel property, founded by their ancestors in intolerant times, in all cases where no Doctrinal condition of the Trust Deeds was violated. This legislation was necessitated by an attempt on the part of Orthodox Dissenters to obtain for themselves Places of Worship built before Anti-Trinitarianism was a legal profession.

To his Daughter.

Manchester, July 17th, 1844.

My dear Hannah,

We arrived at home three or four hours ago, but I am unwilling to go to bed, till I have added a few more particulars respecting our pleasant visit at Farley, to what Mama sent you on Monday morning. The afternoon of that day we devoted to the magnificent house and gardens of Alton Towers, the Seat of Lord Shrewsbury, a Catholic nobleman and the Premier Earl of England.* * —You know I am an admirer of sacred art, and particularly of many of our English Churches and Cathedrals; but there is a chaste and severe character, suitable to the feelings of religion, which should be strictly preserved. I never felt so strongly before how unsuitable the appendages of Catholic worship are to the simplicity of Christianity. The chapel with all its riches is dark and gloomy, and there is—as in all Catholic churches—a lingering smell of incense, which I found almost stifling. Impressed with these feelings, I happened to glance through one of the side windows, and I was at once struck with the fresh and radiant beauty of the scene without. The eye ranged over an expanse of noble woods, bright with sunshine and a recent shower, out of which rose the green and swelling hills of Weaver chequered with the sleeping shadows of the clouds. I do not believe any one could have compared, as I did in that moment, the vain profusion of human art with the grand simplicity of nature, and not have confessed that the sub-

limest of all temples is that which God has built for himself among the woods and everlasting hills. After all, though Alton is a very magnificent place, I cannot say that it altogether yields the feeling of gratified taste. There is a want of simplicity and good sense about it. It is too melodramatic. There is too visible an effort to preserve the forms and the usages, and to revive the associations, of an age long passed away,—which it is very amusing to read of in poetry and fiction and history, and all very well to represent now and then upon the stage,—but which seem almost like a mockery, when we attempt to render them permanent among the living realities of the present.* *—The entire neighbourhood of Farley is very picturesque, and abounds with retired and beautiful walks. The district lies remote from any great road, in the secluded north-east corner of Staffordshire; the population is thinly scattered, and in point of intelligence is said to be far behind the rest of the county; but they seem a well-mannered, simple people. There is an extensive rabbit-warren adjoining Farley, occupying an open heath and wooded glen, which affords a most charming ramble. I was so taken with it, that I went over it three times. Last night Mama and I with Mrs. and Miss Humphrys, went there to watch the sun set. The subterranean people were all alive among the fern, and scudded away on our approach, to hide themselves in their burrows. There is nothing to me so delightful for a ramble as a wild heath. One has a sense of freedom and independence there, which is

felt nowhere else. To lie on the turf, and breathe the fresh sweet air is of itself a luxury. One pleasing feature in the scenery about Farley is, that the Red Sandstone juts out in wild fantastic masses here and there from the soil, often crowned with a picturesque clump of aged firs. We visited Wooton Lodge, where Mr. Geo. Humphrys lately resided. It is a fine old mansion,—the principal façade erected by Inigo Jones; and the style resembles that of Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire, and Wollaton near Nottingham. The gardens are laid out in the old-fashioned style with terraces and steps and dark yew hedges—which I am very fond of, and the adjacent scenery is delightful. It is said, that Fleetwood, who married Oliver Cromwell's daughter, once lived here. I think the place must be described in some of W. Howitt's works.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

Manchester, Feb. 5th, 1845.

You may recollect, that I have often expressed a wish, you would give the public the fruit of your knowledge and long study on the subject of Mythology, and its relation to history, as the earliest form of human reflection on the past. I do think this a very important question—one that must force itself sooner or later on public attention; and I should be very glad to see it learnedly and honestly discussed in its general principles, apart from any direct bearing on the Sacred Records. When principles can once be shown to have

a necessary foundation in human nature, and it appears that their operation is as certain, under given circumstance, as that of any physical law—prejudice is taken by surprise and disarmed—and we may then leave the application of principles to the candour and good sense of all thoughtful readers. I am aware, that you have thrown out much valuable light on this subject in former communications to the Classical Museum, and in the Appendix to your Herodotus. But what I now wish to see is something in a more popular, comprehensive, and accessible form for the general reader. If we wish to save the credit of ancient learning in this land of Poor Laws and Anti-Corn Leagues and Protection Societies—we must popularise its results, and bring them out in a tangible shape before the public. Perhaps you suspect already what I am driving at, and scent the Editor afar off; and therefore without further preface I will confess, that I am a petitioner to you for an Article for the next number of the Periodical* with which I am now partially connected. A translation has recently appeared of Müller's Prolegomena to a Scientific View of Mythology, which I and some of my colleagues have thought might furnish the subject of a very instructive article, if you would have the kindness to furnish it.—I hope the public do not think there was any manifestation of ill-timed rivalry in commencing a New Series just at the time

* In 1845, The Christian Teacher changed its Title, and appeared as The Prospective Review, under the editorship of John James Tayler, James Martineau, Charles Wicksteed, and John Hamilton Thom.

when Brook Aspland* was doing the same for the Reformer. It was not like setting on foot a new publication, which would have been unseemly and uncourteous. It was merely taking up with a stronger force ground already in occupation. Some regret there should be two Periodicals in our body; but it seems to me, there are two elements working amongst us, each of which demands an expression—to subserve the cause of universal truth. For myself I can sympathise with conservatism, as well as with progress; and sometimes fancy my own views are an odd jumble of both. But I do not see why, in the present state of things, the organs of both may not work on in their different spheres, with perfect good will towards each, and with mutual sympathy and respect.

To his Daughter.†

Manchester, February 9th, 1845.

My dear Hannah,

I cannot fancy that one week has not yet completely elapsed, since I bid you good-bye; to look back on, it seems a month—so much do we miss at first those whom we tenderly love. I can hardly tell you, my beloved child, what pain it has cost me, to part with you even for so short a time. I had a constant sadness upon me for some days after you left. We all

* Rev. Robert Brook Aspland, Editor of The Christian Reformer, deceased in 1869.

† At School in Liverpool, on leaving home for the first time.

miss your bright looks and cheery voice every hour in the day, and feel something is wanting to make our after-dinner group round the fire, and our tea-table, as sprightly and cheerful as it ought to be. When your old companions came at the usual hour on Wednesday morning, it seemed so strange to me not to see you as usual in the midst of them, that the tears were quite ready to come into my eyes. I shall dismiss them at the end of this quarter. I told them, that if any liked to take up the history, after Midsummer, I should be ready to pursue it with them; and that when you returned next Christmas, it was my intention to continue to read with you a few hours in every week—no longer as a pupil, but as an intelligent friend and companion—on the higher subjects of taste and criticism, and philosophy, which you might then feel a disposition to pursue; and that if any of your old friends wished to join you in these pursuits, I should be most happy to see them. * * * You will acquire by patience and perseverance all the intellectual qualities that constitute true wisdom, and are necessary to the true enjoyment of life and the efficient discharge of all its duties; and every day I see reason to value *less* mere cleverness, and to esteem *more* gentle and consistent goodness. Though you leave home older than is usual—yet I am reconciled to this, by the conviction that your principles are now fixed, and that you will feel, more than you could at an earlier age, the importance of making the best possible use of your present advantages.—You left us, a pure, simple-hearted, and affectionate

child; I do not think it possible you can come back to us otherwise. My dearest Hannah, cherish in secret the *religion of the heart*—faith in an ever-present and most benignant Father, our Father and thine.—This faith is the source of all true wisdom and true peace. The best qualities, even of the *head*, grow out of it. In this faith we may be *one* and *near*, though separated. If at any time you are tired or harassed, the retirement of your own room will afford you the best relief and strength. I rejoice on this account that you have a room to yourself. I could write much more for my heart is full. You are generally the last thing of which your mother and I talk at night before going to sleep. I miss your affectionate good night in my study. I will say to you now, what I have often said then,—Good night, *my darling bab!*

To his Daughter.

Manchester, March 16th, 1845.

My dear Hannah,

**—I have had melancholy duties to perform on two successive Sundays. Last Sunday I preached on the death of my good old friend, Mrs. McConnel; and to-day I have had to render the same tribute to the memory of poor Mrs. J. Shawcross. You will, no doubt, have been shocked to hear of her death, which I believe Mama has already mentioned to you. It was a melancholy sight yesterday morning, at the funeral, to see the widowed father sitting sad with his

nine children around him, all weeping their mother's sudden removal from them.—But I must turn to you, my dear child. I am glad that John and Mama will have three days quiet enjoyment of your company at the end of this week. Few things would give me more happiness than to join them; but I have to preach on Good Friday, and must prepare on Saturday for my lecture next day: so that if there were no other reason, I could not leave home; but I have a little work on hand,* which I am resolved to despatch before summer, and nothing shall tempt me forth till that is accomplished. My happiness in seeing you at Midsummer will be all the greater for my self-denial now. —I observe, my dear Hannah, you say in your last letter, you sometimes feel discouraged, and think you will never get over certain difficulties. Do not give way to that feeling; there is no occasion for it.—There is nothing which I admire more in the character of the late Dr. Arnold than his preference of *moral* earnestness and simplicity to mere *intellectual* cleverness. It was only to-day, that I met with the following beautiful remark, from—I believe—one of his letters:—"If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom—blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." I do not know that I have ever fully expressed to you my sentiments respecting the education of women. I by no means undervalue

* A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England: or, The Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. 1845.

accomplishments; I delight to see the fairest of God's works made still more beautiful by elegant culture.—But I have observed, that accomplishments are often pursued at too great and exclusive a cost—that they are often merely technical—an outward possession, not growing out of the heart and imbued with sentiment and feeling—in one word, wholly disjoined from what I call *character*. This, I think, is often the case with the daughters of those who have themselves had few advantages of education. They like to see some visible fruits of culture speedily produced, and to be able to say, "my girl is a complete musician—'draws beautifully'—'is perfect mistress of French, German, Italian,' and so forth, etc." Now, it would be great affectation to deny that these attainments are in themselves very valuable, and to depreciate them because we are not so fortunate as to possess them. But still they are not the *end*—the *whole* of education. There are some things far more precious, without which they are useless, and which without them will render any woman a blessing to her family and her kind. These then are the first things to be attended to; add to them as much of the former as you can. The most valuable influence of a woman in the world is to cherish the affections, to keep alive the spirit of religion, to give strength and purity to the sense of right. I would even say, it is her peculiar prerogative, to be the *guardian of the moral interests of humanity*. Now this object suggests the proper rule and measure of her education. Moral and religious principle must

be its *basis*—and a pure, simple, truthful heart—a calm and thoughtful understanding, its *instrument;* useful, well-digested knowledge—history, the elements of natural science, of mathematics and of mental philosophy, poetry and polite literature, and the languages which most abundantly supply this knowledge—are its *materials;* and the accomplishments, which refine the taste, perfect the senses, and form the manners—are its *embellishments.* This seems to me the order in which the objects of education should be pursued, and the rank according to which they should be appreciated. The basis being well laid, every subsequent addition confers fresh grace and value on the character. But this can only be, when what we learn has been learned thoroughly and conscientiously, has been reflected on and digested, and wrought into the permanent furniture of the mind—and in life, is applied wisely and judiciously. Mere accomplishment must not be confounded with refinement of mind, which is its proper fruit; nor mere book-knowledge with wisdom, which is the only thing of real value. To be able to *live* wisely and well—to exercise our affections properly—to judge correctly on questions of duty and conduct—and to acquire a firm, calm will, which can adhere to what is right amidst the evil influences of the world—this is *character;* and if education does not produce this—though it may have taught a dozen languages and all the sciences, and conferred the most exquisite accomplishments—it will have done nothing. Do not then misunderstand me.

I would have you pursue music, drawing, dancing, French, etc., with the utmost assiduity, and strive to overcome all your difficulties, and even to excel in them; for whatever confers grace and refinement, and enables a woman to diffuse additional pleasure through the social circle, promotes the peculiar end of her existence: but if you find you can never shine or be distinguished in them, do not let that disconcert you; secure the substantial, and be content; profit by the *discipline* which they afford to your mind; and if they bring nothing else to you, let them teach you *wisdom*. That which has brought the fruits of modesty, gentleness, and self-discipline is worth all the labour that has been bestowed on it; and if you can only cheer your father's or your mother's old age with one of our dear old English airs played simply and expressively—or can bring back in your sketch-book some slight image of the beautiful scenes I hope we may often see together hereafter—you will have made them additionally happy, and I am sure your affectionate heart will find in that an abundant recompense.

Manchester, April 6th, 1845.

This has been such a busy week that it seems like a month since I last wrote to you. On Monday, our friend, Mr. Longueville Jones, read a Paper at a Conversazione at the Royal Institution, on the Dutch Critics of the 16th and 17th Centuries, when I was in the Chair, and made a short introduction to the subject. —On Tuesday night, I set out by the Mail train for

London.—I made my arrangements very satisfactorily with the printer and publisher, and in the shop of the latter, I met our friend Dr. Hutton. There is an old Dissenting Library in Red Cross Street,* founded by Dr. Williams, a Presbyterian Minister, more than a century ago, which contains some books which I wished to see. Dr. Hutton accompanied me thither, and introduced me to the Librarian; and there I sat reading and copying till about four or five in the afternoon. To one who like myself has been reading much about the old Puritans and early Nonconformists, Dr. Williams's Library is really a very interesting place. The walls are hung with original portraits of these old worthies, with their successors of eminence in the Dissenting ministry in London and its neighbourhood down to the present day—and it is curious to mark not only the change of costume, but the gradual softening of the features and expression—as the harshness of the old Calvinistic systems gave way to milder and more cheerful views of religion. Among the rest is a portrait of Sir John Oldcastle, an old Lollard chief, the reputed companion of Henry V., when Prince of Wales, and the original historical personage out of which Shakespeare is said to have elaborated his Falstaff. This can hardly, I should think, be an original picture; but the sternness of feature it exhibits better comports with the character of a religious reformer than with that of a boon companion of a wild and

* A new building for this Library is now in course of erection in Grafton Street, Gower Street.

headstrong prince. But there is another picture in the same collection, which is extremely interesting and beautiful—the portrait of Baxter. The head is wonderfully characteristic, full of a thoughtful earnestness, tempered with benignity, and the painting is rich with that mellowed darkness of tone which we sometimes see in old paintings. But I am got away from my travels. I drank tea at Mr. Chapman's the publisher's, where I met Dr. Hutton again, and before eight the same evening I returned to the Hotel to prepare for my journey homeward.—In travelling all night one has an opportunity of seeing some things which our artificial habits and late hours usually conceal from us. What exquisite beauties there are in this Universe of which we know nothing! Nothing could be more lovely than the breaking of the dawn in long flakes of quiet light all along the eastern horizon—beneath which the hills exhibited the softest, richest purple—and this effect was heightened by the beautiful apparition of the crescent moon, looking as one may say, unearthly pale amidst the kindling glow of the morning.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

York Place, Manchester, April 29th, 1845.

I have seen so little of you lately, that it is quite a pleasure to converse with you even on paper. By the end of May, I trust I shall be rather more at leisure, and have more of your society. The notes of

your Lecture on the Priestly Kingdoms,* I have read over with much interest. In your general view of the gradual evolution of one stage of society out of another — and of things, originally well meant and beneficial, becoming corrupt and mischievous—only by being kept too long—I entirely agree. On one or two insulated points a question or two has occurred to me to ask you.—According to your idea—if I rightly apprehend it—the *sacred* or *sacerdotal* character grows out of the importance attached to the *civil* character of a judge and mediator. I am not arguing for the priority of the *civil* or the *sacerdotal* element in society—but it seems to me, that with a rude people the *religious* influence would be more direct, constant, and all-embracing than you represent it. Among such a people, every perception and every consciousness of superior wisdom and intellect, capable of guiding and directing, inspires deep religious feeling—veneration approaching to homage;—the civil and sacerdotal elements lie folded up, as it were, in one character, and only separate themselves into distinct functions, as society advances. In the order of development, do not the *religious* precede the *moral* sentiments? Perhaps, however, the difference between us is more verbal than real.—I can hardly admit that the love of Truth for its own sake is altogether and in every case so late a product of humanity. I doubt too, whether *conscious* falsehood,—even if it tends apparently to a good practical result, is ever felt to be praiseworthy.

* Published in a Volume of Miscellanies, 1869: Trübner and Co.

The moment *that* consciousness arises, the innocence of *childhood* is gone, and craft and selfishness, which so early insinuate themselves into priesthoods, take its place.—What you say of the institution of castes originating in the monopolising spirit of different occupations—like our trades-unions—is very ingenious, and to me a new thought—it never occurred to me before. At the same time, may we not more simply account for this origin by supposing them to be nothing more than the natural development of society in the division of human labour, arrested at a certain period of its growth by the interposing hand of the priesthood, controlling and directing all things? We have an instance of the way in which the priesthood took the *whole* management of society into their hands, in the account given us of the Incas of Peru, who superintended to the minutest particulars the cultivating and reaping of the entire lands of the community. Is not the institution of castes invariably connected with a priesthood? Where one occurs may we not certainly infer the co-existence of the other. The case of China is an exception more of *form* than of *reality;* as we see there the true *sacerdotal* power placed in the hands of a *literary* class—and *classical* books substituted for the *sacred* books of other nations. The earliest constitution of castes seems, as you observe, to embrace the natural fourfold division of human occupations. We find it in our own Anglo-Saxon times—without the compulsion of caste—*priests, thanes* (warriors), *merchants and free cultivators, slaves.* But when the

institution was once set on foot, and the priesthood had established its ascendancy, nothing was more natural than that every fresh subdivision should be brought under its control—as in the case of the new caste of interpreters among the Egyptians, after the commencement of their close intercourse with the Greeks. The difference between us seems to lie in this —*you* regard the system of castes as having its impulse *within,* in the self-interest and jealousy of different employments—*I* have been accustomed to view it as the constraint of a despotic force imposed from *without.* But, as I said, the idea is new to me, and I will well consider it. Your theory seems to me more in accordance with the origin of our modern society —in the formation of *guilds and companies,* which I take it were at first nothing more than incorporations for mutual defence and advantage; at first against the warrior force of the feudal baron, but afterwards against rivals in trade.—Towards the close of your paper—are you quite correct historically—in speaking of "the *hereditary Counts* or *military officers*" as "off sets" from the original warrior caste? My impression was, that the *Counts,* dispersed over the vast extent of the Frankish empire, who laid the first foundations of the feudal system, were at first mere *beneficiaries*—the creatures of the sovereign—without *inherent* nobility, and that only by degrees they acquired hereditary title, and rose into the class of proper nobles. That is the idea which Hallam's book has left on my mind. But I speak under cor-

rection.—Thank you sincerely for the interest of this discussion, and believe me ever truly and affectionately yours.

To Samuel Robinson, Esq.

York Place, June 20th, 1845.

* * You know there is going to be a meeting of old Yorkists at York, in the first week of July, and a public dinner, at which the valued friends and instructors of our youth will be present. Such meetings, so full of sentiment and interest, cannot often occur; and I quite take it for granted you will be there. But that is not the point. After the dinner it is proposed, there should be a short Address, expressing the sentiments naturally excited by the occasion. I am quite of opinion, this should be; the meeting will be aimless and want character, without some such accompaniment. But who should undertake the office of preparing and delivering it? Perhaps you will say, some of the older Divines. Well! some of them have been applied to, and all, for some reason or another, have been found utterly impracticable. The matter was mooted in a reunion of some of us, connected with the meeting, yesterday; and your name, as by a sort of spontaneous suggestion, was at once mentioned by several of us, with an earnest wish that we could possibly induce you to comply with our request, to deliver the address. As an old friend, who, it was thought, might have some influence over you, I was commissioned to apply to you, which I do, I assure

you, with the most cordial approval of the suggestion. In some respects, I am deliberately of opinion, that a layman is much better suited to the office than a divine. A parson, let him try all he can, has his hand so in for sermon making, that he can produce after all nothing but a sermon disguised—and a poor made dish at last. Now we do not want anything long or elaborate; but good and generous feeling, kind recollections of past days, respect and gratitude for our venerated instructors, cheerful anticipations of brighter days of truth, liberty and human progress. All this I know you *can* do, if you *will*, and why you should not *will*, I confess I cannot see the shadow of a reason. I mentioned what I was going to do to Mr. Kenrick to-day, but begged him not to speak of it, till it was settled. He thoroughly approved of the proposal, said he was sure you would do it well, and seemed rather rejoiced at the prospect of escape from parsonic infliction.

To his Wife.

York Place, July 4th, 1845.

* * Our meeting at York was a very pleasant and satisfactory one. We mustered about twenty-seven students, Beard [Dr. J. R.], Aspland, Howorth, S. Wood, were there with their wives. Eyre Lee made a very good chairman. He and Mr. Robberds [Rev. John Gooch], who were fellow-students exchanged a good deal of merriment in their speeches. Mr. Robberds opened a complete battery on his old friend,

so that the company were in roars, and the tears ran down Mr. Wellbeloved's cheeks with merriment. We (I mean the students, including S. Robinson and R. Philips who were both with us) adopted and carried unanimously a resolution to request Mr. Kenrick to sit for his portrait, to be presented to Mrs. Kenrick, and to have an engraving taken from it for his pupils. Mr. Lee, R. Philips and myself were appointed a deputation to convey the resolution to him. He was quite taken by surprise; but after a little demur very kindly gave his consent. I think Mrs. Kenrick was much pleased, as well as Mr. Wellbeloved.*

To his Daughter.

Manchester, Sept. 7th, 1845.

It is one of the advantages of the penny post, that it offers no obstacle to writing short letters, when one has no matter or no time to produce a long one. I dare say it is pleasant to you, to have only a few words from those you love, every week; it is just like asking you how you do, and sending you word we are all very well, through the long tube (for to this we may compare our conveyance by Railroads) which I have seen, in some shops and warehouses, connecting one floor with another. You will ask, what can possibly be the meaning of such a strange introduction. The fact is, I have at this moment actually nothing to say; and yet I cannot let another week pass away, without

* Mrs. Kenrick's father.

assuring you, my very dear child, that you are not out of my thoughts, and that not a day comes round, in which you are not often present to my mind. It has been such a happiness to your dear Mother and myself to have you and your brother constantly with us, busy with your childish studies and your childish amusements, making our house pleasant with the sound of your merry voices—that I am sometimes half inclined to be sad, that your season of childhood is past. It is gone like a pleasant vision; and whatever the future may be (God grant it a happy and an honourable one for you and dear John!) I shall always look back on that happy past with gratitude and delight as one of the brightest periods of my earthly existence, treasuring up the memory of the hours I have spent in reading with you and him, and in endeavouring to open and direct your minds, as among the few things in this life on which I can look back with almost unmingled satisfaction. With you, dear Hannah, I hope to renew some of the pleasant hours of instruction once more, and I have no doubt Mama has the same expectation too; and even with John, I cannot forego the hope that I may still, in his long vacations, occasionally work out in joint study and reading some interesting subject. But I cannot disguise from myself the feeling, that when he goes from us in another month, it will be a step for him into the great and uncertain theatre of life, and that home, much as I hope and believe he will ever love and cherish it—can never again be for him, what it has hitherto been.

But you and I and Mama must try to find a new source of interest in him, which will strengthen our affection for him, in tracing what I hope will be his honourable and successful progress in life, and the unfolding of the many valuable qualities both of mind and of character, which I believe he possesses. But the last quarter before Christmas will be a pensive one. Never before shall we have been without both our children. Dear Mama and I, as we sit over the fire after dinner, shall often talk of you, and look forward with delight to our meeting at Christmas, which separation will have rendered more delightful.

> The hues of bliss more brightly glow
> Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
> And blended form with artful strife,
> The strength and harmony of life.

Mama's and John's letters will be fuller of news than mine: but you know my business is to make Sermons, and my letters are often, I fear, very like one.

To HIS SON, *at University College, London.*

Manchester, Oct. 29th, 1845.

I hope next week to commence my regular correspondence with you. For among the compensations, for the loss of your society, and the daily interest which now for three years I have had in reading with you—I reckon that of freely imparting my thoughts to you by letter, and of receiving your's in return. When such intercourse is carried on with

perfect freedom and ingenuousness, and at the same time, with some care and thoughtfulness, I believe it to be a great means of opening and strengthening the mind, of forming the taste and sentiments, and of defining and fixing the opinions, both morally and intellectually. Your dear mother and sister will give you all the domestic intelligence which, even to the smallest particulars, is so valuable and interesting when we are at a distance from home. I remember well, how my letters from England used to affect me when I was a student in Glasgow, a place by the bye in which my heart never took root, as it did in old York. But *I* had better take another department, for I should not equally well succeed in theirs; and if I still seem to take a deep interest and even share in your education, and beg you to write to me fully and unreservedly your judgments and feelings on the books you read, the lectures you hear, the friends you converse with, or the questions whether literary or general on which your mind is exercised—remember, my dear boy, I do this no longer with the authority of an instructor, but simply as a father and a friend. I hope you will not find my letters dull. I shall write from my heart: and if, at times, to a younger mind, I may appear over-anxious and particular, you must recollect it is a part of the infirmity of natural temperament, and that at all events it arises from the strength of my affection for you. This is a long preface, you will say, about nothing. It is simply to tell you, you must not consider this as a letter; it is merely the

preparation for one. I did not finish my article for the Prospective till last night, and so I have passed the proper time for writing to you. But to-morrow is your birthday; and I should not like it to pass over, without some expression of congratulation and good wishes from your mother and myself. You are now getting on towards manhood. Take into it with you all the good principle, the right feeling, and the virtuous habits, which I believe have accompanied you from your childhood, and I am sure you will do well. I cannot form for you a better wish.

Nov. 3, 1845.

* * Continue to write to your mother and myself as openly and unreservedly as you have hitherto done. Give us in your letters all your thoughts, feelings, impressions and opinions. Discharge your whole heart into them. Such revelations, as indicating the growth of your mind and character, will be unspeakably valuable to us. I do not say much directly on the subject of religious principle and conviction, for themes so grand and solemn as these lose their freshness and impressiveness by being talked about. I would only say, in a few words—Try by a systematic course of reading to make yourself thoroughly well acquainted with the Greek Testament, and imbue your whole mind with its spirit; and unite with this as much reading of our best divines and moralists, as you can find time for in your leisure hours on Sunday and Saturday evening. I am sure you will find great benefit to your mind from carefully studying Barrow. He is full of thought,

tersely and weightily expressed, although in the exposition of a sentiment or idea he is minute and detailed almost to exhaustion. I do not think you would find him dry. I am almost sure you would like him. When you have time and inclination, I should like to hear your judgments on any books, old or new, that you may read. When you find what leisure remains over from the thorough preparation for your College lectures, which you can without injury to your health devote to private study, my advice would be, that you should begin to enter on a course of reading with a view to taking your degree. I look on Classics in your case merely as a preparation and introduction for higher studies connected with your professional career. Before you come up to these, adorn and strengthen your mind by an accurate and thoughtful study of the great master-spirits of antiquity. That will form your taste and be a lasting benefit to you through life. The writers I should particularly recommend you to study (but of course, I only recommend, I do not dictate) are Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Thucydides, Demosthenes and parts of Plato—in Latin—besides the current authors whom everyone knows—Lucretius, Plautus (parts of him), Terence, Cicero, Livy, Tacitus especially—if you have time and it is required for your degree, parts of Quintilian. You must no more read like a mere schoolboy, to get a certain portion done, but with taste, discrimination and thoughtfulness, for instruction, and the gratification of refined and elegant sentiment. Till you are a graduate,

exercise yourself weekly in composing in both languages, if this be not required in the College classes. Blend with the Ancients a pretty constant reading of our great English classics, poets and prose writers.—I think I would not attempt more than *one* modern language this Session, but I would take an opportunity of perfecting myself by *writing* as well as by *reading*, in either German or French, paying at the same time particular attention to the pronunciation. I would study under a *native*. If you wish to have the benefit of private instruction in any other department, I am willing to be at the expense of a tutor; but I do not urge it, if you do not think it necessary. I must leave much—very much now to your own judgment and good taste. Only do not so construe my anxiety about your mental improvement, as to work too hard and neglect your health.

Manchester, Nov. 17th, 1845.

* * If it would not be taxing you too much, I should be much obliged by your giving me once a fortnight—or less frequently if more convenient, a short summary of the views of general and comparative philology, put forth in Key's course. It is a subject in which I take great interest, but I am wholly unable to keep pace with the present progress of knowledge respecting it; and yet I want to know what is doing. You will well conceive, that with the duties of a Minister, and the many collateral calls on time involved in them—and the great mass of reading

required for such a subject as the history of Christianity—in which I have not yet accomplished more than half my course, I cannot have leisure for engaging in any other connected line of study. I must be content at present therefore to know *results*, and if you can help me to these, you will oblige me.

I am glad to hear that Long is about to lecture on the Roman Constitution. I think this will be capital exercise for thought. He is, I am told, much opposed to the theories of Niebuhr. If you have time, I should earnestly recommend you to get Niebuhr's book (which must of course, German or English, be in the College Library) and compare him with Long's criticisms. Whatever may be thought of many of his conclusions, Niebuhr was unquestionably a great historical genius, whose profound divinations, keen searching glance, and felicitous combination of the most scattered and fragmentary notices in ancient authors, must be admitted to have created a new era of historical inquiry, the benefits of which it would be unjust to lose sight of, amidst errors or even occasional absurdities of detail. No person pretending to a liberal education should fail to acquaint himself with the very remarkable and original work of Niebuhr. I remember to have read it when it first made its appearance in English many years ago, and I have several times since looked into particular parts of the German; but I should now much enjoy being able to give the whole a close connected study. While I am thus urging you to extend your reading in various direc-

tions—mind you avoid the *cramming* system, turning all knowledge into simple memory — making your brain a mere dictionary, or table of contents. This is not learning in any sense. Digest what you read, without hurry or confusion. Make it your own by reflection and personal conviction. You will not get on quite so fast in this way, or make so much show at first; but you will be a more *solid* man, and you will at length leave quacks and pretenders far behind you. Perhaps you will now and then let me into Long's views on the Roman Constitution, and the points of his disagreement with Niebuhr. Occasionally to give summaries of the instructions of your teacher—subjecting them to your own judgment and criticism in letters to a friend, will be a very useful exercise for yourself.

Manchester, Feb. 1, 1846.

——In buying books, remember what I have often told you, do not fill your shelves with old stale rubbish, picked up with no reference to your present tastes and studies, but wait till you really want a book, and then get a good and correct edition that will be permanently valuable.—I remember reading the Agamemnon many years ago, and thinking the choral parts exceedingly wild and obscure—drunkenly dithyrambic, as one may say. But the picturesque opening—the warder pacing up and down on the palace at Argos—and the description of the kindling beacon fires from hill to hill announcing the return of the chief from Troy, have left an impression on my mind

to this day.—The plan of reading an author, or a piece, through cursorily first, and then going over the same matter more attentively afterwards, I quite approve: it is the plan recommended by Ruhnken, and it was followed by himself.—For myself I have now begun to read again for my regular College course, and I am busy in Schlosser's History (German) of the Iconoclast Emperors. No part of history is more repulsive and even disgusting than this period of the Greek empire. It is a tissue of crimes and barbarities, unredeemed by even the greatness of ferocity—a sad picture of the decrepitude and corruption of a mind once so active and powerful as that of Greece, retaining of its ancient character nothing but its restlessness and its subtlety. Gibbon's picturesque narrative and piquant reflections give an interest to this as to every other portion of his history; but Schlosser's style is heavy and *trainant*, and his observations—so far as I have yet proceeded, neither original nor profound. I am reading his work in a copy that was once Blanco White's (lent me by Mr. Thom); it is scored with his pencil marks, and bears traces of his hatred of priests and dogmatic theology on almost every page, and there is an ampler mass of observations on the whole work, written in ink on a number of blank pages bound up at the end of the volume. This circumstance adds some interest and variety to a task otherwise rather dull. Indeed I can assure you, my duty imposes on me a good deal of dull heavy reading, a discipline, I sometimes fear,

not very improving for a preacher. However I get in this way larger views of a very important subject. In the course of three or four years, I hope now to complete my course, bringing it down to the French Revolution, and then if I live and have health and can command sufficient leisure, I intend in the latter years of my life, to work out more fully and thoughtfully from the original authorities, the most critical periods in the religious and spiritual history of mankind. Believe me, dear John, it is always good to live for an object, to be in pursuit of some great idea, even if we cannot wholly realise it. It gives worth and dignity to the most ordinary life.—Will you give my kindest regards to our excellent friend Dr. Hutton, and say I should esteem it a great favour, if he would procure me a *proof* impression of the engraving of his likeness. My study is already half-surrounded with the likenesses of the friends of my youth; I wish to add to them as many more as I can, that so I may live and die in the circle of my friends.

Manchester, May 3rd, 1846.

* * Grote's History of Greece is now passing with other of the Greenhey's Society's books, through our house.—I have read the preface and two very interesting chapters in the first volume on the Myths of early Greek literature, their relation to the subsequent life of the people, and the modifications of the conception and interpretation of them with the progress of the National intelligence. I am most agreeably dis-

appointed in the book. I had associated with Mr. Grote the idea of a dry, utilitarian, ballot-believing follower of Jeremy Bentham—Mr. —— in a somewhat milder and more gentlemanly form. But Grote is evidently a man of taste and sensibility, as well as of philosophical discrimination and comprehensiveness of mind—of vast reading in all departments of literature, well versed in the original Greek authors, whom he quotes readily, copiously and appositely without any appearance of effort or display. His margin, in the richness of its learned allusions, reminds one of the works of his great namesake, Hugo Grotius, from whom he is said to be descended. His style is clear, natural and animated, and free from the affectations of Carlyle's school. The chief fault of his book seems to me, a want of compression and arrangement. His mind is full of the subject; but he sometimes repeats himself and so spreads out his matter unnecessarily. I have not looked into a more telling book for some time, and would gladly sit down to read it, taking Herodotus and Thucydides along with it. But this must not be. I must stick to the History of Christianity, and not embark in any new inquiry till my College Course is completed. But Greek history has now all the charm of novelty for me. I have not read it for years. It is otherwise with Mr. Newman and Mr. Kenrick; they seem nearly sated with the subject, and do not enter into my enthusiastic feeling on opening Grote's book.—To turn to another subject;

my own book* has procured me a small present from a gentleman of Boston, U.S., personally unknown to me, in the shape of a pamphlet, very curious and instructive and shewing much research among early records in Holland on the social condition of the Independents under the ministry of Mr. Robinson, while they were exiles in that country, and before the majority of them set sail as Pilgrim Fathers for the New World. It shews very clearly that in Robinson's time, quite in the beginning of the 17th century, their condition in Holland was one of hardship and poverty, and makes one aware how necessary it is, to test carefully the broad and sweeping assertions that are made by historians.

To Rev. W. H. Herford.

Manchester, January 18th, 1847.

In the experience I have had in instructing young children in religion, I have always found the simple, graphic narrative of Scripture by far the most attractive and the most intelligible which I could use;—and for this reason, that they lay hold of the imagination, and present the young mind with pictures of persons and things which they can conceive, and serve to awaken that interest in the different features of the good and the bad under the disposal of a wise and merciful Father, in which, as it seems to me, the earliest sentiments of vital religion have their source.

* The Retrospect of the Religious Life of England.

Whereas almost all systematic teaching from a Catechism, as it addresses itself exclusively to the understanding, repels by its very coldness and dryness, even when the abstract form of enunciation does not altogether exceed the comprehension of a child.—My own feeling is, to begin with the New Testament, with the history and teachings of Jesus Christ, so simple, so beautiful, so generally intelligible, with a very little explanation, to the youngest. I would take care, however, to impress on the child's mind, that there are not a few things in Scripture, as in Creation and Providence, which he cannot at present comprehend, but must be content to leave in obscurity, till the light of future years, or perhaps of remoter heaven, shall come to us. This is a salutary lesson of reverence and trust, and if associated with the earnest fixing of the mind on the clear and positive points of duty and devout affection, as alone of vital concern for us, will not foster any superstitious feebleness or timidity of mind, but will tend rather to form a manly power of separating the essential from the unessential. I should apply this principle to the miraculous narratives of the Scripture. With a child all attempt at explanation here is worse than useless, and dissipates at once that halo of poetical beauty, in which it is so desirable for the development of our future religious feeling, that our earliest impressions of religious truth should be enveloped. Reason will sufficiently do its work on this subject in after life. I should say to the child in general—whenever the miraculous occurs—that it is

an evidence of divine power and blessing accompanying the life of Jesus, which cannot be explained, and which young people will be better able to comprehend when they grow older. I do not think we sufficiently estimate the power of poetry in impressing the first truths of religion indelibly on the young mind. There is much in the Scripture, which, to produce its proper effect on the mind, must be treated as a divine poetry. The spirit and character of Christ as a heavenly teacher, his acts of beneficence and love, his healing and consolatory miracles, his beautiful parables, his condensed maxims of religious wisdom, should be strongly impressed on the young mind, and their hidden force and manifold application be called out by the teacher—and, when possible, the young should be incited by suitable hints and questions to work out their meaning for themselves. I would take one of the Gospels—Mark (which is short and singularly picturesque) or Luke (which has the advantage of joining on well with the Acts), and read it through consecutively—not too much at a time—with occasional reviews of what has been gone over—and especial care that the *moral* value of the narrative has been felt—the geography of the land of Palestine, with illustrations of manners, customs, natural history, aided by maps and drawings, serving to give additional interest and attractiveness to the *Bible Lessons*. For, whatever you do, take care, that this lesson is not felt irksome and oppressive, but rather as something that is looked to with delight and interest in the

general course of instruction. Much will depend on the temper and mind of the pupil—whether he be imaginative and endowed with sensibility, or reflective and inclined to reason. A deep religious sentiment may be associated with either cast of mind; but the tutor must vary his instruction accordingly. In fact, the best and most vital part of his instruction must be oral and occasional,—the overflowing, if I may so express myself, of his fulness into the yet unfilled but expectant heart and mind of the child. The silent influence of his own spirit, and the general tenour of his language and sentiment even on other topics, will do much, far more than positive instruction, to unfold a pure and elevated religious seriousness, without cant or formalism or fanaticism in the mind of his young charge. With the Gospel, I have found the Book of Acts may be very well associated. It may be made exceedingly interesting to children.—Of books on the evidences of Christianity I have a decidedly bad opinion, and think that, as usually treated, they are much more fitted to instil doubts than to produce faith. Far more useful, I think, would be a history of the Hebrew people and literature—showing how both served to perpetuate a pure monotheistic religion in the world—how, and when, and by whom, and on what occasion, the several books of the Old Testament were written; then to go on and give a similar account of the New Testament—of the institutions of the early Church—and of the principal epochs of Christian history to the present day. This view

includes a course of many years, and for pupils up to the age of 14 or 15. Along with this course of didactic discipline, accustom your pupils to commit to memory the most beautiful pieces of religious poetry, both from modern writers and from the Psalms and the Prophets, and when they are musical, to associate them with the finest music. The effect of this on the devotional sentiment is incalculable.

To his Son.

Manchester, Jan. 31st, 1847.

My dear John,

* * I was interested by the letter of your friend. It shows good feeling and right purpose, but indicated I thought a little want of judgment and balance of mind. The idea of an English lawyer, as he is to become, devoting the number of years he speaks of to the speculative metaphysics of Germany is quite preposterous. When *you* go to Germany I should strongly dissuade you from plunging into the dark mysticism of the Hegelian School, but recommend you rather to give the whole force of your mind to Roman Law, History, some Classical Literature, the History of Philosophy, and the more rational system of Kant and perhaps of Fichte. This would be the utmost you could manage, to bring away anything like clear ideas and useful results. I fear there is a danger among some of our young men of German philosophy, in return for the ignorant abuse it once suffered, becoming itself a folly

and a cant. I have a very high opinion of the learning and research of the Germans; but what very little I know of their later philosophy seems to me to want a basis in reality. Indeed, generally, I think their learning and literature has reached the limit it can attain to, till they have more room for action under their despotic governments—more freedom, political and religious. It is a remarkable fact, that Germany has now no great original author. Her mind has sunk into mere learning. Her great men, her Schillers, Richters and Goethes, seem to have completely passed away. It is not so with us. How is this? I believe the cause must be found in the greater freedom and independence of our popular life.—I was pleased with the account in your letter to your Mother, of your conversation with Cousin Richard. How you may have expressed yourself, I cannot tell, but I think you took decidedly the right view of the miracle question, and placed the evidence and authority of Christianity on the proper ground. Miracle is a vague, obscure, solemn question, which is at present probably imperfectly understood, investing the whole life of Christ with a halo of strange and wondrous beauty—the true poetry of religion—which I would not, in the present state of our knowledge, have rudely and irreverently dispelled—which we should always, I think, approach with caution and a kind of awe, but which it is equally absurd, and very dangerous to the interests of religious truth for the dogmatists on the positive side of the question, to erect into an absolute standard of Chris-

tian belief. The true state of mind seems to me—that appropriation, as it were, of the *spiritual* claims of the religion, which at present lies equally remote from the *positive* and the *negative* poles of dogmatism on the miraculous part of the question.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.*

Manchester, March 17th, 1847.

We have sometimes talked of the probable antiquity of the books of the Old Testament—particularly of the Pentateuch—in their actual form. The right use of these books, as sources of historical truth, and a just estimate of earlier Hebrew history, must depend on our making our way towards a proximate conclusion on this point. On reading Ewald's very interesting introduction to his translation of the Prophets some time since, the following suggestions occurred to me. You can tell me, when you have a few minutes to spare, whether you think there is any weight in them.—In reference to this subject, it must be very important to notice the first indications of the general use of *prose* composition, and what we may perhaps assume as contemporaneous with it, the general use of *writing* in place of the merely *oral* record, or the *monumental* inscription, such as Joshua is said to have employed for preserving a knowledge of the blessings and curses of the law, or Moses in the two tables of the Decalogue.

* Then Professor of Latin, University College, London.

Now Ewald has a peculiar theory about the *prophetic* style. He distinguishes it from the poetic, as occupying a sort of middle region between poetry and prose —sometimes dropping into simple historical narrative —sometimes rising into genuine lyrical enthusiasm— but, on the whole, characterized by its fitness to act on practical life, and stir men to action—partaking in fact of the character of a highly impassioned and figurative oratory. It has occurred to me, whether we do not see in this prophetic style the transition-process of an ancient language from poetry to prose, as the *ordinary* vehicle of meditated and connected discourse. The early addresses of the Hebrew prophets accompanied by impassioned gesture and symbolism, remind one of the animated harangues of a North American Indian. The oldest prophets, Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, are the most purely poetic in their style and their contents; as we proceed, the prose element increases; in Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, it becomes actually predominant. Does this gradual increase of prose indicate a growing command over the materials and implements of writing, and such facility in the use of them, as we must pre-suppose before the composition of a long work, of very various materials, like the Pentateuch, becomes even conceivable? But without laying any very particular stress on Ewald's theory of the prophetic style, which from his extreme love of differing from all his predecessors, he has perhaps pushed to the utmost (he has made his translation into prose, merely indicating a sort of rhythmus by marks), it is

certainly remarkable, when we consider the influence of the prophets on Hebrew history, that none of their oracles should have been collected and reduced to writing before the time of Joel, in the latter part of the ninth century before Christ; that of Samuel and Elijah and Elisha, whose personal agency was so strong and decisive, and whose names were held in such veneration—nothing should have been preserved but the legendary fragments that have been incorporated with the national history—although upon the received theory, writing had been practised by the Levitical order for centuries, and a large body of written law was habitually studied and expounded by them. Do these circumstances point to the probability, that writing was beginning to be more common about the time that the most ancient oracles preserved to us were collected, and put into a permanent form; and that the still older remains of primeval song and legend and law had up to that time been transmitted orally—what we yet have of David and Solomon being preserved in this way? You can tell me whether scholars do not now generally suppose, that the reduction of the Homeric poems to their present form was coincident with the more general use of written characters among the Greeks, and that with the increase of this practice, prose began by degrees to encroach on the more ancient poetry, and the ἐποποιοί to be succeeded by the λογοποιοί. Was this a parallel crisis in the development of the Greek mind, to that which I have supposed to be indicated among the Hebrews? The

alleged discovery of the Law in the reign of Josiah would occur nearly 200 years later than the date assigned to Joel.—I write, I assure you, more to get your ideas, than under the belief that I can suggest anything of much value in my own.—I have left no time and room for other matters. I have read your article on Ireland* twice. I am convinced you have indicated the *quarter* whence relief and reformation must come. Two facts which the papers daily witness, substantially confirm your general view of the utter oppression of the peasantry—the apathy of some, and their unwillingness to take any trouble, even to put seed into the ground—and the efforts making by those who have any energy left, to scrape together what they can and emigrate.—Thank you for your kind notice of my son.

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Nottingham, August 5th, 1847.

——You will recollect we had some conversation at the close of the Session, on the extension of the Theological Course to three years. Your suggestions on the subject in a note to the Board, met with unanimous approval.—I think each professor should be satisfied with three entire years, for at the utmost he cannot expect to do more than introduce his pupils to the subject, and induce them to read for themselves, according to the indications afforded them by him.—I

* Prospective Review, 1847.

heard, as you may suppose, a good deal about the New Hall* while I was in London, and one morning met Mr. John Wood, Mr. Edwin Field and Mr. Davison at Mr. H. C. Robinson's at breakfast, on purpose to talk over the subject. They are quite resolved to proceed with the Institution so far as the education of our laity is concerned, and would be very glad, I plainly perceive, to effect an union with our Theological Institution, if that could be brought about. They disclaim, and I am certain honestly, everything like rivalry and opposition. Mr. John Wood, who spoke with clear, calm judgment, and without any excitement on the subject,—and who seemed to me the best man of business in the party,—especially expressed his regret that this union could not be effected, and said, that his *beau ideal* of what the Institution in London should be, was founded on its assumption,—but that this seeming at present impracticable, they must try the next best thing. Field and Davison have a notion, how far it may be founded on a sober estimate of facts I cannot tell, that there are funds applicable to the purposes of Academical education, dispersed through our body and now divided in their objects, which if combined in one central Institution, connected with University College, might not only found an efficient and really noble seat of theological and philosophical learning, but would form a point of union and sym-

* University Hall, Gordon Square, a Hall of residence and tuition in connection with University College, and since 1853 the seat of Manchester New College, London.

pathy for all liberal Christians and religionists, and a nucleus around which successive benefactions, some of which Mr. Field said he knew to be in prospect, would be certain to cluster.—I believe you differ from me in your expectations from the Owen's College that is to be founded in Manchester. My own impression is, that it will be, and that it ought to be, a higher kind of *Real-schule* for the education of men designed for the pursuits of commerce and manufactures. I do not by that mean to express any thing contemptuous or disrespectful; for I have the highest opinion of that class, and of its spirit and capabilities, and think that the highest advantages of education should be conferred on it. But then the studies of such an Institution, if it is to become useful, should have a special reference to the wants of the parties that will chiefly resort to it—and these cannot embrace in due proportions, such as are universally understood to be requisite for completing the education of a professional man, the ancient languages and the higher parts of mental and ethical philosophy.—I have no expectation, therefore, that if the plan of the Owen's Institute be carried out as it ought to be, that any large number of professional men will resort to it for their higher education. —During the three weeks we were in town—though the season was at its close, I saw and heard much that interested me. Two mornings I spent in the British Museum in company with Sir C. Fellows, who was uncommonly obliging in giving information about the Lycian Marbles.—I dare say you have attended to the

point in controversy between him and the late Mr. Daniel respecting their origin and antiquity. I am very incompetent to offer an opinion on the subject; but from the data furnished by Sir Charles himself, I could see no evidence of any of the monuments being anterior to the occupation of the country by Harpagus. Fellows thinks there was a native Lycian art before that time, which subsisted through the period of the Persian dominion, and was gradually superseded by the pure Grecian.—Is that your opinion? I also looked over with Mr. Scharf the illustrations which he is preparing for the projected edition of Horace. The work will hardly be ready before next Spring. I think it is a pity that the Odes are not published separately —the Satires and Epistles affording so much less opportunity for illustration from gems and coins and bas-reliefs. Some of the illustrations are very beautiful, but they appeared to me of unequal merit. I wish he had limited himself to subjects known to be not *posterior* to the age of Horace. They might then have served as a commentary on the text, by exhibiting artistic forms and combinations with which the eye of the poet himself, or of his Greek prototype, might possibly have been familiar. As it is, he has come down to the age of Constantine, and in one or two cases has adopted figures from a MS. of Virgil of the 11th century. Thus the principle of illustration does not seem to be quite self-consistent. He complained, however, of not having his own way in all things. Murray, Milman, and Scharf are jointly concerned in the work.

—We saw and heard Jenny Lind and Rachel. With the voice of the former I was somewhat disappointed; but her acting is beautiful.—But what shall I say of Rachel? We saw her in Virginie. Under all the disadvantage of receiving my impressions through the medium of a foreign language, I never witnessed any female tragic acting that approaches hers. It was in the highest style of chaste and severe beauty—the very ideal of Roman virginity.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

Manchester, Sept. 17th, 1847.

We accept with many thanks your offer of an article on the Berber language.*—I have been now at work for the last four or five weeks in collecting materials for the completion of my course on the History of Christianity; and I mean to stick to this object, and take up no other principal pursuit—till I have brought down my course to a century or two subsequent to the Reformation, and am pretty clearly possessed of the principles which have resulted in the present religious condition of the world.—I take as a basis Gieseler's Handbuch, which is almost made up of copious extracts from contemporary writers in the original. All these I carefully read, and for the most part abstract. The work is sometimes not a little tedious; but one gets in this way at the *heart* of the

* Prospective Review, 1847.

time, and almost everything, when pursued with an object and with reference to large pervading principles, becomes interesting. If I get through this preliminary task in reasonable time, I hope to re-descend as it were on the *critical* periods, and examine them more particularly from the original sources, and my own individual point of view. I am however more and more convinced, that any attempts to penetrate into the *philosophy* of Christianity, must be preceded by a thoughtful and connected study of its *history*.—Upon the whole, the more I know of the mediæval hierarchy, and especially of the papacy, the worse I think of it—the more selfish, calculating and worldly does it seem to me. On the other hand, it is rather remarkable, that some of the most earnest and disinterested men—such as Bernard of Clairvaux—should have been such staunch papists. I am inclined to think we must account for it by their desire to effect a more entire separation of the spiritual and secular powers, and by their regarding the papal system, idealised in their enthusiastic minds, as the only agency that could check the corruption resulting from the secularisation of the Church. It is curious to observe how the reverence attached to Bernard's severe and holy life, created the general belief in his power miraculously to heal disease, and how he appears himself to have shared in that belief. Neander says, that the cases in which he is recorded to have effected a cure—were nervous diseases, fevers, and insanity, then usually ascribed to demoniacal possession. Abelard, the rationalist of the

day, mocked at these pretensions. There are many curious questions yet unsolved in the history of Religion, and perhaps deeply connected with the psychological laws of humanity, which the narrow way of handling these subjects has kept us from approaching at once with freedom and with reverence.

To Rev. James Martineau.

Manchester, Oct. 14th, 1847.

I read over Mr. Bagehot's MS. last night with much interest. It is thoughtful, and well written—evidently the production of a mind diligently cultured and disciplined. Its high toned morality I think both just and seasonable. The tendency of advancing science and civilisation to direct the efforts of literature rather to the expression of general types of humanity than to the delineation of individual characters—a distinction which strikes us on comparing our own age with that of Shakespeare—is exceedingly well put and illustrated. We cannot mistake in putting such an Article into our Review. We shall be serving the cause, which we have in view, by attaching to us as *collaborateurs*—young men of this description, earnest, reverential, pure minded, and highly cultivated. It is precisely the union of qualities which I wish to see operative in that section of the religious world to which we belong. I do not object—in a young and ardent mind—to the strong and unqualified assertion

of a particular philosophical system which marks this paper. For myself, I must confess I am unable to feel very passionately dogmatic on the side either of Free-will or of Necessity. The question seems to me one of those which are insoluble, and must be so, from their involving the relation of the finite to the Infinite. Even in future stages of being, therefore, I can conceive we shall only proximately advance to the solution of them, as our own minds in comprehensiveness become more like the Divine Mind. I have had little time to go deep into the philosophical questions of the present day—those more especially of the Hegelian and pantheistic schools; but from the hasty glimpses I have caught of them—I cannot but think their fundamental error consists in presumptuously attempting to construct their theorems from the *absolute*—the *infinite*—point of view—competent, as I conceive, to God alone—instead of being satisfied with a simply *relative* aspect of the eternal verities of the Universe. I am therefore for clinging close to the intuitions of our moral sense and the instinctive promptings of our affections. Nature is never wrong in her great general suggestions. She only needs reason to interpret and apply them. It is true, that after all there will still remain apparent contradictions between the inferences that we are capable of drawing from data of various kinds, which we cannot but admit as unquestionable facts in the constitution of our moral being; but, as I see these questions, before such apparent contradictions we must reverentially

pause, as mysteries which mark the fitting limit of our present inquiries. What I most object to in the old Necessarian school is their attempting to bring out the deep and subtle considerations that lie hidden in the very depths of our spiritual being to exercise the meditative faculty of the metaphysician—as grounds for popular thought and popular action. These must lie nearer the surface of humanity, and be in more immediate sympathy with our instinctive feelings.—I really must ask your forgiveness, dear friend, for thus encroaching on your time with this rambling digression; but it is a pleasure to confer with one whose mind is habitually exercised on these high subjects. The light you can give in return, whether in private communication, or through your published thoughts, is, I can assure you, at all times gratefully appreciated. I have not lost my taste for metaphysical speculation. At present, I am working my way laboriously through the long labyrinth of Christian history. When I have mastered that great fact, I live in hope of bringing to bear on the most important parts of it the broader lights of psychology and general philosophy. One thing let me say. You are about to visit Germany. I hope you will make yourself familiar with its philosophical mind, at once in its contrasts and in its affinities with our own. Any one who should do this, and give the result of his inquiries and reflections to the world, as I know you could—might render immense service to the cause of religion and Christianity. No one from our region has lately visited Germany with

philosophical views; most of us have gone for philological, historical, antiquarian, or narrow theological, objects. An almost untrodden field lies open to you.

To F. W. Newman.

Manchester, Jan. 5th, 1848.

Your letter reached me when I was from home, during our short Christmas vacation. I should, however, have replied to you before now, had I not thought it right previously to consult Thom. The fact is this. He had obtained previously a promise from another friend, Mr. H. Romilly, of an article on the Currency; and our hesitation was whether we could sufficiently rely on its fulfilment, to compel us to decline your valuable offer.—Some time ago a German friend put into my hands a work on 'Communism'—treated apparently, after the usual German fashion, in a scientific manner. You have exercised your mind much on social questions; and this from the few glimpses I can get of it, seems one of the most startling and novel of the present day. Would you find it too great a task on your time, to look through it; and if you think the subject worth handling, to give us an article on it for May? As I understand Communism, it would revolutionise property and annihilate religion. It seems to differ from our vulgar Socialism by engaging thoughtful, learned and earnest men in its belief. But I speak not from having read the book, but from what I have

been told. The existence of such views among learned men in the heart of the most highly educated country in Europe, is a phenomenon well worth considering. I will send you the book by my son.—Thank you, my dear friend, for your kind and gratifying note about my son. There are few testimonies that I value more than yours. I have much reason to be happy in my boy. He is well principled and exceedingly industrious; and whatever he undertakes tries, I do believe, to execute thoroughly and faithfully, without any false appearance. Should his life be spared, I have great hope that he will pursue an honourable and useful course. I have no other ambition for him.

Manchester, Feb. 17*th*, 1848.

The Quaternion of the Prospective, that met in solemn conclave last night, agreed in the expression of an earnest wish, that you would give us for our May number, a notice of such parts of Humboldt's Cosmos as have yet appeared. You will perhaps plead a want of time to examine with sufficient care, the scientific details on which the work is founded. May I anticipate any such objection by observing, that what seems to me wanted for the due appreciation of such a work as the Cosmos, is a philosophical spirit, based on general scientific culture, and capable of embracing the universal relations of the different branches of human knowledge, rather than a minute acquaintance with all the recent discoveries in any particular department! I have sometimes felt vexed, when I have heard men of *mere* science, whose views were limited to one field

of observation, looking at what they called the deficiencies of Cosmos—as if utterly insensible of the value of the work, as a philosophic whole—of the grandeur of the mental effort which it displays, or the greatness of the want in the higher mental culture of the age, which it attempts to supply. May we not look on the Cosmos, as the first of a series of efforts that may be expected from this time forth to arise—not founded on arbitrary theory, but combining the positive results of actual knowledge—striving by successive approximations to embrace the idea of the Universe as a whole, and so tending to the restoration of that union between physical science and the deeper laws of psychology, which has so long been dissolved. I feel I am rather going out of my way in making these remarks; but as the subject was before me, I could not help indicating the point of view, from which, if you can find time, you might give us a very instructive article, quite in harmony with the objects which our Periodical has specially in view. You must forgive me, if I have at all touched on points, which should be left to your own personal feeling. My object has been—with true Editorial eagerness—if possible, to secure the Article.—To turn to another topic. The announcement of your acceptance of the Headship of University Hall took many of your friends here quite by surprise. I was aware what the friends and promoters of the Institution were aiming at; but I had great fears whether they would be able to secure an appointment in every way so advantageous and honourable to themselves. *Them*

I most heartily congratulate on their success: I trust the ensuing arrangements and final result may be such as to enable us equally to congratulate *you*. I am full of hope that it will be so. The appointment of a *lay* Head to any Academic Institution is a new thing in the history of that class of persons who will, in the first instance at least, principally avail themselves of the opportunities of University Hall. Such a change is, in many respects, in harmony with the altered spirit of the times, and will work, I am inclined to think, beneficially on the minds and characters of youth. Exercised with high moral aims and a reverential spirit, *Lay* Presidency must, in the present state of opinion in this country, be necessarily less sectarian, more catholic, and therefore, in every sense of the word, more *religious*, though less *theological*, than *clerical* could well be. The influence of such a Head, for religious and moral purposes, on the minds of *Lay*-Students must be greater than any which even the wisest and most judicious Minister of Religion could directly exercise. I cannot but feel that a crisis of some importance is at hand. The first step is taken; I hope and believe, everything will work out a happy result.

Manchester, May 7th, 1848.

I waited to reply to your letter, till I had heard from Dr. Hutton. I enclose his letter.—I transcribed all that part of your letter which bore on the subject of the Book of Prayers;* but begged him to consider my

* A proposed collection of Prayers for the Morning Worship of Students of University Hall.

communication as in some degree confidential. I think he misunderstands your proposed division of the several parts of prayer—especially the conclusions. He evidently attaches much importance to a somewhat strict definition of 'Divine Mission.' That is one of the technical phrases of theology which tends to separate men who are agreed in spirit. All who cherish the spirit of Christ are to me Christians; and I think I could shew that some of the early Fathers were of the same opinion. Christ's life and preaching—and their lasting effects on the moral condition of the world—even taking into view all the corruptions which Christian institutions have indirectly occasioned—prove to my mind, that Christ was a true Prophet of God—the purest and best that ever lived: and therefore, however freely I may feel myself compelled to interpret some of the historical documents of Christianity—I think myself entitled to the name of Christian, and I rejoice in the many devout and benevolent sympathies which it opens to me. But many of my friends think such a faith vague and unsatisfactory.—I shall be glad to contribute what I can to your design—if you persevere in it, and if you will allow me a little time, for I shall be much occupied till the end of the Session.—The notice of Sterling's Remains in the Prospective is by Mr. M. Milnes.* Judging from the extracts which he has himself made, I think he hardly does justice to the depth and tenderness of Sterling's

* Lord Houghton.

religious character. What was critical in his mind seems to have had no affinity with hardness and irreverence, but to have sprung from his pure love of goodness and truth. At present I know the book only from reviews.—I have read with much interest your pamphlet on Financial and Organic Reform. It is very suggestive. Perhaps practical men will say, you have started too many objects at once, and that the changes you propose to introduce into our institutions are too rapid and multifarious, and too much at variance with the existing analogies of the Constitution. Could such changes be carried? Have we not all a little overrated the importance of the Chartists? Perhaps I want boldness and decision; but I would rather seize on actual grievances, financial and electoral, and get public opinion powerfully to bear on them for their removal, than open a door to wide organic change. Have you seen Charles Knight's Voice of the People? The three first Nos. contain some very good things. His remedies he has yet to propound.

Manchester, July 3rd, 1848.

Have you yet found time to read the two vols. which Mr. J. S. Mill has just put forth on the 'Principles of Political Economy?' If you have not, I really think you have a great pleasure to come,—the more so, as in many of his views, especially respecting the size of landed properties and the prospects of the labouring classes, you will find much coincidence with those which you have yourself repeatedly expressed.

The author forwarded a copy to the Editors of the Prospective; and I have hence enjoyed the opportunity of looking through, and reading a part of, his volumes.—We think we have secured a very able young writer to give us a notice of the work for November.—Delightful is rather a strange epithet to apply to a Treatise on Political Economy; yet this is the very term by which I should most naturally express the impression left on my mind by those parts of it which I have read. What charms me in the book is the spirit of calm and wise philanthropy with which it is imbued—its luminous statement of general views, sustained and illustrated by such an admirable selection of facts from history and observation—and the unaffected simplicity and quiet earnestness of its style, so worthy of a philosophical mind. I really feel better and happier for the perusal of some of its chapters. His defence of what he calls the *stationary* condition of society, so opposed to the doctrine of most Economists, quite enraptured me—not the less for its contrast with the tendencies which are most powerfully in operation in this neighbourhood. You will see that he attaches immense importance, in all his views of social regeneration, to the *moral check* on population. With him it is the *sine qua non* of progress. What think you? I do not see how he can be answered. But then what need is there of higher refinement of mind and manners, and of stronger convictions of duty? And this must be a slow process.

This vacation I am going to throw my mind into a new channel, by reading through the same writer's 'Ratiocinative and Inductive Logic.' One becomes tired and deadened by constant application to studies of one kind. In History particularly one is overwhelmed with small facts; and the recurrence to principles is very refreshing. Moreover, before I attack the period of the Reformation, I want carefully to review the grounds and principles of *all* religious belief, and of the spiritual authority of Christianity for minds of the present day. I want something fixed and positive in my own mind, to which to refer the phenomena of History, which from this point of my Course—the centuries immediately preceding the Reformation—are constantly becoming more significant and important. I mean to take the next twelve months for this purpose. I shall perhaps trouble you every now and then with a few queries and observations.—You have heard of the legal decision about our College. We cannot move without Act of Parliament. I have been, and still am, decidedly in favour of removal on general grounds: but there is so much prejudice, and such conflict of opinion, that I do not see the possibility of effecting any desirable junction under present circumstances. The result therefore is perhaps the best that could have happened for the present. In the course of the next decennium, opinion will probably undergo considerable modification; and continued experience of the mischiefs of divided operation in so small a body as ours, may bring the Trus-

tees to unanimity. Then will be the time to apply for an Act. Meanwhile, Manchester College and University Hall must work apart. I deplore the necessity, but fear it is inevitable.—Upon Wicksteed and myself will devolve the necessity of providing for the Nov. No. of the Prospective; as Martineau and Thom will be out of the country, or the latter only just returned. Do not forget us, dear friend, in our destitution. You know how acceptable your contributions are. I would express our gratitude more strongly, did I not know that you hate even a semblance of the language of flattery.—We hear very good accounts of John. He is studying the Roman Law with diligence. This is of course only for the exercise and instruction of his mind. If all be well, we talk of going to see him at Bonn in September.

Manchester, Nov. 2nd, 1848.

I was preparing to reply to you, when your last letter with the accompanying MS. arrived. The subject is so interesting and so important, that I wished to consider it well in all its bearings, before I gave you my thoughts upon it. I have read your preface twice with attention; and am quite prepared to give my assent to the principle which it asserts, and even to assist, as far as I am able, in carrying the principle into practice. University Hall professedly opens its doors as a domestic establishment to persons of different religious creeds. The question is—is it possible to adopt some form of devotion expressive of

the common religious sentiment which it is presumed they all more or less possess, and which it is so desirable they should all strengthen and cherish. The plan is merely carrying out—in reference to the peculiar object and constitution of University Hall—a principle which must always to some extent be acted on in National Churches and in the smaller associations of particular sects. In our public formularies we never think of providing for the *idiosyncracies* of individuals, however to themselves interesting or even vital. All *social* worship involves—I will not say, *compromise*—for I dislike the word in reference to religion—but a consent to rest for the time on the common and the central. By joining in such prayers as you propose for University Hall—with our brethren of divers faiths—we imply, not that there may not be other views, which we individually feel to be important, and on other occasions might think it right to express, but that we do not feel them *so exclusively* important, as to prevent us at times from joining with all our fellow-beings in a more comprehensive spiritual communion. I believe I interpret your views correctly. If so, they have my entire sympathy. Nothing but good *can* result from strengthening and elevating the spiritual sympathies of men. If, as some of us think, there be something *special* in the origin and perpetuation of Christianity, this great truth—if such it be—must come out with increased evidence, by the abatement of prejudice and theological antipathy, and in the calm, free intercourse of pure and devout minds. If,

as others think, Christianity itself is but an introductory discipline—a παιδαγωγία—to something higher and more spiritual—it is only by this free exchange of thought and feeling among good men on the highest themes, that we can make the transition happily——without a break, of spiritual deadness and irreligion—and so embrace, when we are prepared for it, the greater truth which the Universal Father may have in reserve for us. Efforts like yours are in every way most desirable; and will, I am persuaded, be increasingly attempted. I am not sanguine of immediate success; there is so much narrow dogmatism still lurking in the faith of generally liberal men. But the attempt ought to be made; and though it may fail in the first instance, it will not be without effect.—Between this and Christmas, I will send you one or two forms of morning prayer. Perhaps that will be soon enough. I find I cannot *write* prayers at any time or in any mood.—To turn now to another subject. We did not think you had at all treated us ill about the Prospective; but I must add, that we shall accept most gratefully any future contributions. You know we largely admit literature; and your present studies leading to so many interesting views of society, language, government, etc., must furnish you with many a topic which we should rejoice to have discussed in our pages. We often unreasonably feel most interest in that from which for the time we are ourselves excluded. Tied down by circumstances to one particular course of reading, I almost envy you your excursions

in the delightful fields of ancient literature and history and comparative philology. What a new light seems destined to be thrown on the early connection and mutual influence of races by the comparison of languages! I read the other evening for the first time, Dr. Prichard's valuable communication to the British Association at Oxford on the studies of Ethnology. I am anticipating even more pleasure and instruction from another by Bunsen read on the same occasion.—Will you allow me to ask what was the precise relation to the great landed proprietors of the last days of the Republic, of the *Clientes* described by Horace (Carm. II. 18. 26) as driven with their wives and children from their little farms, to make room for the *latifundia* of their lords? Were they what we should call *tenants?* The same word—not used in its strict and proper sense—occurs in v. 8 of the Ode—'*Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.*' Has not Horace, in the curt and dry way of the Romans, described in this Ode the same state of things, which Goldsmith has wrought into so beautiful a picture in a well-known passage of his Deserted Village—and which the Hebrew prophets evidently allude to with increasing distinctness, as the states of Israel and Judah verged towards their end? In reading history, one wants details of this sort to fill up the vague outline of general narrative.—Before I conclude, it occurs to me to ask whether you have thought of turning to the dedication prayer offered up by the present Bishop of Durham* on laying the founda-

* Dr. Maltby.

tion-stone of University College—then the University of London. There must be many records of it. If I remember right, in its abstinence from all doctrinal allusion, and in the spirit of simple theism pervading it, it would afford you precedent and authority for the course you are taking in regard to University Hall. I speak, however, from general impression, since I have never seen the prayer since the time it was uttered.

To Rev. C. Wicksteed.

Manchester, Nov. 10th, 1848.

I have read with much pleasure, and have forwarded to Newman for his perusal, your very interesting observations on the principle set forth in the preface to his intended compilation. I still however retain my own views. The principle is dictated by a moral necessity resulting from the very object and constitution of University Hall. That Institution proposes to open its doors to students of every description, without any reference to their creeds, and such men it proposes to unite in a domestic society. The question is, would it be desirable, if practicable, for such men, dwellers under one roof, and engaged in the same high pursuits of knowledge and intellectual culture, to sanctify and ennoble their common duties and engagements by a joint offering up of their wills and affections at the opening of every day, to the one great and glorious Being, the Source of all Mind —to the knowledge and worship of whom, all the par-

ticular faiths, at all likely or even possible to meet under such circumstances, must be considered (some imperfectly—Christianity the most perfectly that we can conceive in relation to our wants) as different modes of access and processes of introductory discipline. Jesus always spoke of himself as the *way to* the Father. If the Father in the *spirit* of Christ himself, were daily reverentially adored, could the influence so exerted have any other effect than to quicken the minds of the worshippers to a clearer perception of the *purest* of the ways by which the Father might be approached, and open them to a readier apprehension of the spiritual superiority of Christianity? My belief is, that such a course carried out, as I believe it was intended to be carried out, would have issued in anything but religious indifference. The mere spectacle of the possibility of a higher occasional sympathy (suggested and rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case) would have softened and refined the more concentrated faith and precisely defined opinion operating in the bosom of separate religious communities. That it would have weakened the zeal of sectarianism—thrown into comparative shade some distinctions now much insisted on, and have contributed to introduce a more spiritual conception of the whole design and purpose of Christianity—I do not doubt; but that with my views would have been an advantage rather than a loss—a sign of progress rather than of retrocession. Whether in the present state of opinion such a plan would have been practi-

cable, or even expedient to suggest, I think more questionable. It was for the promoters of the scheme to decide on that: but had they deliberately chosen to attempt it, I should not have at all felt myself precluded by my distinct retention of Christianity as a gift from the Father of Lights, from assisting to put it in practice; but should really have rejoiced in the occasion, and believed that I was only carrying out in its application to new circumstances, the original spirit of Jesus Christ. However, I observe, that many excellent men whom I truly esteem and love (and among them, dear friend, I place yourself) differ with me on this subject; and I am therefore induced to hold my own views—not unfirmly or indifferently, but with some self-distrust, and I hope a larger toleration of heart for all the earnest and sincere who either stop short of, or go beyond, the particular line where my convictions rest.—But our friendly differences have no chance now of leading to any practical result. Newman has ceased to be Principal of University Hall in prospect! He communicated the intelligence to me yesterday. He lays the blame not at all on the Council, but on the Architect, who has built a residence for the Principal with no private entrance for his family. He says he cannot think of asking Mrs. Newman to reside in such a house.

* *Manchester, Nov. 27th*, 1848.

I return to you ——'s *disgraceful* letter. I use

* This Letter will indicate the kind of antagonism *then* sometimes exhibited by the more dogmatic members of his own persuasion.

the word deliberately. I am really sorry for his own sake, that he has written it. I did not suppose him capable of so much folly and presumption. With all his conceit and superficiality, I always thought him till now a kind-hearted and liberal-minded man. I wish to think so still, and am quite willing to believe, that some pique or other has for the moment got the mastery of his really good qualities. His note is so vague and inaccurate in its statements that it is not worth a serious notice. I think, however, seriously that Thom ought to see it, and that asthe managing Editor of the Prospective he will have some ground to complain, if he is kept in ignorance of the feeling that is rankling, it appears, in the minds of some of the London Ministers. As you request me not, I do not of course forward it to him; but I earnestly request you to *do so*.—Either —— has not read the article* which he condemns, or he does not understand it. Since I got your note this morning, I have looked over the article again, and every one of his charges might be repelled from the article itself, which after all only professes to give a condensed summary of results furnished by materials accumulated in several volumes of another's work. The literature of the subject was not to be expected from the writer. On what ground does —— assert that 'he shews an utter ignorance of what we already have in English respecting Philo and the Essenes.' In p. 451,† the writer distinctly admits that 'the connection of the early Chris-

* Gfrörer's Origin of Christianity. † Prospective Review, 1848.

tian Church with the Essenes has been frequently urged.' The analysis which he gives of Philo's system, and which forms the substance of his article—agrees, so far as I recollect, in almost every particular, with a similar analysis by Norton in the Appendix to his Reasons,* though I have not the book to refer to at this moment. I am astonished at the cool assurance with which —— speaks of the assertions respecting the Gospels as made "directly in the teeth of what *I conceive* to be the facts (*ascertained* and *proved* over and over again) of ecclesiastical history." Is he, then, really ignorant, that men of learning, piety and integrity—at least equal to his own—are by no means convinced of the fact, which he says has been ascertained and proved over and over again? A man may very reasonably incline to one view of the case rather than another, but every one who has *studied* it and *comprehends* it (neither of which has —— done), must, if he has any candour, admit, that it must be considered '*adhuc sub judice.*' Mr. Norton is a most learned, accurate and estimable writer; I never pronounce his name without the deepest respect. But he is only one among many as learned and as honest as himself. He represents a certain *school* of theological thought, and therefore has *his* bias too. I remember reading the first edition of his work on the Genuineness with as much attention and candour as I was capable of—and, as I believe, with as sincere a

* Reasons for not believing the Doctrine of the Trinitarians on the Person of Christ. By Andrews Norton.

desire to adopt the truth as Mr. —— himself: but the impression left on my mind at the conclusion was—that I did not feel myself fully satisfied to the *extent* to which Mr. Norton would have carried me, and which I did not think his premises warranted. Almost all Christian apologists seem to me to attempt to prove too much; and so the argument breaks down under the weight they put on it. Yet I have never had any doubt, that the N. T. as a whole was an authentic representation of primitive Christianity, but always believed with the writer of the article (see bottom of p. 454 and top of 455) that we had in it a true and faithful image of the mind and life of the real historical Christ. I am sure, that Mr. —— with all his *fanfaronnade* cannot rest his own faith on a firmer basis. He says with grave simplicity, 'Can we not take down Philo and other ancient authors for ourselves?' Yes, of course he can: but it is very evident to me, that he never has done it, or he would write in a different strain. I suspect all his ideas on these subjects are taken up second-hand on the warrant of some favourite authority, who is constituted infallible. Unitarians have always talked loudly—and no one more than Mr. ——, of the rights of the intellect and the breadth and liberality of their principles. Are these mere words, then, which mean nothing? I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I read the passage with the words 'circulating fallacies and follies'—'idle, ignorant and unprincipled' (who are these?)—'dark valley of death'—'foul fiend Apollyon'!!—and thought

I must have stumbled on some record of an Evangelical Alliance meeting at Exeter Hall. Seriously, this part of the letter excited in me deep disgust, and more painful feelings still. Where can we look for the *real spirit of Christ*—the spirit of unshrinking faith and boundless love—in any *one* of the sects of this country? The longer I live, the more thoroughly sick I become of *all* sects—the *Unitarian sect* included. Allow me to say, that the author of the article so shamefully attacked, is a Chancery Barrister and an Oxford (not a Cambridge) man—a person, I am told, by those who know him, of a most gentle and amiable spirit. For myself, I discern clear traces of this in the calm, thoughtful, *reverential* spirit of the article itself. I rejoice to have been the medium of introducing it into the pages of the Prospective.

To Rev. James Martineau.

Manchester, Jan. 12th, 1849.

When you left England last summer, I expressed my wish, as you will perhaps recollect, to write to you, during your absence, on the subject on which we had spoken together at the close of the previous Examination,—I mean, my intention to draw up a course of lectures on the Grounds and Principles of Christian Faith and Worship for the Fourth and Fifth year Students, as a Supplement to my Course on the History of Christianity—supposing our Committee should please to accept such an addition to the busi-

ness of the Theological Course.—I was led to think of the Course to which I have referred, by feeling, as I went year after year over a pretty extensive range of Christian History, that although there were *principles* involved in the events and characters brought successively before my class, and though I always made a point of bringing these out as clearly and prominently as I could,—they were still apt to be obscured and lost sight of in an immense crowd and multiplicity of facts, and that it would be an advantage both for myself and my pupils to have the great spiritual principles, of which the historical fact of Christianity and our actual institutions are a result and an expression—divested of their accidental adjuncts, traced to their fundamental grounds, and exhibited in a systematic order to the Student's mind. My first, as it is still my principal, idea was, as I have said, to regard the Course as a needful supplement to that on Ecclesiastical History; and in that way, I shall propose it to the Committee. But I thought I had further observed in the case of some of our Divinity Students, that from having their attention exclusively occupied with Criticism, Exegesis, Antiquities and History, they unavoidably acquired the feeling that Christianity was something belonging rather to the Past than to the Present, and that they lost all strong and deep conviction of it as an *actual reality*—as a fact living and operating in the midst of us *now*. Their education therefore seemed to fail in preparing them for the administration of Christianity, and its application to the present interests and con-

cerns of men. I well remembered, how completely I felt myself at sea on many points of opinion and duty, when I first quitted the Academy, and how often I could find no ground on which to take up even a provisional position. I thought, if I could help to lighten some of these difficulties for young men now entering on the Ministry, I should be doing some good; and the state of religious opinion is certainly not less perplexing, nor are the difficulties of the Christian ministry less arduous now, than when we entered life between twenty and thirty years ago. I have roughly described my Course, as on "The Grounds and Principles of Christian Faith and Worship"; but I do not like that title; it does not express all that I mean; I want something more compact and more precise, more nearly corresponding to the German "*Glaubenslehre.*" If you can assist me to a better and shorter title, when I have explained to you my plan, I shall feel greatly obliged. My general idea is to *reverse* the ordinary mode of procedure—to set out from the *Present*, the *Real*, the *Existing*—and so feel our way backward step by step towards the *Past* as its source. I propose to begin, then, with an attempt to determine the nature and influence of Christianity as an actual Fact, still operative on the hearts and lives of multitudes at the present day. What is this Fact? How shall we define and individualise it amidst the many other influences social and philosophical, which are mixed up and confounded with it, and which are all vaguely embraced under its name? It is evident, that creeds, usage and profession

will not answer our purpose, since they are often dead and formal, and never fully represent the living thing. First of all, I would look to the aspirations and efforts which have characterised eminent Christians in every denomination subsequent to the Reformation, (our present Religious Life dates from that event), and also to the aim and tendency of those sects which from time to time within the same period have effected a great revival of the Christian life—observing in what points of thought, feeling and action, those individuals and sects agree. To avoid confounding extravagances with essentials, I would further notice the objections made to sectaries and spiritual innovators by earnest and religious members of quiescent and long-established Churches,—and lastly, to bring out the distinctive features of the Idea of Christianity so obtained, more clearly, I would contrast it with Deistical Systems of belief and practice, with the religious life of Jews and Mohammedans and of such educated and intelligent Heathens (Parsees, Buddhists, etc.) as may still be found in the East. Thus furnished with an idea of Christianity as an actual belief, I should proceed to consider its relation to Religion in general, and this would involve an inquiry into the origin and foundation of Religious Belief—how far it is intuitive, and how far inferential? My own persuasion is, that the primitive element of Religion is intuitive—given in the original constitution of our nature—and that worship is the spontaneous sympathy of Spirit with Spirit, modified by a sense of dependence and awe. Are there

any attributes that can be absolutely predicated of *all* Spirit as such, so as to yield any *à priori* ground of conclusion as to the character and purposes of the Sovereign Spirit? My impression is, that this is possible; and that in a due apprehension of the nature of *Spirit*, we find how to discriminate proper Monotheism from Pantheism. This is my strong impression, but I speak with diffidence. These preliminary inquiries being disposed of, I should next examine the validity of the ordinary distinction of Natural and Revealed Religion—analyse the ideas of Revelation, Inspiration—investigate their source, evidence and effects—go into the questions of Miracle and Prophecy—and examine the ultimate grounds of belief, and the possible extent of authority *external* to the believing mind, with the required proof of it.—The next point would be the source of Christianity—*directly* in the New Testament—*mediately* and *ultimately* in the mind of Christ—the allied questions of the genuineness, authenticity, credibility of the N. T.—formative principles of the Canon, Relation of Old and New Testaments, origin and diffusion of Messianic ideas—in what sense fulfilled—historical reality and personal influence of Jesus of Nazareth—permanent Principles of Christian belief derived from a study of the Life of Jesus, and an examination of his spiritual relation to *present* believers, with an analysis of the nature and operations of Christian Faith. These heads would be treated of in the *first* part of my Course, which I should designate generally *Principles*.—The *second* part I should entitle

Doctrines. I propose to distinguish Doctrine from Principle in this way: I regard a Principle as something *permanent*—an inward spiritual feeling—*e.g.* the consciousness of our relation to God, and to one another as spiritual beings, and to the invisible world; Doctrine is the *intellectual* conception of a principle, and its adaptation to the ideas and beliefs of a particular condition of Society. This view would lead me to insist on the distinction between *Form* and *Spirit* in the religious utterances of Christ and His Apostles, and to point out the wide difference between simple Exegesis and the practical application of Christian principles, with the necessity resulting from it of translating not merely words and phrases into our modern idiom, but also ideas into our modern modes of conception. Doctrines, however, are a necessary result of the outward enunciation of Principles. There are doctrines as well as principles in the New Testament, and we must ascertain what they are; and we must consider not only what is the *Dogmatik* of Scripture, but also what is the *Dogmatik* that has been constructed by different Sects and Churches on the alleged authority of Scripture. I shall attempt to do this in the following way: 1st, exhibit the *Dogmatik* of Scripture itself; 2ndly, that of the principal Christian Confessions since the Reformation; 3rdly, compare them with one another and with the Scripture doctrine; 4thly, inquire what is the residual truth, capable of resolution into some fundamental principle of Christian belief. A brief but comprehensive view of the

main points of Christian controversy might be brought under the four heads of *God, Christ, Man,* and the *Demonology* of Scripture and the Church, with the associated beliefs.—The third and last division of the Course would be *Institutions.* What I should here say, I should intentionally make short—rather suggestive and provisional than exhaustive and absolute: indeed this remark would apply to the whole Course. This last division would embrace the following heads: 1st, The Church—Idea of a Church—its need and reasonableness—founded in the spiritual nature of man—its equivalents in Judaism and Heathenism. 2ndly, Worship, etc. 3rdly. Ordinances—Baptism, Lord's Supper—rational and Scriptural ground of ordinances,—Confirmation, Religious Festivals, etc. 4thly. Modes of Church Government, relation of Minister and People, etc. 5thly. Means of Religious Influence, Preaching, etc. 6thly. Relation of the Church to the Civil Power and to Society at large—Question of Religious Establishments, etc.—Such is a rough sketch of the Course which I have designed. I hope you will be able to make it out. Knowing how valuable your time is to you in Germany, and how many claims you have upon your pen, I am not so unreasonable as to wish you should make any great sacrifice of time to me. I can only say, if you can find leisure to give me your free and candid thoughts on the plan which I have now thrown before you, you will afford me the highest gratification, and render me a real service. I have calculated, that I can embrace this course within

between 60 and 70 lectures, which may be spread, one lecture per week, over the two last years of the Theological Course. More than one lecture per week, I could not well find time to give—keeping up along with it my Ecclesiastical History; and more I think the Students themselves could not very well afford, especially as I should wish them to read up some of the references.—I have left myself no room for domestic news, or for politics.—Thom probably writes to you about the Prospective. In the last we had a very good article on Philo in a review of Gfrörer's writings by an Oxford man, a Chancery Barrister; and in the forthcoming one, there will be an article on Quetelet's Statistics by Lord Lovelace, together with an excellent notice by Newman on University Reform. I am just finishing a very careful reading of Mill's Inductive and Ratiocinative Logic, which I undertook as a discipline and refreshment for my mind, really jaded and oppressed by the incessant reading of History. It is a first-rate book, so thorough and closely-reasoned throughout. But a grand deficiency runs through it. Am I wrong in inferring, that the *religious element* is wholly wanting in his mind? I got last night another delightful book of a different description—Macaulay's History of England. Our kindest remembrances and best wishes await you all.

To F. W. Newman.

Manchester, Feb. 14th, 1849.

Have you yet found time to read the book which

all the world is talking of—Macaulay's two volumes? I should like to know what you think of them. A friend sent them as a present to my son in his absence; and though in general I give myself some credit for abstinence from books which do not fall within my present course of prescribed reading, I confess I was on this occasion overcome: the temptation was so constant and so near, that I could not refrain. Nor do I repent. For years I have not read a work of narrative with such unfailing interest to the very last page. I have felt myself borne along as with the attraction of a novel. In thinking of the book, now I have finished it, I find some difficulty in accounting for the singular charm which it possesses. I suppose it must in part arise from that sense of power and ease which his thorough mastery of his subject enables him to excite in the reader's mind. He never proses. His felicity in *selection* seems to me unrivalled. In continuous narration it is so difficult to hit the exact mean between the too little and the too much, and from mere weariness to avoid falling into the cumbrous and mechanical—becoming in fact the mere Chronicler. I do not remember that in a single instance this is ever the case with Macaulay. The *whole* man, with all his powers of choice discrimination and vivid apprehension, with all his predilections and antipathies, is ever present to the subject and infuses into it his vigour and earnestness. His characters strike me as his *chefs d'œuvres*, surpassing both his descriptions and his reflections. In this respect he is a worthy successor of Clarendon, and

greatly superior to him in others. There is a sustained fire and animation in his narrative, a warmth and richness of colouring in his style, which has led me sometimes, while reading, to compare him among historians with Rubens among painters. Yet with these great and capital excellencies, I hesitate whether to call his history a work of *genius*. Genius, I admit, is a somewhat vague term, yet it is distinguished in most men's minds from *talent* even of the highest order: and I regard Macaulay's, as of the *very highest*. I think the *rhetorician* preponderates over the *poet* in his mental composition. He is always the friend of justice and humanity; yet I do not discern traces of very deep sensibility, or the power of sympathising with all the forms of human character. Are not even his sympathies in some degree controlled by conventional proprieties? Again I can hardly call his style graphic: it is rather dramatic. He does not paint very vividly to the eye, though he enables the understanding to comprehend clearly what he relates. In no part of his history do I meet with such *pictures* as some that I remember in Tacitus, or as those marvellous sketches in which Carlyle makes his reader see the very spot where Cromwell's battles were fought. If we compare the most finished description in Macaulay's volumes—the battle of Sedgmoor—with that which Carlyle has given of the battle of Dunbar (the most wonderful piece of historical painting I am acquainted with), we cannot but admit the inferiority of Macaulay to Carlyle in the poetry of history. I

question further whether he can be called in the strict sense a *philosophical* historian. His reflections never seem to me to go down to the first elements of human nature or the fundamental principles of society, but rather to terminate in certain *axiomata media* rising indeed far above the hasty prejudices of the mass of mankind, but not reaching the highest generalisations of a profound thinker on the laws and tendencies of humanity. This was the natural position for a Whig historian to take, who fixes his point of vision at the commencement of his narrative, and keeps true to it to the close.—I have no objection to a sincere man being a party man, and writing as he feels, for it gives interest to what he says, and we can always allow for the effect of his prejudices on his judgments. But then it is scarce possible for him to be also philosophical.—Macaulay has placed the character and policy of William in a very clear point of view. I do not think I ever understood them before. Both his eulogists and his revilers have been mistaken. There is clear evidence that he was high-minded and disinterested in the line of conduct which he took—but then it related more to Europe than to England; he no doubt wished to uphold the civil and religious liberties—or perhaps I should rather say, the Protestantism—of England (for his own principles inclined to high monarchy), but chiefly as this object was essential to the vaster project of sustaining the Protestantism of Europe against the despotism of France. We are indebted to him to the extent, that he was ardently attached to the cause of

Protestantism, and that our national interests at that particular juncture (owing to the stupendous folly of James the Second) directly coincided with the great aim of his life.—Really, dear friend, looking back on the quantity I have written on this one topic, I feel that I am bound to apologise to you for such an infliction. But my mind has been full of Macaulay since I finished his book, and I have had no one to whom I could express the many thoughts it has called up in me. You know what a relief it is, when a subject fills the mind, to pour it forth. Had you been in Manchester, all this would have evaporated in the course of a walk, and some good paper might have been spared. I am by no means sure that I have rightly appreciated Macaulay, or done him full justice: for after all I profoundly admire him. One very delightful reflection remains with me from his book—what an immense improvement we have made in political morality since the days of the Stuarts! Such perfidy and venality, combined with such grossness and ferocity, one can scarcely imagine at this day. On the whole, I think the reigns of Charles and James the Second the foulest and vilest in our national annals. As far as the Government is concerned, there is not one redeeming feature. I am visionary enough to be haunted by a perpetual regret for the short glimpse of a better state of things just opened on our national prospects by the noble aims and comprehensive spirit of that greatest of all our rulers—Cromwell.

To Rev. James Martineau.

Manchester, Feb. 20th, 1849.

Many thanks for your long and very interesting letter. Its suggestions are most valuable. As the time is approaching when released from *Collegia* you will be able to give some more attention to the subject of our correspondence, I wish to say a few words in explanation of the *relations* which our several projected courses of lectures may possibly stand in to each other. In drawing up my scheme, I set out from a radical position—the existence of Christianity as a *present* fact—and for the sake of theoretical *completeness* purposely wrought it out with all its consequences and applications, without meaning to intimate thereby, that in execution I should work out every head in full detail. All theological studies, as you observe, are related, and at certain points come inevitably into contact; at those points each theological science must be content to *accept* certain data from the kindred sciences. In deducing the *idea* of Modern Christianity from its most prominent phenomena subsequent to the Reformation, I am unavoidably led to connect that idea with the nature and operations of the *general* Religious Sentiment (for I can find no sure basis for faith except in *them*), and so come on the borders of your territory:* and had there been any great or fundamental difference between your views and mine, it might in that case

* As Professor of Moral and Religious Philosophy.

have been necessary for me, in order to fortify my own system, to go into a somewhat fuller exposition of my principles, and state at length the grounds of them. This however will now be quite unnecessary; and I shall simply—to prevent an awkward hiatus in this part of my Course--state explicitly *what* my views are, point out what appears to me their *living* connection with Christianity (since apart from the interior religious organism of man I do not see how Christianity can be understood, much less believed), and for a full rationale of the subject refer my students to you. In like manner, at one or two points I come into contact with Courses of Mr. Smith.* Where I have reason to think our views materially differ, and that difference affects the self-consistency of my own system, I shall of course feel it necessary to state my particular opinions, and give the reasons for them: in other cases where facts or the undeniable conclusions of criticism are involved, on which no rational dispute can be raised, I shall admit them without further inquiry as data, of which I shall take it for granted that the evidence has already been exhibited by him. This will sufficiently explain to you within what limits I shall practically confine my Course. Time alone, if no other consideration, would compel me to this limitation.—I agree with much that you say about *principles*, and the distinction between *true* and *false* doctrines; though I might perhaps word it rather differently. For some

* The Rev. Dr. Vance Smith, then Professor of Theology in Manchester New College.

time past I have increasingly felt, without being at all aware that you had been similarly affected (how years and the altered relations of life bring almost unconsciously similar changes over different minds!) that it is of the utmost importance to work out more positive and definite principles of religious belief. Indeed a very earnest desire to do this for myself combined with a strong conviction of its utility for my pupils, to induce me to undertake the course of lectures which I have sketched out for you. I understand by a *principle* much more than a mere feeling or instinctive tendency, which is only a creative working out of which the principle is evolved. I agree with you that a principle must be—what the name implies—an ἀρχή, something that may be assumed as a final object of faith, and ground of reasoning. For instance, I should not call the general sentiment of reverence—the sense of the infinite, or even that strong craving after perfection which cleaves to the highest order of minds—*principles;* they are rather the mental conditions—call them instincts, tendencies, or what you will—under which principles are generated—the *nisus formativus* which precedes the perfect birth. But I hold as the *first* of religious *principles,* the basis indeed of all religion in any sense intelligible to me, the recognition of a Sovereign Spirit—*conscious, intelligent, willing, moral*—akin to, but transcending, our spirits, between whom and ourselves, from the common nature of all spirit, there may be such intercourse and sympathy as gives occasion on our part to prayer and is the foundation of worship.

I mean no more, and I cannot mean less, than this, when in the language of theologians, I call God a *person*. I only mean to assert thereby the absolute sovereignty of *spirit* over all *phenomena*—to recognise *spirit* as the final reality of the Universe. This is what I understand by *Monotheism* as opposed to *Pantheism*: and to this first *principle* of Religion I attach such immense importance, that, as on the one hand, I do not know what is meant by religion without it, so, on the other, I continually feel, that if this be *fully* conceded, every other principle needful for our guidance and consolation may be educed by necessary consequence out of it. This view directs all our attention at once to the subject of *spirit*, and its *inherent* and *necessary* laws and attributes, if there be such. I should like to see this subject thoroughly handled by men of such metaphysical powers as yourself. As I apprehend this question, it stands far above, and is quite distinct from, the old controversy about matter and spirit. It resolves itself into this: Is there anything (metaphysically I mean, time is no element here) *anterior* to phenomena, and if so, what can that be but *spirit*, which, in our own conscious thought and will is the first and nearest of all realities to ourselves. If I interpret Mr. John Mill right, we know and can know (I take it his disclaimer of all transcendental questions is put in simply to stave off controversy) nothing but phenomena—within them all our data are embraced, and by them all our inferences must be circumscribed. Even our reliance on the

uniformity of causation is nothing but the widest generalisation of inference; and I daresay you remember the remarkable and startling passage, where, consequentially carrying out his fundamental principle, he argues that we have no ground to rely on the existence of any such uniformity—of law in any sense—beyond the actual limits of our observation—that beyond those limits all may be endless chaos and confusion. This is Atheism unmasked indeed. The prospects opened by the final results of science, are desolate in the extreme; though if they are the truth, we must submit. I do not think however that they are the truth. I am glad that so powerful, honest and dispassionate a mind as Mr. Mill's, one so richly endowed with amiable and noble qualities, has fearlessly carried out his system to its last result; as the effect must surely be to breed a suspicion that some element is wanting in the primary data which vitiates the whole subsequent process. The old definitions of spirit—*aliquid semper movens* and the like—were no doubt very rude and coarse, and fair subjects for ridicule as they were often expressed. Yet I cannot but think that there was some truth hidden in those antique formulas. Ceaseless activity enters into all the conceptions I can form of spirit; but activity unaccompanied by a regulative power would be chaotic, purely mischievous and even self-destructive. In this consideration I have sometimes thought we might find a *necessary* ground for the *moral* attributes of spirit, for *truthfulness* and *justice* (which in the Supreme

Mind must be modifications of one and the same quality), for *holiness* (the attribute which tempers all tendencies from hurtful extremes), and for *love*, whose workings and effects are order, harmony, beauty and ultimate happiness. These thoughts have sometimes occurred to me in looking on the subject from my low, popular point of view, as possibly affording a basis, firmer and stronger than we can acquire *à posteriori*, for faith in God, for trust, worship, reverence, and the authority of the moral law. I would like to know what elements of truth and reason you think there is in them—if you can make them out from this crude and hasty expression of them. I have not now time to elaborate them more. I have said, it seems to me all other *principles* may be evolved out of a true conception of a God as an all-perfect Spirit. To conclude the subject, I will just add, that among the *principles* of religion I should include the *recognition* of the *moral law* as an *expression* of the *Sovereign Mind* in our minds, and in the order of the Universe—and also the recognition of an existence after death, in which *individual* character will be perpetuated and carried on by progressive discipline toward perfection. I confess I am one of those who think the moral order of the Universe cannot be justified or explained (on the supposition that a benevolent Mind is at the head of it) without carrying our views respecting man beyond the present terrestrial life. These principles relative to God, to Duty and to Futurity appear to me to lie at the basis of all Religion. In that light they have been

regarded by the best men in all ages. They are the vital elements really at work under the mass of Christian doctrine and Christian usage. I distinguish a Doctrine from a Principle in this way: I regard it as a Principle modified by the mental idiosyncracy of the individual who entertains it, or by the general belief and feelings of the age in which it prevails,—a *true* doctrine in the same degree that it admits the pure and full power of the indwelling principle, with only such modifications of individual or national conception as increase its moral *hold* and *effectiveness*—a *false* doctrine to the same extent that it admits accretions of falsehood and superstition on the primary basis, which disguise the true character and in some cases alter the essential quality of the principle. This is a very imperfect statement of my views: I shall be satisfied if you catch their grand purport and see what I am aiming at.—You are aware I dare say, that Newman is at work on a new book "The Soul, its Sorrows and Loves;" an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of Theology. He gave me a short account of it the other day. It is a capital idea, one that I have long thought a Desideratum. What amazing activity and versatility he possesses!

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

Manchester, April 4th, 1849.

I duly received your notice of Froude's book,* and forwarded it to Thom. A few hours after I had

* The Nemesis of Faith.

despatched your MS., I finished the book itself. I like your notice of it much, and think it in the main just and discriminating. Perhaps my own judgment would be more favourable than yours. From the impression you gave me of it some time ago, I was prepared to expect something more revolting to reason and moral feeling than I find to be the case. Considering the extreme painfulness of the situation described in the last part of the book, I think nothing could be told with more exquisite purity and tenderness. It is deeply interesting and shows profound insight into the human heart, without being seductive; for a stern moral corrective runs through the whole narrative in the vivid painting of mental agony, which makes one feel intensely how every deviation from strict rectitude even of *feeling* carries its own sure penalty along with it, in all minds that have not been made callous by the practice of vice. It is perhaps difficult to catch the meaning of the narrative as a whole. I describe it to myself as a psychological fragment, offering glimpses of a mind in a state of *intellectual* dissolution, with its moral and its religious *feeling* still strong. If it yields any definite *moral*, it is perhaps this—that a state of doubt and unbelief as to the grounds of duty and expectation, must of itself be a painful and dangerous state, and should only be *transitional* to some state of fixedness. Sutherland vanishes from the scene before that state is reached, but the condition in which the reader leaves him, impresses the mind more deeply than any other catastrophe with the peril and wretchedness of resting in doubt. To *complete*

the moral there should unquestionably be a sequel, to show that doubt is not necessarily a final state. However, I am almost inclined to believe the tale is more suggestive, and produces a stronger effect as it is. It is a single page torn from the vast volume of the mental history of the 19th century. Froude is clearly a philosophical necessarian; I suppose Spinoza taught him that; I do not see that he is chargeable with actual fatalism. But what thought and genius there are throughout the book! His sympathy with nature and glowing pictures from it are exquisite: and his figures and illustrations, drawn from the fields of science, are unrivalled for freshness and felicity.—There is a passage, which I observe you have marked for quotation, on the *inevitableness* of Christianity, and the final junction in its single stream, of the tributaries of Zoroastrism, Hebrew and Grecian thought, which quite startled me when I came upon it, not from its strangeness, but from its so completely realising what I had often dimly felt, but had never before so distinctly and consciously expressed to myself.

Manchester, Nov. 27th, 1849.

Since I saw you in my passage through London at the end of September, I have had no tidings from you or of you, and scarce any token of your existence beyond your article on Hungary in the last Prospective. I should really like to know, that you are yet among the living. That story of Hungary is crushing to one's feelings. Will the spark of nationality ever revive in the ashes that have been so foully trampled by the bloody hoofs of tyranny? There is a senti-

ment, coming ultimately I believe from Euripides, but clothed, as I have met with it, in Latin, which has indelibly impressed itself on my memory, and which always recurs to me in beholding these apparent frustrations of the moral order of the universe:—'Deus tacito ingrediens vestigio secundum justitiam res tractat humanas?' A day of retribution must come, to restore the moral balance of things. But how, and when? And with what accumulation of vengeance, one shudders to conceive. The wrongs of Poland seem to me to have been avenging themselves in the elements of disorder and revolution, which her scattered and houseless sons have for years been fomenting in the bosom of the nations which perpetrated or acquiesced in the injustice, of which she has been the victim. I wish your article may be the means of circulating juster views and more generous sentiments about Hungary. I am sorry to say I find too frequently ignorance or apathy upon the subject among those from whom better things might have been expected, English and German.—In preparation for a course of supplementary lectures, which I shall commence after Christmas, and of which I enclose you a Syllabus, I have been endeavouring to make myself more familiar with the state of mind and feeling that has distinguished the more earnest religious sects in England and Germany during the last century and a half; more particularly the Moravians, the Wesleyans, and the Swedenborgians. With this view, I lately ran over John Wesley's Diary. It is a curious and interesting

document. What a strange mixture there was in that man! The pure *religious* element in his mind was beautiful, breathing holiness and love; and as catholic in its affections and aspirations as a servile scripturalism would allow; but it was sadly alloyed by weakness and credulity that one hardly knows how to reconcile with the strong practical sense that shone forth so conspicuously in many parts of his character. I should like to know more of the personal history of his brother Charles. I suspect he was a man of deeper sensibility and more childlike simplicity than John, who knew the world better, and in the wish to govern it (no doubt, in the main, with righteous and benevolent ends in view), could more easily forego its social sympathies. This cost Charles intense pain. I gather this from his Sacred Poems, which I have been reading through. The devotional spirit they breathe is intense, and often exquisitely beautiful, but sometimes painfully ascetic, as if he felt it a duty to extinguish every earthly affection. I am astonished at the ease, the variety and the freedom of his versification. His whole soul seems to flow out spontaneously into metre. There is no hardness, no labour. All is evident inspiration. It is such verse as only the deepest feeling and conviction could produce.—I have got but a slight insight into the Swedenborgian system, having read but one considerable treatise of Swedenborg himself. Like Moravianism and Methodism, it seems to me a sort of spiritual reaction against the cold, dead rationalism of the Established Church. But

though Swedenborg himself was a visionary (John Wesley puts him down at once as lunatic), his peculiar movement was less due to feeling than the workings of a systematic intellect. His mind had more of the scientific than the poetical character. His very visions are as sharp and well-defined as the ground plan of an engineer. He saw everything in the spiritual world in marvellous distinctness and congruity.—I think I have heard you decry the Republic of Plato. What will you say to my judgment? I am now reading it with my son; and we are just finishing the second book, which strikes me as a very fine philosophical effort. For the luminous clearness with which it traces the formative principles of society, and sets forth the necessity of the division of labour, it would not, I think, at this day disgrace an introductory chapter in a work on Political Economy. One cannot but feel, moreover, that this was probably the very first analysis that was attempted of Society. And then how beautiful is the style! as fluent and copious as Cicero's, with far more of philosophical precision. Did it ever occur to you, that there is a great similarity between the style of Bishop Berkeley and that of Plato, making due allowance for languages so different as English and Greek?

To Samuel Robinson, Esq.

York Place, Manchester, Dec. 20th, 1849.

On the 6th of January next, my wife and I (would you believe it?) will have been married five-

and-twenty years. A quarter of a century is a large portion of a man's mature life. Where and what shall we be, when another period of the same extent shall have passed away? If still alive, grey-headed old people; in thought and feeling perhaps belonging to the vanished past, and with eyes fixed on the near approaching tomb.—However, I did not mean to moralise or be grave; for the prospect does not make me sad. On the whole, life has become more serenely happy with me, the older I have grown; and I ascribe it very much, not only to the blessing of habitual good health, but still more to an unfailing supply of occupation that is interesting to me, and to an abatement of that imaginative excitability which often troubled me in earlier years, but which, I suppose, with most of us wears off with the progress of time.

'Præterit—sed dulcedine quadam
præterit—annus.'

We mean to keep our *Silberhochzeit* on the day preceding the 6th, which unfortunately (in this respect) occurs on a Sunday. A very few of our oldest Manchester friends, Mr. and Mrs. Schunck, and Mr. and Mrs. Robberds have promised to come and take what is called a *Swiss Tea* (a plain minister cannot very conveniently give large dinner parties) on that day (Saturday, the 5th of January) at half-past 6 o'clock. Will you, dear old friend, and Mrs. Robinson add to our pleasure by joining them? My brother and sister Carpenter from Nottingham will be with us, and we hope Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greg—also friends of my

childhood and youth. No Manchester friendships, however, are of an earlier date than yours. My remembrances of your family (and they are some of the pleasantest I yet retain) go back now to near forty years.—If you have no other engagement, and can conveniently come into Manchester on the evening of the 5th of January, I need not say what sincere pleasure the company of Mrs. Robinson and yourself will give to my wife and my children, and not least (you will believe me) to your very affectionate friend.

To F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, December 26th, 1849.

Your knowledge of Plato is far more extensive and accurate than mine; and were mine equal to yours, I dare say that on many points I should come over to your opinion. When I last wrote, I was fresh from the reading of the second book of the Republic, and had been so charmed with it, that recollecting the opinion I had once heard you express, I could not help, after my usual impulsive manner, throwing out all the feelings which had been so vividly left on my mind. I look at ancient literature in a way different from some people. To take any *old* philosopher for one's guide in matters of opinion, and to attempt, as I am told the Germans do, to make a *school* of Plato or Aristotle, in this marvellous, onward looking nineteenth century, seems to me the height of antiquarian pedantry. On the other hand, nothing is to me so interesting as the

history of thought, and the recognition even in its elementary developments of those grand and permanent outlines of identity which stretch through the ages—to see how in poetry and speculation the same aspirations are manifested, the same questions occur, and similar solutions are attempted, in the most widely separated periods of human culture. A certain common type seems to characterise the movements of the mind in every age, on all those subjects which have their root in reflexion and consciousness, and are not dependent on induction and inference from outward facts. So much of the sharpness and efficiency of our knowledge results from contrast, that one of the chief advantages of the study of the dead languages, I have ever felt to arise from the opportunity of comparing modes of thought and states of feeling as they exist in our days, with the forms in which they are presented to us by the wisdom and poetry of former times. A thoughtful mind which has quick sympathies with humanity, may greatly enrich its psychological stores from studies of this description. It strikes me, the earliest thinkers of a high order are inclined to throw out vast generalisations which anticipate to a certain degree the type of the future action of thought, and broach an infinity of problems which they leave it to future ages to solve. The more I read of Plato, the more I am surprised at the number of *seminal* questions which he seems to start on all subjects,—morals, government, art, political economy. The absolute soundness of his solutions is quite another matter.

We must remember his age, and not judge him from our standard. His function was that of an *awakener* of future mind. Undue and slavish reverence has injured his rightful influence. But *he* cannot be blamed for that. His works, so far as my limited knowledge reaches, seem to me to abound in pregnant suggestions.

To Rev. Robert Gibson.

Manchester, Jan. 12th, 1850.

** When I wrote, I was not aware of the grievous loss you had sustained, or I should not have touched, as I unconsciously did, a chord of such exquisite sadness. I well know of how little value the conventional language of ordinary condolence is felt on such occasions; but words of true sympathy, however simple and trite, have often a healing influence.—There are no sorrows like those of the heart. Yet is it not also true, that in the bitterest pangs of bleeding affection, there is a mysterious sweetness allying itself with the hopes and aspirations of a purer being, which none who have ever tasted it would exchange for the dull and soulless apathy of a worldly and a selfish life? I have often been impressed with the compensation that attends the heaviest afflictions when they fall on the faithful and affectionate spirit. The soul's resources seem to come forth with its necessities; and beliefs that were almost quiescent in us when the outward life was serene and bright, yield a power and richness of consolation

which we hardly suspected, till we had nothing but them to fall back upon. Doubt and fear are spectres which haunt the hours of careless prosperity, but give place to gentle angels of trust and hope, hovering over the grave of the departed, when the solemn earnestness of heartfelt sorrow throws its disenchanting shade over the false and flickering lights of outward things. If there be one intuition more deeply planted than another in the inmost soul, it is the belief that we are embraced in the merciful regards of a parental Spirit, and that, if we are true to the voice within, we cannot be separated in the final issue of things from communion with that Spirit, and with kindred spirits that repose like ourselves on the bosom of his Love. This seems to me a truth deeper than all logic, and surer than any conclusion which logic can establish. I do not say, it can be demonstrated to the cold and unwilling mind; but my belief is, that, though it may be overlaid and crushed for a time by morbid speculations in which restless curiosity and perhaps a craving for distinction have no small share, the germ of it is never completely exterminated from any mind. The seed is there, though it may not sprout nor bear fruit till a distant day. When this delightful belief comes fully into the mind, the memory of the virtuous dead is soothing and delicious to the mind, and sheds a sanctity over every duty that remains to be fulfilled in their spirit, and for the prosecution of their most cherished objects. A mind like yours, my dear Sir, will find strength and comfort in such topics as my sincere sympathy has briefly indicated. Your

children will be a source of interest and delight to you, not for themselves alone (though what so lovely and beautiful as filial and parental affection!), but for their association with a memory which they must perpetuate in the most touching form to the close of your earthly existence.

To F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, June 10th, 1850.

* * From the unreserved communication we have often had with each other on subjects of this description, you will be prepared to expect that to a large extent I go heartily along with you in the views expressed in your Phases of Faith; and from the same remembrances you will no doubt suspect what are the points whereon our feelings and convictions diverge. In the great eternal principles that constitute the *vitality* of all religion—in the conception of God and of the soul's relation to Him, and the conditions of its peace and blessedness—I rejoice, dear friend, to feel that here as in your former work,* there is no substantial difference between my own belief and that of one whom I so truly honour and love. It is in the construction of the facts of the history, and in the significance of a certain life and character as the living embodiment of principles, that I feel we are most at variance: and though there is some pain in the consciousness of the want of entire sympathy with a valued friend in a matter deeply interesting to both, yet strange to say—a con-

* The Soul: its Loves, Sorrows, and Aspirations.

dition, I suppose, of the highest exercise of that delightful feeling which enters into the true communion of saints, and which even inferior natures have some perceptions of, like glimpses of the future heaven—the happy tranquillising sense of agreement on the many points where we do sympathize, seems in a manner brought out and enhanced by the few where sympathy fails. I think this must ever be so, where men love truth, and honour sincerity, above any homage to their individual convictions.—I have not time at this moment to enter into a detailed examination of the many interesting and suggestive views put forth in your book; I hope they will receive one from a far abler pen than mine. Suffice it to say for myself, in relation to the particular matters where I am unable to embrace your conclusion, that in the person and ministry of Jesus Christ—abstraction being made of the local and secular incidents which are inseparable from every historical phenomenon—the principles of pure and true religion seem to me expressed and embodied in a form, and under circumstances, and at a turning-point in the progress of our race, which mark him out for the prophet of humanity—exercising a function and an influence, in relation to the future development of the most advanced portions of our race, in which, as I read history, I hope not with a prejudiced eye, I most clearly recognize the appointment of the Being whom I rejoice with you to worship as the Universal Father. I will not raise any question about *perfection*. Perfection is a transcendental idea, which it is very difficult

to measure and define. I will only say in general, that in purity, refinement, tenderness, and spirituality, the mind of Christ seems to me far far above the standard of worldly character, and to throw its influence even when, taken literally, it may appear to be exaggerated, precisely in that direction where the world's passions and tendencies most strongly need counteraction. It is the overwhelming presence and influence of the Unseen and Infinite on the life of Christ, that makes its presentment in the Gospels so solemn and impressive—so unlike what we meet with in the world and in ordinary history. Immanuel—God with us—is what I perpetually think of when I read of that holy and beautiful life; and it is only as an expression of the *religious* element of our being, that a prophet's life is commended to our reverence at all. Are not those who have renounced the high standard of orthodoxy, sometimes unconsciously guilty of the unfairness of continuing still to apply it to Scripture and to Christ, and by exacting too much, at length do not leave them what, on a broader view, they might justly claim? I entirely agree with you that there can be no faith at second hand; and yet a life of pure and genuine religion, standing forth in its holy and gentle light, amidst the dark and bloody records of history, when it is not tried by an artificial standard, but left to our own free and unpreoccupied acceptance, may be, as I believe it perpetually has been, a means, not of imposing on us a faith from without (for that cannot be), but of awakening in us through sympathy a new

strength and freshness and amplitude in that of which the seeds are already in our breast. History, again, I do not believe to be any *part* of religion; yet it is a most effectual vehicle for the transmission of its ideas and influences, and for investing its living spirit with the traditional and symbolical form, by which only it has ever hitherto taken firm hold of the heart and the imagination and the daily life of extensive communities. The mischief has been (as in Germany) that where such historical forms have existed, while the cold light of science has been shed on them, the freshening breath of popular sympathy and intelligence has not been allowed to play freely round them.—I saw a remark of yours in a recent communication to the Leader, to which I cordially responded—that all living systems of constitutional freedom must have their roots in history. Nothing, I thought, could be more seasonable and wise than such advice to our theoretical reformers. Yet there are *principles* contained in these historical results which must never be lost sight of, and which are necessary to preserve them in integrity and health. I should be disposed to apply a similar remark to religion. Church and State, in this respect, seem to me to have much affinity with each other. All religions that have exercised extensive sway in the earth have had a personal head and generated a tradition. There are religious developments, it is true, but these have sprung from preceding ones, and taken up and perpetuated their best elements. It has surely a deep providential significance, that in the pure religion of Christ all the

elements are so spiritual, so capable of progressive expansion and adaptation, offering in marvellous combination the means of intellectual advancement and popular impression.—Is it not one cause of the incurable restlessness of France, that the roots which bound her religion to the Past, were killed by the intolerance of Louis XIV., and that from that day she has never been able to send up any healthy growth into the Present, with any promise for the Future? I know, dear friend, you will not agree with me in many of these views; but I wish you to see in what direction it is that my mind wanders away from your conclusion.

Manchester, August 26th, 1850.

You have good reason to consider me as the most selfish of correspondents; for I have so often written to you, when I had little better to fill my letter with than the asking of a favour. I dare say you suspect already what I am aiming at, and anticipate the words Prospective Review behind the horizon of every sentence, before they actually come into sight.—Two works have recently appeared, with the subjects of which your peculiar studies have made you familiar, either of which would furnish a very acceptable article from your pen for our November or February number—whichever suits you best—'On the Varieties of Man, by Dr. Latham,' and 'Merivale's Roman Emperors.' On the last of these, in a former letter, you expressed an opinion as widely differing from some of the author's views; I think particularly in his estimate of Cæsar's character. This is the very state of mind to produce

a good review. Good cordial antagonism is a sure source of interest to the reader.—I am enjoying the quiet and leisure of the vacation, and am reading through with some attention two works which deeply interest me: one is Marcus Antoninus's Soliloquies (I don't know how else to render τὰ εἰς ἑαυτὸν)—a spiritual diary by a Heathen, full of thought and seriousness, but rather cold and dry; and the other a work on Symbolism, a comparative view of Catholic and Protestant Dogma, by a really learned and liberal Catholic Divine, J. A. Möhler. You know what I think of the Catholic Church as a whole; but considered simply in relation to theological *doctrine*, I must say that as represented by this very able and enlightened man, she appears to great advantage when compared with the early Protestant Churches—the first Lutherans and the Calvinists—in the horrible extent and remorseless consistency with which they carried out their fundamental principle of the utter extinction of all moral goodness in man by the Fall, and the absolute passivity of the human soul in the work of regeneration. The characteristic tendency of the Catholic Church has been to steer between extreme opinions, not unfrequently to the extent of reconciling the incompatible, and combining the contradictory; but this tendency has at least had the effect of giving a certain character of moderation and universalism to her doctrinal system.

Manchester, November 20th, 1850.

I enclose herewith a Banker's letter for the amount of what I have been able to collect for the Hungarian fund.—We have some Magyar exiles now resident in Manchester—very interesting people—a Mr. and Mrs. De Merey, thrown by these events out of the lap of wealth and luxury into actual poverty; the latter, a very accomplished and elegant woman, having opened classes for instruction in French; and an eminent physician, Dr. Merei, from Buda-Pesth, who, I am glad to say, is likely to be engaged by one of our Schools of Medicine here in lecturing on the diseases of children, a subject to which he has paid great attention.—I received a letter the other day from Mr. Martin Diosy, who describes himself as having been Secretary to Kossuth, wishing to know whether it would be possible to get up a memorial to Lord Palmerston in Manchester, for the deliverance of Kossuth and his companions from their confinement in Turkey.—Do you think that any memorial would be likely to do good? To produce any impression, it would be desirable to get some men of influence, whose names would tell, to take a part in it. But it is difficult to interest such people. I am sometimes disgusted to observe how often people, who pass for Liberals, cast away from them, as of no importance, all matters that stand aloof from the *direct* prosperity of England; so that when any appeal is made to them about Hungary or Germany, the first question that seems to arise

is, what *practical* issue the thing is likely to take, and how it may affect the value of railway-shares and the profits of trade.—What a state Germany is in! I do not know how you feel, but to me it is quite heart-sickening to see the rights and liberties of millions of instructed and right-hearted people chaffered away in such unmeaning and pusillanimous diplomacy as is now going on between the governments of Prussia and Austria. As a Minister of Religion, I have almost felt startled and ashamed at my irrepressible desire for the outbreak of war to settle this great question once for all. War is no doubt a fearful alternative and an awful risk. If it could be prevented, I should rejoice. But I do not see how it is to be avoided, unless freedom and progress are to be laid prostrate for ever; and the longer it is delayed, the more bloody and destructive it must become. It is ominous, that all who are believed to harbour red republican tendencies seem rather to rejoice at the idea of *immediate* peace. It seemed to me the affair of Hesse Cassel was an admirable case on which to commence the struggle. Never were a people more calm, wise, constitutional, and disinterested; and they were opposed to a sovereign as odious and contemptible as our own James II. I fear the opportunity is lost, and the enthusiasm of North Germany will be allowed to evaporate in idle words. Our German friends here of every grade of political opinion, are unanimous, so far as I know, in the feeling—that there *must*, and *ought* to, be war. On considering what I have written, I hope I shall

take your *general* sympathy with me, as I fear I should have exposed myself in the judgment of *wise* and *moderate* men, as they are called. I have, however, given utterance to what I *feel*. I have always, you know, been a believer in the civilising influences of commerce; but crises sometimes occur, requiring for the moment a return to the old modes of settling social questions—before the old state of society can be completely got rid of—in which the spirit of commerce seems to damp and enfeeble the spirit of disinterested heroism, when one would be glad for the time to recal the warrior spirit of past ages. Is not the present one of those crises? The monied world is too cautious and too selfish.—I must turn to another subject. We wish to have a review of Mr. Kenrick's two volumes on Egypt for the February number. Would you undertake it? We know, *he* would prefer a notice of it by a general scholar like yourself, to one by a professed Egyptologist, who might make it the occasion of a discussion of theoretical points in which the public at large take no interest.

To his Wife.

Manchester, Dec. 2nd, 1850.

—— I intend to-day to write to Chapman and conclude with him finally about the Norica.* I understood

* Norica: or Tales of Nürnberg from the Olden Time. After a MS of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the German of August Hagen. London: John Chapman, 1851.

from you, that the first part is quite ready to be put into his hands. Am I right in that? My plan is to relinquish all balance now due on the Retrospect* and any profit that may arise from the sale of the residue of the impression, and then leave Chapman to do what he likes with the work, only stipulating, that when the expense of bringing it out is covered, he shall equally share the profits with us. I never looked to making money by the Retrospect. It has long since paid its expenses, and left me a surplus of some twenty pounds. Possibly I might still get some ten or twenty more. But I do not mind sacrificing this last sum, if it will help to put your translation in circulation. It is not unimportant, I think, that Hannah should early begin to exercise herself in this way. It may never, I trust it never will, be necessary to her as a means of subsistence; but I have long been of opinion that women cannot too early or too extensively acquire the means of honourable independence. An object is a source of constant happiness in life. My belief is, that half the nervous ailments with which so many women are afflicted, arise from the want of some healthful interest in life deliberately taken up and steadily pursued. Whether they marry or remain single,

* A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England; or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By John James Tayler, B.A., 1845. It is called by Mr. Martineau, "the most charming of ecclesiastical histories."‡ A second Edition was published in 1853, 8vo. pp. 330.

‡ Obituary Notices of the late John James Tayler, by James Martineau and Charles Beard, 1869.

this is equally a comfort, and a blessing, and an advantage to them; and the manifold accomplishments of young women at the present time and their superficial tincture in a great variety of kinds of knowledge, lose their value from not being concentrated on some one leading object and associated with earnestness of purpose. But I must not, dear Hannah, send you a sermon instead of a letter.—With regard to the Papal question, my opinion is shortly this: I think *all* hierarchies require to be carefully watched by the civil power—and not least the Roman Catholic. But to recur to restrictive pains and penalties against the Catholics, would be to make bad worse, and only give increased activity and bitterness to what is most pernicious in their system, by giving them the plea of the oppressed. We have sufficient guarantees for religious liberty in our Constitution, if we will only be true to our professed principles, and not put forth some of the worst elements of Roman Catholicism in the name of Protestantism. The most effectual security against papal aggression and Jesuitical insidiousness would be the full and unqualified recognition, and fearless carrying out, of the great principles involved in the movement of the Reformation,—that right of free search after truth and of individual conviction on religious matters, on which alone the position of Protestant Churches can in any sense be justified. Protestantism is weak because it does not stand by its fundamental principle—because it is compromising and inconsequential—and when it is endangered, or fancies itself

so, substitutes clamour and prejudice for reason and a sense of justice. I think the Church of England needs looking after, and the careful vigilance of the civil power, hardly less than the Church of Rome.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

Manchester, Feb. 2nd, 1851.

—— Like yourself, I am much occupied, working hard to get the writing of my college lectures completed and off my hands in the course of the present year—that I may have more unbroken leisure for original inquiry. On matters of real importance I am less and less inclined to put confidence in the very best second-hand authorities, and do not feel satisfied with any thing short of examining the primary sources for myself. I used at one time to hold in a kind of reverential awe the thorough and solid learning of the Germans; and perhaps after all there is no learning of the present day like theirs. But even they are not always to be trusted. They copy from one another. They are too fond of making out a case—and too fond also of making new books out of old materials. As one gets older, one gets weary of many books. One longs for *classical* works in every line, studied with an independent judgment for oneself. If a few *classics* (I use the word in reference to *matter* and *treatment*, not merely to *style*) be thoroughly mastered, and their essence wrought into the

convictions of one's own mind, I think we may dispense with a great amount of second-rate literature, and save a vast deal of time and weariness. Often of late, when I have been toiling through a long, heavy German work, I have been inclined to ask myself, whether the result of ideas bore any fair proportion to the vast sea of words through which it was necessary to wade.—Since I last wrote to you, I have succeeded in getting up a memorial from Manchester on behalf of Kossuth and his companions. It is at least an expression of public sympathy. Whether any effect will be produced by it, I am doubtful. Lord Palmerston's reply on its presentation by Mr. Milner Gibson was cold and cautious, and not very encouraging. I have also tried to enlist the sympathies of some Journalists, by drawing their attention to the Manchester memorial. The suggestion was very cordially received by the editors of the Inquirer and the Examiner (London). The Daily News thought more harm than good would result from agitating the question of Kossuth's liberation, as possibly he and his companions would be allowed to escape silently, if no noise was made about the matter! This is ignoble policy, unworthy of the government of a humane and generous people. With no excitement or canvassing for signatures—in little more than a week our memorial received between seven and eight hundred names. The Mayor's was at the head of the list—those also of one member for each division of the county—many of our principal merchants, and several clergymen and dissenting ministers. In what I thought a good cause, I was impu-

dent enough to write to the Bishop,* and got a very civil reply. He was prevented by the etiquette of his position from affixing his name, but expressed his hearty sympathy with the cause, and his regret that, owing to his hands being full of ecclesiastical business, he could not introduce the matter into the Upper House, which he would otherwise have been willing to do. On the whole, I found more sympathy than I expected. But what will it come to? Our Hungarian friends are dispirited; Kossuth and his companions are dying by inches of hardship.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

March 15th, 1851.

I should have written before now to thank you for your kindness in sending me the touching incidents of our poor friend's† removal from the world. What a solemn impression this event will leave on the minds of his children! And a peculiar tenderness will haunt through life the memory of his poor wife, from the strangely wild and romantic circumstances of his final separation from her in this world. I much admire the account which I have received of Melly's noble self-possession and restraint upon his feelings, that he

* Dr. J. P. Lee.

† Andrew Melly, father of George Melly, M.P., a man of remarkable intellectual vigour and force of character. He died of fever in his tent, on a journey in Upper Egypt, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and two sons. He was a native of Geneva, and married a sister of Mr. Tayler's early friend, Robert Hyde Greg.

might not aggravate the distress and anxiety of those dearest to him. But what intense anxiety he must have gone through !—Scenes like these, which appeal to the very depths of one's spiritual being, increase one's disgust and amazement at such cold-blooded speculations as ———'s. Since I saw you, I have looked through the volume. Its weakness is equal to its presumption. There is not an attempt at reasoning throughout the book. All is rash, confident, groundless assertion from beginning to end. It deserves the severest judgment; not for the opinions, if they are deliberately embraced —nor for the publication of them if that is honestly felt to be a duty—but for the shallow, precipitate hardihood which recklessly throws overboard conclusions on which the noblest, wisest, and best of our species have reposed for long thousands of years—and the almost insolent bravado which seems to delight in setting at defiance the holiest and tenderest sympathies of myriads of fellow-creatures. I can conceive of an Atheist, whom I could still honour greatly, and love. But it must be one who retains his human tenderness and reverence. It is not ———'s Atheism I condemn—if that be the unhappy necessity of ———'s intellect—but the blight or absence of *moral* quality which accompanies it. A grave and conscientious utterance of opinion, however erroneous or even mischievous I might think it—I should never *morally* condemn, especially if I believed the author did not perceive its consequences. But flippancy and affected airs of originality and superiority in the promulgation of dogmas as old as philosophy itself,

and which have only got the appearance of originality by the attachment to them of a *new* absurdity—is something that jars upon one's feelings, and deserves a strong expression of disagreement and disapproval.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Manchester, March 29th, 1851.

I speak from the fulness of the heart, when I say, there is no one in the world whose friendship I more prize, and with whose spirit on all the great points of belief and feeling, I more entirely sympathize, than yourself.—Oblige me by accepting the accompanying volume,* as only one, and a very inadequate, expression of the feelings which I have now expressed. Amidst the trials of life and the strange vagaries of opinion, I hope that unreserved intercourse and faithful counsel will not only ever keep us firm in the ways of moral integrity, but preserve to us that rectitude of spiritual vision which reads into devout trust and cheerful hope the mysteries of this wonderful universe; so that, when we go down into the vale, and we see the last change coming, the lamp of faith may be fed by the oil of friendship, and a quiet holy light guide our steps to the tomb.

To Samuel Robinson, Esq.

Manchester, August 20th, 1851.

Lieber alte Freund, or, if you like it better, Dear Robinson, I want to ask a favour at your hands.

* Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. A volume of Discourses, 1851.

We much wish to have a good paper on the Educational Question for the November number of the Prospective. In this neighbourhood it is likely to excite a good deal of interest during the Parliamentary recess, in consequence of the rivalry of the two schemes which are now competing for the public favour. I do not mean to flatter you, when I say, that few men, whether from their habitual trains of observation and reflection or from the circumstances into which they have been thrown, are better qualified than yourself to form an opinion of what is really needed to secure to the people of this country the benefits of a truly good education. I may add, that I believe *all* the Editors of the Prospective agree with you in thinking, that the *religious* element cannot be, and ought not to be, excluded in any general system of popular instruction, practicable or desirable at this time and under present circumstances in this country. We hold this to be a condition which cannot be eliminated from the solution of the problem. The question is, how are we to dispose of it, without touching on the rights of different religious communities, or throwing undue influence into the hands of any *clergy* established or unestablished; for, take them as a whole, they seem to me (I mean all *clerisies*) *much* of a *muchness*—*all*, I believe, working good within their proper limits, but capable of much mischief when they get beyond them. If you would give us the fruits of your own thought on this momentous, but really difficult, question—suggesting, how it might be possible to graft an extension of edu-

cational means on the instrumentalities already existing, without being so negative and revolutionary as the National Public School Association, (which we none of us entirely approve of), and avoiding the sectarian narrowness which still cleaves in some degree to the more feasible scheme of the Manchester and Salford Educational Bill—you would really confer a favour on the conductors of the Prospective, and would throw out, I feel persuaded, some valuable suggestions for the public.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

Manchester, Nov. 29th, 1851.

—— You have doubtless seen and heard Kossuth, probably have been introduced to him, and have conversed with him. If so, I envy you. I heard and saw him twice, when he was down here, once in public and once in private; but on both occasions in the midst of such a crowd, and among persons who had so much stronger pretensions to be introduced to him than myself, that I never came very near his person, and had not the honour of shaking hands with him.—What is the impression that he left on your mind? In Manchester I was less struck by any powers of eloquence such as he appears to have displayed at Winchester and Birmingham and some other places, than by his extraordinary tact and deep insight into the character of the audience whom he was addressing. This was

especially the case at a private meeting to which I had an invitation, at the house of Mr. Henry, where his auditors, with a few exceptions, consisted of merchants and manufacturers. As his address was nearly impromptu, for he did not expect till a short time previously to be called on to speak, it was certainly a remarkable proof of his powers—not eloquent at all, but compact, clear-sighted and directly to the point—showing with great force and ability the intimate connection of the maintenance of constitutional freedom in the East of Europe with the preservation of the material interests of Great Britain. It produced a strong impression, and made converts of some Germans who were before indifferent and even indisposed to the cause of Hungary. Perhaps you read the report of this speech. I think his mind did not work with perfect freedom in Manchester—though his reception by the people was most enthusiastic—as he spoke, as he imagined, in the presence of the Peace party and with an exaggerated opinion of their social influence. His own address in the Free Trade Hall was a cautious but very decided reply to the views which Bright had previously enunciated in his speech. Some people, I find, ask what is the meaning of this intense feeling about Kossuth, and think it will all evaporate in mere sentiment. I confess I do not think so. I think it a seasonable re-enforcement of generous hatred in the public mind against tyranny and oppression, and a very desirable confirmation of the conviction that, when the hour arrives, it may be our duty

actively to resist their encroachments. There may have been something vague and indistinct in the popular sentiment on this occasion, but I own it did my heart good to witness its healthy and generous outburst, and I thanked God that I was born in England. I am aware that the question of interference, even to prevent interference, is delicate and difficult; and I am not enough of a practical politician to be able to predicate very distinctly the circumstances under which it would properly take place. I only maintain that such a contingency may arise, and probably will arise; and in view of that, I rejoice to think that the only free governments in the world, England and America, should be drawn into closer amity by their sympathy with the cause of justice and liberty. To strengthen that union, I suppose Kossuth regards as his special mission at this time;—and I cannot think it an unimportant one;—though perhaps, partly from the natural weakness of humanity under circumstances of unparalleled excitement, and partly from the rare union in him of the impulsive ardour of the prophet with the caution and wariness of the statesman, he may seem to be not always quite self-consistent in his mode of promoting it. Two things I regret, chiefly from their probable effect on the renovation of Hungarian nationality—1st, that he should have committed his country to republicanism; and 2ndly, that he should still claim the powers—only in abeyance from circumstances—of Governor of Hungary. For the sake of his country, I think he should have left

both of these *open* questions. There would have been no objection to his expressing what his *personal* convictions were.—I have observed one quality—pre-eminently in Kossuth, and in some degree also in Mazzini—which marks quite a new type of political character and gives me brighter hopes for the future of humanity, and that is—with a total absence of all cant and religious conventionalism—the almost unconscious and as it were irresistible ascent of both these illustrious men, in all their higher moods of eloquence, into a strain of religious enthusiasm which blends the destinies of man with the ordering of a higher Power, and imbues their words with the intense earnestness of a clear insight into the sure retributions of the eternal Justice. Is not this, in its way and its degree, a return of the old prophetic spirit into the midst of our material, scientific, conventional civilization?—Have you read Carlyle's biography of your old friend Sterling? I have only seen the extracts in the Reviews. But from those specimens I should think it must be one of the best things which Carlyle has recently given to the world. How capitally he has drawn the characters of Coleridge and of the elder Sterling! Yet these are not the things which I most admire. The Reviews (I mean the Examiner and the Athenæum) speak rather depreciatingly of Sterling's intellectual powers. But surely a moral nature so pure, fervent, tender and truthful as his, is one of the most beautiful phenomena that God ever vouchsafes to this world of ours, and better deserves a faithful bio-

graphy than a majority of the heroes whom Carlyle has commended to our worship in his former works. Sterling's letters about his mother and wife, to his boy and to Carlyle, when himself in a dying state—and one in particular expressing his feelings in the prospect of death—are more touchingly beautiful than anything I ever remember to have read. To me they breathe the very spirit of Christ—resignation and trust, and throw the sweetest, holiest light on 'the great darkness' which we must all shortly enter.—Am I asking an unreasonable favour, considering how recently you have obliged us, and knowing as I do that you have now fresh claims on your pen, when I solicit for the Prospective of February a notice of this delightful biography and perhaps a comparison of it with the earlier work of Hare?* You write with ease; few men probably knew Sterling better or possessed more of his confidence; and it would be to you altogether a labour of love. I feel there is some impudence in making this request, but my interest in the subject has overcome my modesty. But whether you say *yes* or *no*, believe me ever, dear Newman, your affectionate friend.

To Richard Holt Hutton, Esq.†

Manchester, May 17th, 1852.

You know the kind of subjects we like to have treated in the Prospective—social, religious, theological,

* The Life of John Sterling, by Archdeacon Hare.

† Then Principal of University Hall, London.

and the higher philosophical, with a sprinkling of lighter and elegant literature: and you know also better than most, the general tendency of our principles, and the *animus* with which we like to have all subjects handled. Do try and help us, we shall else be in extremity. It is sad to be thus compelled to sue in *formâ pauperis*. But *mendicity* is one of the conditions of the Prospective's present existence; and for my part I think we are well off, that the laws against that degrading practice are not put in force against us. —You spoke to me sometime since of a work in German by Julius Müller on *Sin*, of which you had met with some account that pleased you. If it is not already *passé*, could you give us a paper on the subject for *November*? I want to see this subject of Sin treated thoroughly and philosophically, with a true insight into human psychology. I am increasingly of opinion that the old Augustinian divines, and still less the modern optimists who came out in opposition to them, have not got to the whole truth of the matter, but that there is some element of truth in both. If Müller's book should now be out of the question, could you not find another that would serve you as a text? I should really like to see the subject thoughtfully analysed in our pages.—There are some very good and interesting papers in the last Prospective—not one of the least so, the article on Parliamentary Reform. I thank the author with all my heart for the light which he has thrown on the subject. For years past I have been growingly of opinion, that the old Reform-

ers were on the wrong tack altogether, and quite against the marked analogies of our old constitution—and that there was a juster truth somewhere or other to be found in the quarter to which the intelligent writer of the article has so seasonably directed attention. I think Burke and Niebuhr had shrewder glimpses of the truth than Lord John or Lord Grey. I rejoice, that the Prospective should become the medium of putting forth such wise and comprehensive views.

To Samuel Robinson, Esq.

Manchester, August 30th, 1852.

I cannot refrain from expressing my affectionate sympathy with you on occasion of the sad event, which has robbed you of a beloved sister,* her family of an affectionate mother and wife, and the world of a most amiable and excellent woman. It carries back my own thoughts to vanished scenes and years long past away. The retrospect is full of interest in which the pleasurable and the painful are strangely mingled. Life seems to become more precious in one respect, by every fresh bereavement which takes apparently from its outward value; for the moral atmosphere we breathe, grows richer every year by the new memories which float through it, and which give our thoughts a dwelling-place more in the past than in the present. We do not, I think, as we grow older, become less of

* Lady Heywood, wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.

believers in the great futurity which Religion teaches us to look for, after our mysterious exile from this transient scene; but we certainly, if I may judge by myself, are less disposed to give reins to the fancy in boldly picturing out to ourselves what our condition and prospects will then be. To me, the longer I live, the more does all true religion resolve itself into trust,—humble, patient, devout submission to the disposals of the Almighty Father. Of one thing I must always be immoveably certain, that through all the changes which our frail being is destined to undergo, He must be always just and wise and good; and therefore, though I cannot amid the great darkness divine *when* or *where* or *how* it will be, I rest my soul with a child's confidence on the assurance of His spoken word, that there is reserved hereafter for the pure and upright in heart, some great and glorious inheritance, as Scripture says in its beautiful simplicity, 'Such as it hath not entered the mind of man to conceive.'

To his Wife.

Limerick, Sept. 16th, 1852.

* *—We spent two whole days in Dublin.—On Sunday morning we went to the new Jesuit Church, to hear Mr. Faber, a recent convert from Oxford, preach. The building is very handsome, in the Roman style, everything looking very good and substantial, and not so tawdry as is usual in most Catholic chapels

in this country—some of the painting and statuary also very good. The audience was immense—the music really fine—and the sermon, though rhetorical, eloquent and effective and delivered with every appearance of perfect sincerity. Mr. Faber's manner is gentlemanly and scholarlike—his discourse interspersed with several picturesque touches, and some strong appeals to the feelings, which made a deep impression. I saw some men in tears.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

Manchester, November 19th, 1852.

—— Have you looked into the remarkable book which the Chevalier Bunsen has just published?* I have just got to the end of the third volume at a first reading. But, thoroughly to estimate the work, I must go through it a second time, and more carefully, with a reference, so far as I have time and means, to the original authorities on which some of his statements are founded. What a multifarious book it is! It is the most difficult thing in the world to describe it to one who has not read it. It is not so much one book, as a congeries of books, and would I think, be best described by that good old-fashioned title which one so often meets with in the pedantic treatises of the 17th century—'Syntagma Commentationum, etc. etc.' His command of English for a foreigner is really wonderful, though his style is, as the Germans would

* Hippolytus, and his Age.

express it, 'etwas weitläufig und geschwätzig.' His reading is immense, and one seems to see poured out over his pages the contents of his common place book, which have been accumulating for a quarter of a century.—But to speak of more important points: it does appear to me in many respects a truly noble and courageous book, particularly from one filling his position in society, and has left on my mind a far more reverential and admiring feeling towards the author, than I derived from his earlier work, "The Church of the Future." I think it must produce a salutary impression on the best part of the Church of England, and on the cultivated few among the Dissenters; and not the less so, that on some points it is decidedly conservative. That is an advantage, which makes it a book for the day and the hour. He sees—and I fully agree with him there—the necessity of the reorganisation of a truly *living* Church, to preserve the moral culture, and guarantee the healthful progress of Europe; to stave off, in fact, the return of a chaotic barbarism. But, according to my present impression of his book, I do not very clearly see why he should particularly select the age of Hippolytus as a normal type for the future developments of the Church. If we once quit those grand fundamental spiritual principles respecting our relations to God and man, which find their eternal witness and their unanswerable warrant in the convictions of every awakened soul, which to *my* feeling are so fully and so perfectly expressed in that wonderful personality of Christ,—and of which the

age of Hippolytus merely exhibits to us one of many possible phases—very interesting and very beautiful, from its comparative simplicity and ingenuousness—I do not see where we can consistently stop in this process of *outward, authoritative,* development. Bunsen's limitation seems to me arbitrary; and for the same reason that he finds a *rule* in the constitution and the creed which existed at the end of the second century, another, acting on similar grounds, might take up your brother's* theory, and carry the idea of development through the times of Gregory the Great, Bernard, Anselm, Aquinas, etc., down to the Council of Trent itself, and through it to the present day. I may have misunderstood Bunsen; but that is my present impression of the weak part of his book. It has always seemed to me that the Gnostic controversies of the middle and first part of the second century produced a strong conservative reaction among those whom Eusebius calls ἐκκλησιαστικοὶ, the inheritors of the Apostolic tradition respecting Christ; and that to this reaction we owe the expansion and consolidation of the creed, the fixation of the outlines of the future hierarchy, and, possibly too, the earliest approach to a determination of the Canon. I have never yet had time satisfactorily to work out this idea; but I have ever thought it contained an element of important truth. On the other hand, I enter most heartily into Bunsen's conception of the aim and design of the Christian religion. I have long been inclined to be-

* John Henry Newman.

lieve that there is some deeper truth veiled under the old doctrine of the Logos, than the religious party with which I am traditionally connected, have perceived. Indeed it has been unfortunate for the development of Christian truth among the Unitarians, that their intense resistance to the gross corruption of the Athanasian trinity, has induced a certain one-sidedness and spiritual weakness into their system. But we shall outlive all that. Better and more genial elements are coming into play. The spirit of Christ,—the spirit of humanity and the most elevated theism,—will bring them forth more and more. I fully anticipate a day when the miserable partitions of our modern sectarianism will break down, and good and pious men of all creeds will enter into communion, and the Church of Christ will again be one: and in that day there will be no want of cordial welcome and recognition to you, my excellent and honoured friend, and all who like you, in the *spirit* of Christ, are labouring so bravely for freedom and humanity and the highest truth of God. Farewell. Ever yours affectionately.

To Rev. A. W. Worthington, *Mansfield.*

December 18th, 1852.

The best mode of discharging what are called the pastoral duties, is really a delicate and difficult question, which cannot be solved by any universal rule, but must be determined in a great measure by circumstances, and by the character and growing experience

of each individual minister. He must, in a manner, out of that individual experience weave his own theory of it. If he has an earnest, religious heart, and is intent on doing good, the ways and means will infallibly present themselves. He must not be, however, over-anxious, or *precipitate*, if I may so express myself, plans of usefulness—but watch and wait, and see how his work grows to his hands, and seems as it were spontaneously to unfold itself.—I never could find that much moral good was accomplished, or any thing of religious impression produced, by ordinary professional calls of some quarter of an hour, usually passed in miscellaneous conversation; though as a matter of courtesy to his flock, such attentions should not be wholly overlooked by a pastor. They enable him to know generally the condition of his people—whether in health or sickness, thriving or in difficulties, &c., and to shape the character of his services on Sunday to circumstances which he knows have occurred or are still existing among his hearers.—It is different when sickness, sorrow, or death have taken place.—Here real comfort or assistance may often be afforded, and visits under such circumstances I have generally found acceptable, and very often interesting and instructive to myself as opening an insight into the workings of the human heart when it is most genuine and sincere. The great thing to be avoided is sliding into formalism. Religion should be felt as a *real* business, and carry us into the *realities* of human life; and perhaps the best way in which a minister can acquire a hold over the

minds of his people—especially of the young among them—is by endeavouring to engage them in some plans of active usefulness or liberal pursuit or mutual improvement with himself.—With regard to the two special cases you allude to, before you attempt any thing of pastoral advice or interference—especially as you are still a young man—you should weigh well beforehand what are your chances of success in doing any good. A repulse of your proffered aid however kindly intended might do more harm than good, especially if it were interpreted as having a spice of priestly interference in it. If you can first win in any way the confidence and sympathy of persons—induce them to like your company and conversation proffered simply as those of a friend—and you can get them to listen to whatever you say earnestly and kindly and without any air of assuming authority, purely by the force of a strong moral spirit—good may be done and will be done; but you must watch your opportunity, and use it meekly, courteously, and discreetly—always in your character of a religious *friend*, and nothing more. The phrase 'in season and out of season' is much abused. You will do nothing, so far as my experience has taught me, in the way of advice and remonstrance, *out of season*. You must never seem to obtrude even good things; they must come spontaneously to your lips, and you must watch their effect. When you have acquired influence by your Sunday's services, by your labours in schools, &c., and by your character for judgment and wisdom as a man, you will

be able to do much that was at first impossible. Only be earnest, serious and intent—looking to the duty that has next to be done, and doing it *simply*—not too anxious and scrupulous as to the mode, the time, and place of doing it,—which is to sink into formalism—and you will find the *essential* thing *is* done and is working for good. This may seem a vague rule, but it is the only one which I think can be given.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Manchester, Dec. 18th, 1852.

If the Trustees find themselves able to work out such a plan for the future conduct of the College as they deem desirable, and think it necessary to its completeness that I should be included within its arrangements, I can only say in few words that I will put myself into their hands, and endeavour to discharge to the best of my ability the duty which they may entrust to me.—I am profoundly thankful at this moment, that I had settled my judgment on the abstract question of the locality of the College long before my personal feelings were interested in the determination.* I believe it was founded on a comprehensive and dispassionate view of all the bearings of the case; from first to last I have always entertained

* Mr. Tayler thought that London, not Manchester, should have been chosen as the site of the College, when removed from York in 1840; and this change was now under contemplation, with Mr. Tayler as Principal.

the same view; and *intellectually*, had I to give my vote over again, I could not honestly make it different from what it has been. But I confess to you, dearest friend, that had I *now* for the first time to come to a decision, when the possibility of its realisation draws visibly near, did I *now* for the first time approach the settlement of the question, through the blinding tenderness and sorrow which my heart casts over the clearer vision of my understanding,—I almost fear I could never have brought myself to a resolution which must involve in its consequences the sacrifice of so much that is dear and precious, and the fulfilment of which even in its remoter contemplation already wrings my heart with a painful bitterness, and at times when I think of it, or it is brought before me by kind expressions of regard and regret, almost subdues me to a womanish softness of which I am ashamed, and which I do my utmost to suppress and control.—But enough of personal feelings, which I perhaps ought not to have hinted at at all. I think I see, I am sure *I have* seen, what is the course which things *ought* to take in the present crisis, and the clear disposals of a higher Power in so ordering them; and if, through no particular merit of my own, but through a mere combination of circumstances, I am called on to take part with others in carrying on that movement to a successful issue, I will not shrink from the duty to which the voice, as I hear it, of God, thus distinctly summons me, though none but God can tell how great at this moment I feel must be the cost of obeying it. Nothing, I can assure you, but a sense

of duty high and earnest, however it may be mistaken, could keep me up to the point of final and irrevocable decision; and I can only pray that an abiding consciousness of that may breathe a more solemn earnestness and a more religious fervour and faithfulness into whatever duties I may hereafter be called to discharge. And this leads me to say in regard to the matter of salary, that it would be most agreeable to my own feelings to receive no more than what would replace the professional income I surrender here, due allowance being made for the increased expense of living in London, and any extra charges that necessarily attach to the post I may be called to fill. If anything could add to the pain of separating from my very dear Manchester friends, it would be the possibility of their suspecting that any considerations of increased income, any craving for a more conspicuous position, which I must say was never much in my nature,—any thing in short but a sincere desire to discharge a public duty more efficiently than it is possible for me to discharge it here,—could ever have induced me to dissolve ties the severance of which will make my inmost heart bleed.—I really should apologise to you, dearest friend, for writing so much about my own feelings, but at this moment I find it next to impossible to write in any other way; the utterance will come from me in spite of myself. ——

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

Manchester, May 18th, 1853.

I was not able to make the search which you requested till last night. The copy of Chrysostom which our Library possesses is that of his collected works in 8 vols. folio, edited by Sir Henry Savile, Eton, 1612. The treatise *περὶ Ἱερωσύνης* occurs in the 6th volume. I have looked with some care through the entire treatise, but cannot find the *exact words* which you quote; although in the first book and at the opening of the second, an *equivalent sense* occurs repeatedly. Perhaps I cannot do better than transcribe a few passages which I have marked.—Justifying the deception which he had practised on his friend Basilius, from its being designed to render him a service, Chrysostom goes on to say—*εἰ δὲ οὐκ ἀει τὸ πρᾶγμα* (scil. *ἡ κλοπή*) *ἐπιβλαβὲς, ἀλλὰ παρὰ τὴν τῶν χρωμένων προαίρεσιν, γίνεται φαῦλον ἢ καλὸν, ἀφεὶς ἐγκαλεῖν τὸ ἠπατῆσθαι, δεῖξον ἐπὶ κακῷ τοῦτο τεχνησαμένους· ὡς ἕως ἂν τοῦτο ἀπῇ, μὴ ὅτι μέμψεις καὶ αἰτίας ἐπάγειν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀποδεχεσθαι τὸν ἀπατῶντα δίκαιον ἂν εἴη τοὺς γε εὐγνωμόνως διακεῖσθαι βουλομένους. τοσοῦτον γὰρ ἔχει κέρδος εὔκαιρος ἀπάτη καὶ μετὰ τῆς ὀρθῆς γινομένη διανοίας, ὡς πολλοὺς, ὅτι μὴ παρεκρούσαντο, καὶ δίκην δοῦναι πολλάκις.* Lib. I. p. 6.—In the ensuing paragraph he asserts that a victory gained by *deceit*, as involving less loss of blood and treasure, is more to be esteemed than one obtained by *force of arms*; and quotes the instances of Michal and Jonathan employing deceit for the purpose of

saving David's life, as a further confirmation of his own view. I observe he constantly appeals to the Scriptures for proofs and arguments furnished by the characters there introduced. I was hardly aware how early this perverse and mischievous use of the Scripture had struck root in the Christian Church. In reference to Paul's temporising about the circumcision of Timothy, he adds—*πολλὴ γὰρ ἡ τῆς ἀπάτης ἰσχυς· μόνον μὴ μετὰ δολερᾶς προσαγέσθω τῆς προαιρέσεως. μᾶλλον δὲ οὐδὲ ἀπάτην τὸ τοιοῦτο δεῖ καλεῖν, ἀλλ' οἰκονομίαν τινὰ καὶ σοφίαν καὶ τεχνὴν ἱκανὴν πολλοὺς πόρους ἐν τοῖς ἀπόροις ἐυρεῖν καὶ πλημμελείας ἐπανορθῶσαι ψυχῆς.* Ibid. p. 7.—He refers to the deceptions employed by physicians for the benefit of their patients; and argues that the *purpose* changes the character of the *act;* and that neither Phinehas nor Elijah were guilty of murder: for if we admit that they were, and exclude all consideration of their motives, then must we charge Abraham with intending the murder of his only son, and the other patriarchs with fraud and deceit.—You are perhaps acquainted with the work of Barbeyrac, 'Sur la Morale des Peres.' In the 14th chapter he cites more striking instances of the strange perversion of Chrysostom's moral sentiment than any which I have met with in the treatise 'De Sacerdotio'—one especially from his 45th Homily on Genesis, where the holy Father in his zeal to vindicate Scripture characters at any cost, not only justifies Abraham's deceit in denying Sarah to be his wife, but even Sarah's adultery with Pharaoh. Bayle (who is

referred to by Barbeyrac) has touched on these extraordinary concessions of Chrysostom and other Fathers in his *Dict. Hist. et Crit.* article Sara.—It is really frightful to reflect, to what guidance the moral sentiment of mankind was committed for many ages; and Chrysostom is usually considered one of the best of the Fathers. How remarkable it is, that the very writers who are looked up to as authorities by the extreme mystics and spiritualists, should approximate in their moral theory to the extreme Benthamite school, and justify actions as *right*, from their immediate *utility* to the parties concerned! Judging from the slight inspection I have now made of this treatise of Chrysostom, I should say he had no perception of the true nature of *moral distinctions*. Qu. May not the perverseness of patristical morality arise from two causes: 1st, from the assumption (dictated by the *legal* tendencies of the age) that the Scriptures contain a literal code of precept and example for the regulation of the entire life of man; and 2ndly, from the application to Scripture so understood, of the morbid dialectic subtlety which subsisted in the Greek intellect, when its higher and nobler action had become impossible with the disappearance of ancient freedom? ——

Extracts from a Letter of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, B.A., *on accepting the Offices of Principal, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and of Doctrinal and Practical Theology, in Manchester New College, on its approaching Removal to London.*

To the Members of the Upper Brook Street Congregation.

June 2nd, 1853.

"My dear Friends,

"You must all of you have anticipated, from events which have recently occurred, the purport of the communication which it is now my painful duty to make. By an unanimous resolution of the Trustees of Manchester New College, at an adjourned Meeting on the 25th of last month, I have been requested to hold the united offices of Principal and Professor in that Institution, on its approaching removal to London, in connexion with University College and University Hall. Considering the views which I have from the first uniformly entertained of the proper locality of Manchester New College, and the representations which have been made to me of the inconvenience and difficulty that would ensue from my refusal to comply with this request, I have thought it right to accept the situation offered me, however trying to me personally will be the sacrifice and the separation which such a step must involve. I was at one time in hopes that an arrangement might be practicable which would enable me to reside permanently in Manchester, and yet preserve my connection with the College as a Lecturer, for a term every session; and more than one overture have I made to that effect. But the friends with whom I was in negotiation on the subject, and to whose judgment I could not but defer, assured me that my acceptance of the twofold office, already alluded to, was indispensable under present circumstances, (and not, I am well aware, through any peculiar merit of my own,) to carrying satisfactorily into effect that translation of our Theological Academy to the Metropolis, which has been deliberately sanctioned by more than two-thirds of the Trustees in different parts of the kingdom. Nothing therefore remained for me but to put myself into the hands of the Sub-com-

mittee which had been appointed to make the needful arrangements, and to say that I would endeavour to perform, to the best of my ability, the duties with which they had seen fit to entrust me. Such in brief are the circumstances which have led to my acceptance of a situation in Manchester New College, on its removal to London, and which must involve, as an unavoidable result, the resignation of my Pastoral office among you in the course of the ensuing autumn.—And now that the event which has for some time floated before me as a possibility, begins to assume the definite shape of an approaching reality, I can hardly express to you, my dear and valued Friends, with how much pain, almost amounting to anguish, I contemplate it. Had I not been in a manner committed, by opinions long and decidedly expressed, to a particular course of action, I scarcely think I could now, for the first time, have brought myself to adopt it. Under the mingled feelings of deep pain at separation from you, of diffidence in myself, of fear that my capacity for usefulness may have been over-estimated, and of some anxiety about a future in new and untried scenes, no support remains for me but the consciousness that, so far as I know my own mind, I have honestly striven to see and do what was right; and the trust which I have never yet found deceitful, that, under all circumstances, a faithful endeavour to discharge the duty which they create, will not fail to bring at least some recompense of inward peace and self-respect, though it should not issue in outward honour and prosperity. If anything could add bitter poignancy to the sad feelings which now fill my mind, it would be the apprehension that you supposed me capable of leaving you, after such long and happy experience of your friendship and sympathy, from any motive of worldly advantage or worldly distinction. Happily the circumstances of the case hardly admit the possibility of such a suspicion being entertained. I am not indeed insensible to the honour of the position which I have been requested to occupy: it would be affectation to deny it. But the honour, whatever it be, will be more than compensated by the heavy responsibilities which attach to it. I am not going to quit a life of exertion and activity for a station of literary ease and luxury. I have no prospect before me but that of hard work, accompanied possibly by some annoyances, and certainly by many anxieties. But if I can succeed in fulfilling to any extent my future duties as I conceive they ought to be fulfilled, with the greater concentration of time

and thought which I shall henceforth be able to bestow on them, I may possibly render some service to our Churches, by aiding in the diffusion of religious knowledge through a wider sphere, and awakening a deeper spirit of religious earnestness among our young men, lay and clerical, who are preparing themselves, by academic studies, for the active business of life. * * * The possibilities of future years it would be rash to predict, nor can I be sure what may be my relations with your future Minister; but I say it, I assure you, from my inmost heart, one of the greatest consolations I anticipate, under the change which I must soon undergo, is the prospect of periodically revisiting you—perhaps, if circumstances shall allow it, at the opening of every year—when, if it could be done without interference with your own or your Minister's arrangements, I might sometimes say to you a few words again from the place where I have so often spoken,—words which might be a mutual comfort to you and to me,—words which might give us all more strength to pursue, with earnestness and fidelity, the remainder of that mortal journey, so large a portion of which we have trodden together, and, as time rolls on, and we begin to feel more and more the effect of advancing years, deepen our trust in the possibility of a more glorious union, which will never terminate.

"I remain, my very dear Friends,

"Your affectionate and devoted Pastor,

"JOHN JAMES TAYLER."

EXTRACT FROM THE REPLY OF THE CONGREGATION.

"DEAR AND RESPECTED PASTOR AND FRIEND,

"We the undersigned Heads of Families, and other Members of the Upper Brook Street Congregation, in acknowledging your communication of the 2nd instant, cannot express the degree of pain and regret with which we have received the announcement of your resignation, though not wholly unexpected by many of us. Perhaps there are no social ties (apart from those of consanguinity and the conjugal relation) so close, so solemn, and so endearing, as those which bind together a Pastor and his people, where, as in our case, respect for a holy office and

high functions is combined with a still warmer respect and admiration—a deeper personal esteem and affection for the man. And when some of us remember that we have enjoyed the advantage of your Pastorate during a period of more than thirty years,—when there is scarcely one of us but has associated with yourself some of the most touching and affecting events of life,—when your voice has breathed an earnest and tender sympathy with us in our hours of saddest bereavement, or has blessed or consecrated our union, or dedicated our children to the Christian name and duties, and the service of God, or invited successive generations of us to the table of the Lord,—how can we think of all these things within your Ministry, and remember that in future we must look to a comparative stranger for counsel, and comfort, and sympathy,—how can we dwell on these hallowed spots of memory's space, and not feel how much we lose in losing you? * * * We feel fully assured that a sense of duty only could have led you to take a step, involving, among other changes, the interruption of many old and valued friendships, and a separation from the scenes and associations amongst which so large a portion of your life has been spent. Believing as we do, that your decision is final and irrevocable, it is not for us to say one word respecting it, beyond offering to you our best wishes, our earnest prayers for your comfort, success, and happiness, in the new sphere upon which you are about to enter.——

"YOUR DEVOTED AND AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE."

To REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, Aug. 4th, 1853.

On the 15th of this month my wife and I (John and Hannah will be on the Continent) are going to spend a few days with our friends the Darbishires in Wales—leaving them on the following Saturday. If you could receive us conveniently, we could come to you on the 20th, and spend a couple of days with you. It would be

a great pleasure to me to see not only yourself and dear Mrs. Thom, but my excellent old friends Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone of Greenbank, whose very look and the tones of their voice—now that I am just entering on a new and untried scene of existence—will carry me back, I know, with unwonted vividness to the happy days of my childhood and youth. I look with deep interest, not unmixed with some anxiety, on the important step I am about to take, and the complete change which all my outward connections must speedily undergo. My future duty has been decided for me; and I am quietly resolved to encounter it with all its accompaniments, and to fulfil it as completely and energetically as I am able. I have a very strong feeling which, without being at all painful or depressing, is still exceedingly solemn—that I am on the point of commencing what will in all probability be for me the last act of the short drama of human life, and that the next great change must either be retirement on account of the weakness of age, or death itself. Should I keep my health and strength, and be allowed the ordinary term of life, I can look forward to some fifteen* years of unabated activity and vigour. But beyond this space it would be presumptuous to look. You may conceive, how anxious I am to make the best use of this 'remnant of my days,' and if possible to ripen and gather in some fruit from the few seeds which I was able to sow in my youth. Calmer and purer wisdom in my own mind, closer and tenderer intercourse with the tried friends of life, and the satis-

* He died, at his post, in the *sixteenth* year from the date of this letter.

faction of seeing my two dear and excellent children settle down into their appointed stations of respectability and usefulness—are the blessings of which I now most eagerly covet the possession. If we can secure these (and the demand is not an exorbitant one) a serene and happy age will be in reserve for me and my dear wife. I am ashamed to think into what egotism I have fallen; but in writing to a friend like you, one actually loses one's moral instinct for the time, and forgets the distinction of *meum* and *tuum*.

To the Younger Members of his Congregation.*

Manchester, York Place, Sept. 1, 1853.

My dear Young Friends,

It is some compensation for the extreme pain of such a separation as I have now in prospect, that feelings of regard and attachment, of which I rejoice to be assured that I am in any degree the object, and which on my part, I can truly say, are cordially reciprocated, come forth and find an expression to an extent which I might not otherwise have suspected. How gratifying such an expression must be to me, your own good hearts will readily conceive. There is no consciousness on earth so sweet, as that of having contributed, however slightly, to the awakening and strengthening in young minds, of those principles which give to life all its beauty and its worth,—which help us towards a solution of its great spiritual problems,—and tend to right us with ourselves and the over-ruling providence of God. If you have derived, as I trust you may, any comfort or interest or advantage from such instruction as

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* In reply to a grateful and affectionate Address, in acknowledgment of the instructions received from him in public and in private, along with a library table and chair. There were many other offerings and testimonials of gratitude from his people, and from the Teachers and Pupils of the Day and Sunday Schools.

I have been able to offer you, the benefit has been reciprocal. I have learned much of the highest value from my intercourse, as a teacher, with the earnest and thoughtful young, and from the opportunities which have been thus afforded me, of watching the workings of fresh and unperverted natures, when their attention has been first seriously directed to the fundamental convictions and solemn tenets of religion. Some of the happiest hours of my past life have been spent in this employment; and whatever may be my success or my failure in the new scenes of duty to which I shall be shortly summoned, these are memories which can never perish, but will be a comfort and a blessing to my heart, to my dying hour. Your future characters, and your progress through the varied trial and discipline of life, will ever be watched by me with the deepest interest and sympathy. Though I am about to remove to a distance, I hope I shall always maintain a constant intercourse with Manchester. You will be much and often in my thoughts; and I do trust, that our common remembrances will keep alive in all of us—in you and in me—however different the spheres in which we may be called to act—an unabated effort and earnestness to make the world in which our Heavenly Father has placed us, and furnished us each with respective gifts of usefulness, a better, happier, and more beautiful world.—Let me assure you, my very dear friends that no memorial could be more acceptable to me than the one which you propose. My study table will remind me of you all every day; and so long as I live, and am capable of any exertion in this world, my study table will probably be the last of material objects from which I shall separate myself.—That every comfort and blessing of this life may accompany you all, and the hope of a life more blessed and glorious still, cheer and sustain you when this draws to its close; and that you and I may live to enjoy many future opportunities of happy intercourse here, and look forward to a happier reunion hereafter, is, I assure you, the sincere and fervent prayer of your affectionate and devoted friend,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018